

THE
WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

CONTAINING,

JANE SHORE.

The ROYAL CONVERT.

The BITER.

POEMS *on* SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

D U B L I N :

Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-alley*.
ROBERT BELL, in *Stephen-street*, opposite *Aungier-street*,
JOHN MITCHELL, in *Skinner-row*, opposite the *Tholsel*,
AND
JAMES WILLIAMS, in *Skinner-row*, near *Fishamble-street*.

M,DCC,LXIV.

THE
WORKS
OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY
THE BISHOP
FORMS OF SEVERAL OCCASIONS

DUBLIN

Printed by James Munroe, in New Street, Dublin.
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JANE SHORE,

A

TRAGEDY,

Written in Imitation

SHAKESPEAR'S STYLE.

/

——— *Conjux ubi pristinus illi*
Respondet Curis. Virg.

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Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-alley*, ROBERT BELL, in *Stephen-street*, JOHN MITCHELL, in *Sycamore-alley*, and JAMES WILLIAMS, in *Skinner-row*.

M,DCC,LXIV.

TO HIS
GRACE the DUKE
OF
QUEENSBERRY and DOVER,
Marquis of *Beverly*, &c.

MY LORD,
I HAVE long lain under the greatest Obligations to your Grace's Family, and nothing has been more in my Wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a Debt. But your Noble Birth and Fortune, the Power, Number, and Goodness of those Friends You have already, have placed You in such an Independency on the rest of the World, that the services I am able to render to Your Grace can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to You in any part of Your Life. However, the next piece of Gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the Acknowledgment of what I owe: And as this is the most public, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon me if I take this Opportunity to let the World know the Duty and Honour I had for Your illustrious Father. It is, I must confess, a very tender Point to touch upon; and at the first sight may seem an ill-chosen Compliment, to renew the Memory of such a Loss, especially to a Disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a Heart so sensible of filial Piety as Your Grace's has been, even from your earliest Childhood. But perhaps this is one of those Grievs by which the Heart may be made better; and if the Remembrance of his Death brings Heaveness along with it,

A 2

it, the Honour that is paid to his Memory by all good Men, shall wipe away those Tears, and the Example of his Life set before Your Eyes, shall be of the greatest Advantage to Your Grace in the Conduct and future Disposition of your own.

In a Character so amiable as that of the *Duke of QUEENSBERRY* was, there can be no Part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good Men, the Foundation of all other Virtues, either Religious or Civil, I mean Good-nature : Good-nature which is Friendship between Man and Man, Good-breeding in Courts, Charity in Religion, and the true Spring of all Beneficence in general. This was a Quality he possess'd in as great a measure as any Gentleman I ever had the Honour to know. It was this natural Sweetness of Temper, which made him the best Man in the World to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good Master to his Servants, a good Friend to his Friends, and the tenderest Father to his Children. For the last, I can have no better Voucher than Your Grace ; and for the rest, I may appeal to all that have had the Honour to know him. There was a Spirit and Pleasure in his Conversation, which always enliven'd the Company he was in ; which, together with a certain Easiness and Frankness in his Disposition, that did not at all Derogate from the Dignity of his Birth and Character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no Man had a more delicate Taste of natural Wit, his Conversations always abounded in Good-humour.

For those Parts of his Character which related to the Public, as he was a Nobleman of the first Rank, and a Minister of State, they will be best known by the great Employments he pass'd through ; all which he discharged worthily as to himself, justly as to the Princes who employed him, and advantageously for his Country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several Employments, as Secretary of State, for *Scotland* in particular, for *Britain* in general, or Lord High Commissioner of *Scotland* ; which last Office he bore more than once ; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope)

I hope) more happily, both for the present Age, and for Posterity, than when he laid the Foundation for the *British* Union. The Constancy and Address which he manifested on that occasion, are still fresh in every body's Memory; and perhaps when our Children shall reap those Benefits from that Work, which some People do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of QUEENSBERRY with that Gratitude, which such a piece of Service done to his Country deserves.

He shewed upon all occasions a strict and immediate Attachment to the Crown, in the legal service of which no Man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously: And at the same time no Man gave more bold and more generous Evidences of the Love he bore to his Country. Of the latter, there can be no better Proof than the share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful respect, and unshaken Fidelity, which he preserved for her present Majesty, even to his last Moments.

With so many good and great Qualities it is not at all strange that he possess'd so large a Share, as he was known to have, in the Esteem of the Queen, and her immediate Predecessor; nor that these great Princes should repose the highest Confidence in him: And at the same time, what a Pattern has he left behind him for the Nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular, to copy after!

Your Grace will forgive me, if my Zeal for Your Welfare and Honour (which no body has more at Heart than myself) shall press you with some more than ordinary Warmth to the Imitation of Your noble Father's Virtues. You have, my Lord, many great Advantages, which may encourage You to go on in pursuit of this Reputation. It has pleased GOD to give You naturally that Sweetness of Temper, which as I have before hinted, is the Foundation of all good Inclinations. You have the Honour to be born, not only of the greatest, but of the best Parents; of a Gentleman generally belov'd, and generally lamented; and of a Lady adorned with all Virtues that enter into the Character of

a good Wife, and admirable Friend, and a most indulgent Mother. The natural Advantages of Your Mind, have been cultivated by the most proper Arts and Manners of Education. You have the Care of many noble Friends, and especially of an excellent Uncle, to watch over You in the Tenderness of Your Youth. You set out amongst the first of Mankind, and I doubt not but Your Virtues will be equal to the Dignity of Your Rank.

That I may live to see Your Grace eminent for the Love of Your Country, for Your Service and Duty to Your Prince, and in convenient Time, adorned with all the Honours that have been conferred upon Your Noble Family: That You may be distinguished to Posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best Man of the Age You live in, is the Hearty Wish, and Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient, and

most faithful, humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO-Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
 We'll treat you with a downright English Feast,
 A Tale, which told long since in homely wise,
 Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
 Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
 Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name,
 Those venerable ancient Song-Inditers
 Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers:
 They caterwaul'd in no romantic Ditty,
 Sighing for Phillis's or Cloe's Pity.

Justly

P R O L O G U E.

7

Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,
 And sung her by her Christian Name——'twas Jane.
 Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
 But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
 Their Words, no shuffling, double Meaning knew,
 Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
 In such an Age, immortal Shakespear wrote,
 By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Critics taught;
 With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
 And Strength and Nature made amends for Art.
 Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
 He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
 And in these Scenes has made it more his Care
 To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.
 Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the Chime,
 The Ends off Acts still gingle into Rhime.
 The Ladies too, he hopes will not complain,
 Here are some Subjects off a softer Strain,
 A Nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd Swain.
 What most he fears, is, lest the Dames should grow,
 The Dames of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
 To see our Picture drawn, unlike their own.
 But lest that Error should provoke to Fury
 The hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,
 He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's Defence,
 She do'd about the charitable Pence,
 Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.
 For her Example, whatsoe'er we make it,
 They have their Choice to let alone, or take it.
 Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,
 To weep so sorely for a Sin so sweet:
 Or mourn and mortify the pleasant Sense.
 To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DUKE of Gloſter,

Mr. Cibber.

Lord Haſtings,

Mr. Booth.

Cateſby,

Mr. Huſbands.

Sir Richard Ratcliffe,

Mr. Bowman.

Bellmour,

Mr. Mills.

Dumont, (or Shore)

Mr. Wilks.

W O M E N.

Alicia,

Mrs. Porter.

Jane Shore,

Mrs. Oldfield.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE L O D O N.

JANE SHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The TOWER.

*Enter the Duke of Glo'ster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe,
and Catesby.*

GLO'STER.

THUS far Success attends upon our Counsels,
And each Event has answer'd to my Wish;
The Queen and all her upstart Race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her Brother *Rivers*
Ere this lies shorter by the Head at *Pomfret*.
The Nobles have with joint Concurrence nam'd me
Protector of the Realm; My Brother's Children,
Young *Edward* and the little *York*, are lodg'd
Here safe within the Tower. How say you, Sirs,
Does not this Business wear a lucky Face?
The Scepter and the golden Wreath of Royalty
Seem hung within my Reach.

Ratc. Then take 'em to you,
And wear 'em long and worthily; you are
The last remaining Male of princely *York*:
(For *Edward's* Boys, the State esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your Sov'reignty and Rule,
The Common-weal does her Dependance make,
And leans upon your Highness' able Hand.

Cat. And yet to-morrow does the Council meet
To fix a Day for *Edward's* Coronation.
Who can expound this Riddle?

Glo. That can I.

Those Lords are each one my approv'd good Friends.
Of special Trust and Nearness to my Bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the State,
Their Zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

Cat. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his Pow'r,
Of whom I wish your Highness were assur'd:
For me, perhaps it is my Nature's Fault,
I own I doubt of his inclining much.

Glo. I guess the Man at whom your Words wou'd
Hastings ————— [point.

Cat. The same.

Glo. He bears me great good Will.

Cat. 'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector,
And *Gloster's* Duke, he bows with lowly Service;
But were he bid to cry, *God save King Richard*,
Then tell me in what Terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the Man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious Rev'rence,
To his dead Master *Edward's* royal Memory,
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more——One of the stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an Opinion,
They call it Honour, Honesty, and Faith,
And sooner part with Life than let it go.

Glo. And yet this tough impracticable Heart
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd Girl;
Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimp'ring she,
Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
And take the Distaff with a Hand as patient
As e'er did *Hercules*.

Rat. The fair *Alicia*,
Of noble Birth and exquisite of Feature,
Has held him long a Vassal to her Beauty.

Cat. I fear he fails in his Allegiance there,
Or my Intelligence is false; or else

The

The Dame has been too lavish of her Feast,
And fed him till he loaths.

Glo. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Health and the Happiness of many Days
Attend upon your Grace.

Glo. My good Lord Chamberlain!
We're much beholden to your gentle Friendship.

Hast. My Lord, I come an humble Suitor to you.

Glo. In right good time; speak out your Pleasure
freely.

Hast. I am to move your Highness in behalf
Of *Shore's* unhappy Wife —

Glo. Say you, of *Shore*?

Hast. Once a bright Star that held her Place on high,
The first and fairest of our *English* Dames,
While royal *Edward* held the sov'reign Rule.
Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waining Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man.
She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long Night away.

Glo. Marry! the Times are badly chang'd with her
From *Edward's* Days to these. Then all was Jollity,
Feasting and Mirth, light Wantonness and Laughter,
Piping and Playing, Minstrelsy and Masking;
'Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream,
A shew of Mummery without a Meaning.
My Brother, Rest and Pardon to his Soul,
Is gone to his account for this his Minion.
'The Revel-rout is done ——— But you were speaking
Concerning her ——— I have been told that you
Are frequent in your Visitation to her.

Hast. No farther, my good Lord, than friendly Pity
And tender-hearted Charity allow.

Glo. Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd ——— on with your Tale.

Hast. Thus is it, gracious Sir, that certain Officers
Using the Warrant of your mighty Name,

With:

With Insolence unjust, and lawless Power,
Have seiz'd upon the Lands, which late she held
By grant from her great Master *Edward's* Bounty.

Glo. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard,
And tho' some Counsellors of forward Zeal,
Some of the most ceremonious Sanctity,
And bearded Wisdom, often have provok'd
The Hand of Justice to fall heavy on her;
Yet still in kind Compassion of her Weakness,
And tender Memory of *Edward's* Love,
I have withheld the merciless stern Law
From doing outrage on her helpless Beauty. [Mercy,

Hast. Good Heav'n who renders Mercy back for
With open-handed Bounty shall repay you:
This gentle Deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild Escapes of lawless Passion,
And the long Train of Frailties Flesh is Heir too.

Glo. Thus far, the Voice of Pity pleaded only;
Our farther and more full Extent of Grace,
Is giv'n to your Request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her Grievs.
She shall be heard with Patience, and each Wrong
At full redrest. But I have other News
Which much imports us both, for still my Fortunes
Go hand in hand with your's: Our common Foes,
The Queen's Relations, our new-fangled Gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty Crests--- That for your Privacy.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Jane Shore's House.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont.

B E L L M O U R.

HOW she has liv'd you've heard my Tale already;
The rest your own Attendance in her Family,
Where I have found the means this Day to place you,
And nearer Observation best will tell you.
See with what sad and sober Cheer she comes.

Enter

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
Or Grief besets her hard. Save you, fair Lady,
The Blessings of the chearful Morn be on you,
And greet your Beauty with its opening Sweets

Ja. Sh. My gentle Neighbour! your good Wishes still
Pursue my hapless Fortune: Ah! good *Bellmour*!
How few, like thee, enquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity?
Like thee reserve their Rayment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread, to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep?
Thy Praise deserves a better Tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy Name. Is this the Gentleman,
Whose friendly Service you commended to me?

Bell. Madam! It is.

Ja. Sh. A venerable Aspect! [*Aside.*
Age sits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily becomes his silver Locks;
He wears the marks of many Years well spent,
Of Virtue, Truth well-try'd, and wise Experience;
A Friend like this, would suit my Sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, has meant you ill,

[*To Dumont.*

Who pays your Merit with that scanty Pittance,
Which my poor Hand and humble Roof can give.
But to supply those golden Vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just Regard and Value for your Worth,
The Welcome of a Friend, and the free Partnership
Of all that little Good the World allows me.

Dum. You over-rate me much; and all my Answer
Must be my future Truth; let that speak for me,
And make up my Deserving.

Ja. Sh. Are you of *England*?

Dum. No gracious Lady, *Flanders* claims my Birth;
At *Antwerp* has my constant Biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous Days,
Than those which now my failing Age affords.

Ja. Sh. Alas! at *Antwerp*!—Oh forgive my Tears!

[*Weeping.*
They

They fall for my Offences ——— and must fall
 Long, long, ere they shall wash my Stains away.
 You knew perhaps — oh Grief! oh Shame! — my Husband!

Dum. I knew him well ——— but stay this Flood of
 Anguish,

The senseless Grave feels not your pious Sorrows:
 Three Years and more are past, since I was bid,
 With many of our common Friends, to wait him
 To his last peaceful Mansion. I attended,
 Sprinkled his clay-cold Corse with holy Drops,
 According to our Church's reverend Rite,
 And saw him laid in hollow'd Ground, to rest.

Ja. Sh. Oh! that my Soul had known no Joy but him,
 That I had liv'd within his guiltless Arms,
 And dying slept in Innocence beside him!
 But now his honest Dust abhors the Fellowship,
 And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lady Alicia
 Attends your Leisure.

Ja. Sh. Say, I wish to see her. *[Exit Serv.]*
 Please, gentle Sir, one Moment to retire,
 I'll wait on you the Instant; and inform you
 Of each unhappy Circumstance, in which
 Your friendly Aid and Council much may stead me.

[Exeunt Bellmour and Dumont.]

Enter Alicia.

Ali. Still, my fair Friend, still shall I find you thus?
 Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
 These trickling Drops chase one another still,
 As if the posting Messenger of Grief
 Could overtake the Hours fled far away,
 And make old Time come back?

Ja. Sh. No, my Alicia,
 Heav'n and his Saints be witness to my Thoughts,
 There is no Hour of all my Life o'er past,
 That I could wish should take its turn again.

Ali. And yet some of those Days my Friend has
 known,
 Some of those Years might pass for golden ones,

At

At least, if Womankind can judge of Happiness.
What could ~~ye~~ we wish, we who delight in Empire,
Whose Beauty is our Sov'reign Good, and gives us
Our Reason to rebel, and Pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a Monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a Conqueror, and young,
Bound in our Chains, and sighing at our Feet?

Ja. Sb. 'Tis true, the royal *Edward* was a Wonder,
The goodly Pride of all our *English* Youth;
He was the very Joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive Spirits, and angelic Natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
My humble Lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all Mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my Curse.

Ali. Sure, something more than Fortune join'd your
Loves;
Nor could his Greatness, and his gracious Form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the Sweetness
And Beauty of my Friend.

Ja. Sb. Name him no more;
He was the Bane and Ruin of my Peace.
This Anguish and these Tears, these are the Legacies
His fatal Love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my *Alicia*, thou wilt see me,
Ere yet a few short Days pass o'er my Head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost Wretchedness.
The Hand of Pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy Life's Support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable Door for Bread.

Ali. Joy of my Life, my dearest *Shore*, forbear
To wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows,
Raise thy sad Soul to better Hopes than these,
Lift up thy Eyes, and let 'em shine once more,
Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mists.
Exert thy Charms, seek out the stern Protector,

And

And sooth his savage Temper with thy Beauty :
 Spite of his deadly unrelenting Nature,
 He shall be mov'd to Pity and redress thee.

Ja. Sh. My Form, alas! has long forgot to please ;
 The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd.
 No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
 Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes ;
 But haggard Grief, lean-looking fallow Care,
 And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
 Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.
 One only Shadow of a Hope is left me ;
 The noble-minded *Hastings*, of his Goodness,
 Has kindly undertaken to be my Advocate,
 And move my humble suit to angry *Gloster*.

Alic. Does *Hastings* undertake to plead your Cause ?
 But wherefore should he not ? *Hastings* has Eyes ;
 The gentle Lord has a right tender Heart,
 Melting and easy, yielding to Impression,
 And catching the soft Flame from each new Beauty ;
 But your's shall charm him long.

Ja. Sh. Away, you Flatterer !
 Nor Charge his gen'rous Meaning with a Weakness,
 Which his great Soul and Virtue must disdain.
 Too much of Love thy hapless Friend has prov'd,
 Too many giddy foolish Hours are gone,
 And in fantastic Measures danc'd away :
 May the remaining Few know only Friendship.
 So thou, my dearest, truest, best *Alicia*,
 Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle Heart,
 A Partner there ; I will give up Mankind,
 Forget the Transports of increasing Passion,
 And all the Pangs we feel for its Decay.

Alic. Live ! live and reign for ever in my Bosom.

[*Embracing.*

Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own ;
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints who once were Women here below,
 Be witnesses of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other Self I vow,
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
 Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,

Let

Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
 Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth,
 Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
 Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Fellowship.

Ja. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true ;
 Therefore these Jewels, once the lavish Bounty
 Of royal *Edward's* Love, I trust to thee ;

[*Giving a Casket.*]

Receive this all, that I can call my own.
 And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
 That if the State's Injustice should oppress me,
 Strip me of all, and turn me out a Wanderer,
 My Wretchedness may find Relief from thee,
 And shelter from the Storm.

Alic. My All is thine ;
 One common Hazard shall attend us both,
 And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
 But let thy fearful doubting Heart be still,
 The Saints and Angels have thee in their Charge,
 And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
 The gentle Deeds of Mercy thou hast done,
 Shall die, forgotten all ; the Poor, the Pris'ner,
 The Fatherless, the Friendless, and the Widow,
 Who daily own the Bounty of thy Hand,
 Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a Blessing on thee ;
 Ev'n Man, the merciless Insulter Man,
 Man, who rejoices in our Sex's Weakness,
 Shall pity thee, and with unwonted Goodness,
 Forget thy Failings, and record thy Praise.

Ja. Sh. Why should I think that Man will do for me
 What yet he never did for Wretch like me ?
 Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd ;
 Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
 And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind,
 That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd through the Wilds of Love :
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
 It poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
 If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
 And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray ;

Ruin

Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame.
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets, like Stars that fall to rise no more.

}
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Alicia, speaking to Jane Shore as entering.

NO farther, gentle Friend; good Angels guard you,
 And spread their gracious Wings about your
 Slumbers.

The drowsy Night grows on the World, and now
 The busy Craftsmen and o'erlabour'd Hind,
 Forget the Travel of the Day in Sleep:
 Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
 With meagre discontented Looks they sit,
 And watch the wasting of the midnight Taper.
 Such Vigils must I keep, so wakes my Soul,
 Restless and Self-tormented; oh false *Hastings*!
 Thou hast destroy'd my Peace. [Knocking without]
 What noise is that?
 What Visitor is this, who with bold freedom
 Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Rest,
 With such a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the Court,
 Lord *Hastings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

Ali. *Hastings*! Be still my Heart, and try to meet him
 With his own Arts; with Falshood——But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings. Speaks to a Servant as entering.

Hast. Dismiss my Train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!
 But, be it as it may.

Ali.

Ali. When humbly, thus,
The Great descend to visit the Afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their Rest they come
To sooth the Sorrows of the Midnight Mourner :
Comfort comes with them, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a Courtesy,
Nor let the Coldness of Delay hang on it
To nip and blast its Favour, like a Frost ;
But rather chose, at this late Hour, to come,
That your Friend may know I have prevail'd ;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to shew her Grace.

Ali. My Friend ! my Lord.

Hast. Yes, Lady, your's : None has a Right more ample
To ask my Pow'r than you.

Ali. I want the Words,
To pay you back a Compliment so courtly :
But my Heart guesses at the Friendly Meaning,
And wo't not die your Debtor.

Hast. 'Tis well, Madam.
But I would see your Friend.

Ali. Oh thou false Lord !
I wou'd be Mistress of my Heaving Heart,
Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy dull Indifference :
But 'two't not be, my Wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.

Hast. Are you wise !
Have you the use of Reason ! Do you wake ?
What means this Raving ! this transporting Passion ?

Ali. O thou cool Traitor ! thou insulting Tyrant,
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means ? Art thou not false ?
And I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left, like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy,
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and leud Buffoons ;

And

Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame.
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets, like Stars that fall to rise no more.

}
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Alicia, speaking to Jane Shore as entering.

NO further, gentle Friend; good Angels guard you,
 And spread their gracious Wings about your
 Slumbers.

The drowsy Night grows on the World, and now
 The busy Craftsman and o'erlabour'd Hind,
 Forget the Travel of the Day in Sleep:
 Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
 With meagre discontented Looks they sit,
 And watch the wasting of the midnight Taper.
 Such Vigils must I keep, so wakes my Soul,
 Restless and Self-tormented; oh false *Hastings*!
 Thou hast destroy'd my Peace. [Knocking without]
 What noise is that?
 What Visiter is this, who with bold freedom
 Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Rest,
 With such a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the Court,
 Lord *Hastings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

Ali. *Hastings*! Be still my Heart, and try to meet him
 With his own Arts; with Falshood——But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings. Speaks to a Servant as entering.

Hast. Dismiss my Train, and wait alone without.

Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!

But, be it as it may.

Ali.

Ali. When humbly, thus,
The Great descend to visit the Afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their Rest they come
To sooth the Sorrows of the Midnight Mourner :
Comfort comes with them, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

Hast. 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a Courtesy,
Nor let the Coldness of Delay hang on it
To nip and blast its Favour, like a Frost ;
But rather chose, at this late Hour, to come,
That your Friend may know I have prevail'd ;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to shew her Grace.

Ali. My Friend ! my Lord.

Hast. Yes, Lady, your's : None has a Right more ample
To ask my Pow'r than you.

Ali. I want the Words,
To pay you back a Compliment so courtly :
But my Heart guesses at the Friendly Meaning,
And wo't not die your Debtor.

Hast. 'Tis well, Madam.
But I would see your Friend.

Ali. Oh thou false Lord !
I wou'd be Mistress of my Heaving Heart,
Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy dull Indifference :
But 'two't not be, my Wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.

Hast. Are you wise !
Have you the use of Reason ! Do you wake ?
What means this Raving ! this transporting Passion ?

Ali. O thou cool Traitor ! thou insulting Tyrant,
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means ? Art thou not false ?
And I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left, like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy,
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and leud Buffoons ;

And

And all because my Soul has doated on thee
With Love, with Truth, and Tenderness unutterable ?

Hast. Are these the Proofs of Tenderness and Love ?
These endless Quarrels, Discontents and Jealousies,
These never ceasing Wailings and Complaining,
These furious Starts, these Whirlwinds of the Soul,
Which ev'ry other Moment rise to Madness.

Ali. What Proof, alas ! have I not giv'n of Love ?
What have I not abandon'd to thy Arms ?
Have I not set at naught my noble Birth,
A spotless Fame, and an unblemish'd Race,
The Peace of Innocence, and Pride of Virtue ?
My Prodigality has giv'n thee all :
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched Bankrupt you have made.

Hast. Why am I thus pursu'd from Place to Place,
Kept in the View, and cross'd at ev'ry turn ?
In vain I fly, and like a haunted Deer,
Scud o'er the Lawns, and hasten to the Covert ;
Ere I can reach my Safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift Malice of some keen Reproach,
And drive the winged Shaft deep in my Heart.

Ali. Hither you fly, and here you seek Repose ;
Spite of the poor Deceit, your Arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, Midnight Visits.

Hast. If you are wise, and prize your Peace of Mind,
Yet take the friendly Council of my Love ;
Believe me true, nor listen to your Jealousy,
Let not that Devil, which undoes your Sex,
That cursed Curiosity seduce you,
To hunt for needless Secrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your Quiet, but once known,
Shall sit upon your Heart, pinch it with Pain,
And banish the sweet Sleep for ever from you.
Go to----be yet advis'd----

Ali. Dost thou in Scorn
Preach Patience to my Rage ? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented Idiot down ;
Nor dare to think thou'lt wrong'd me---Ruin seize thee,
And swift Perdition overtake thy Treachery !
Have I the least remaining Cause to doubt ?

Hast.

Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy Fallhood?
To hide it, might have spoke some little Tenderneſs,
And ſhewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou diſdain'ſt the Weakneſs of Humanity,
Thy Words, and all thy Actions, have confeſs'd it;
Ev'n now thy Eyes avow it, now they ſpeak,
And inſolently own the glorious Villany.

Hast. Well then, I own my Heart has broke your
Chains,

Patient I bore the painful Bondage long,
At length my gen'rous Love diſdains your Tyranny;
The Bitterneſs and Stings of taunting Jealouſy,
Vexatious Days, and jarring joyleſs Nights,
Have driv'n him forth to ſeek ſome ſafer Shelter,
Where he may reſt his weary Wings in Peace.

Ali. You triumph! do! and with gigantic Pride,
Deſy impending Vengeance. Heav'n ſhall wink;
No more his Arm ſhall roll the dreadful Thunder,
Nor ſend his Lightnings forth: No more his Juſtice
Shall viſit the preſuming Sons of Men,
But Perjury, like thine, ſhall dwell in Safety.

Hast. Whate'er my Fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be preſent to me now, my better Angel!
Preſerve me from the Storm which threatens now,
And if I have beyond Atonement ſinn'd,
Let any other kind of Plague o'erſtake me,
So I eſcape the Fury of that Tongue.

Ali. Thy Pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud
Lord,

Howe'er thou ſcorn'd the Weakneſs of my Sex,
This feeble Hand may find the Means to reach thee,
Howe'er ſublime in Power, and Greatneſs plac'd,
With royal Favour guarded round, and grac'd;
On Eagle's Wings my Rage ſhall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmoſt Height;
Then like thy Fate, ſuperior will I ſit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my Feet;
See thy laſt Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee ſinking to the Shades below.

[Exit Alicia.]

Hast.

Hast. How fierce a Fiend is Passion? With what
Wildness,

What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!
Unhappy Sex, whose easy yielding Temper
Gives Way to ev'ry Appetite alike;
Each Gust of Inclination, uncontroll'd,
Sweeps thro' their Souls, and sets them in an Uproar;
Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury,
And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage
As terrible as Heat, and as destructive.
So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceless Ocean,
And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,
Alike from *North*, from *South*, from *East*, from *West*,
With equal Force the Tempest blows by turns
From ev'ry Corner of the Seaman's Compass.
But srest ye now——for here comes one disclaims
Strife and her wrangling Train: of equal Elements,
Without one jarring Atom was she form'd,
And Gentleness, and Joy, make up her Being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Porgive me, Fair One if officious Friend ship:
Intrudes on your Repose, and comes thus late,
To greet you with the Tidings of Success.
The Princely *Glo'ster* has vouchsaf'd you Hearing,
To-morrow he expects you at the Court;
There plead your Cause with never-failing Beauty,
Speak all your Grievs, and find a full Redress.

Ja. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly Servant bend;
[*Kneeling.*

Thus let me bow my grateful Knee to Earth,
And bless your noble Nature for this Goodness.

Hast. Rise, gentle Dame, you wrong my Meaning
much.

Think me not guilty of a Thought so vain,
To sell my Courtesy for Thanks like these.

Ja. Sh. 'Tis true your Bounty is beyond my Speaking.
But tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
Mourning, and bleeding, for my past Offences,
My fervent Soul shall breathe one Prayer for you,

(If

(If Pray'rs of ſuch a Wretch are heard on high)
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when moſt you need,
 The Grace and Goodneſs you have ſhewn to me.

Haſt. If there be aught of Merit in my Service,
 Impute it there where moſt 'tis due, my Love ;
 Be kind, my gentle Miſtreſs, to my Wiſhes,
 And ſatisfy my panting Heart with Beauty.

Ja. Sa. Alas ! my Lord——

Haſt. Why bend thy Eyes to Earth ?
 Wherefore theſe Looks of Heavineſs and Sorrow,
 Why breathes that Sigh, my Love ? And wherefore falls
 This trickling Show'r of Tears : to ſtain thy Sweetneſs ?

Ja. Sb. If Pity dwells within your noble Breſt,
 (As ſure it does) Oh ſpeak not to me thus.

Haſt. Can I behold thee, and not ſpeak of Love ?
 Ev'n now, thus ſadly as thou ſtand'ſt before me,
 Thus deſolate, dejected, and forlorn,
 Thy Softneſs ſteals upon my yielding Senſes,
 'Till my Soul ſaints and ſickens with Deſire ;
 How canſt thou give this Motion to my Heart,
 And bid my Tongue lie ſtill ?

Ja. Sb. Caſt round your Eyes
 Upon the high-born Beauties of the Court ;
 Behold, like op'ning Roſes, where they bloom,
 Sweet to the Senſe, unſully'd all and ſpotleſs ;
 There chooſe ſome worthy Partner of your Heart
 To fill your Arms, and bleſs your virtuous Bed ;
 Nor turn your Eyes this Way, where Sin and Miſ'ry,
 Like loathſome Weeds, have over-run the Soil,
 And the Deſtroyer Shame has laid all waſte.

Haſt. What means this peeviſh, this fantaſtic Change ?
 Where is thy wonted Pleaſantneſs of Face ?
 Thy wonted Graces, and thy dimpled Smiles ?
 Where haſt thou loſt thy Wit, and ſportive Mirth ?
 That chearful Heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
 And caſt a Day of Gladneſs all around thee.

Ja. Sb. Yes, I will own I merit the Reproach ;
 And for thoſe fooliſh Days of wanton Pride,
 My Soul is juſtly humbled to the Duſt ;
 All Tongues, like your's, are licenc'd to upbraid me,
 Still to repeat my Guilt, to urge my Infamy,

And

And treat me like that abject Thing I've been.
 Yet let the Saints be witnesses to this Truth,
 That now, tho' late, I look with Horror back,
 That I detest my wretched Self, and curse
 My past polluted Life. All-judging Heav'n
 Who knows my Crime, has seen my Sorrow for them.

Hast. No more of this dull Stuff. 'Tis time enough
 To whine and mortify thyself with Penance,
 When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
 And weary Nature tires in her last Stage :
 Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
 Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
 And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand.
 The present Moment claims more gen'rous use ;
 Thy Beauty, Night and Solitude reproach me,
 For having talk'd thus long--- Come let me press thee.

[*Laying hold on her.*

Pant on thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
 And lose myself in the luxurious Fold.

Ja. Sh. Never! by those chaste Lights above, I swear,
 My Soul shall never know Pollution more ;
 Forbear, my Lord!—Here let me rather die,

[*Kneeling.*

Let quick Destruction overtake me here,
 And end my Sorrows and my Shame for ever.

Hast. Away with this Perverseness,---'tis too much ;
 Nay, if you strive---'tis monstrous Affectation.

[*Striving.*

Ja. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me-----

Hast. Thus to coy it!--

With one who knows you too.

Ja. Sh. For Mercy's sake ---

Hast. Ungrateful Woman! Is it thus you pay
 My Services? ———

Ja. Sh. Abandon me to Ruin-----
 Rather than urge me----

Hast. This way to your Chamber, [Pulling her.
 There if you struggle-----

Ja. Sh. Help! Oh gracious Heav'n!
 Help! Save me! Help!

[Crying out.

Enter

Enter Dumont, he interposes.

Dum. My Lord! for Honour's sake—

Hast. Ha! what art thou? Begone?

Dum. My Duty calls me

To my Attendance on my Mistress here.

Ja. Sh. For Pity let me go—

Hast. Avaunt! base Groom ———

At distance wait, and know thy Office better.

Dum. Forego your hold, my Lord! 'tis most unmanly
This Violence ———

Hast. Avoid the Room this Mome
Or I will tread thy Soul out.

Dum. No, my Lord,
The common ties of Manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the Defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless Woman.

Hast. And dost thou know me, Slave?

Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!
I know thee well, know thee with each Advantage,
Which Wealth, or Pow'r, or noble Birth can give thee.
I know thee too for one who stains those Honours,
And blots a long illustrious Line of Ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a Woman.

Hast. 'Tis wondrous well! I see, my Saint-like Dame,
You stand provided of your Braves and Ruffians,
To man your Cause, and bluster in your Brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul Reproach, unmanner'd
Railer;

Nor urge my Rage too far, lest thou should'st find
I have as daring Spirits in my Blood
As thou, or any of thy Race e'er boasted;
And tho' no gaudy Titles grac'd my Birth,
(Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward,
Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
The Hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Syco-
phants,)

Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever King did when he made a Lord.

Hast. Insolent Villain! Henceforth let this teach thee
[Draws and strikes him.

B

The

The Distance 'twixt a Peasant and a Prince.

Dum. Nay then, my Lord! [*drawing.*] learn you
by this, how well

An Arm resolv'd can guard its Master's Life.

[*They fight.*

Ja. Sb. Oh my distracting Fears! hold, for sweet
Heav'n.

[*They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.*

Hast. Confusion! baffled by a base-born Hind!

Dum. Now, haughty Sir, where is our Difference
now?

Your Life is in my Hand, and did not Honour,

The Gentleness of Blood and inborn Virtue,

(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)

Plead in my Bosom, I should take the Forfeit.

But wear your Sword again; and know, a Lord

Oppos'd against a Man, is but a Man.

[*tune*

Hast. Curse on my failing Hand! Your better For-

Has giv'n you 'Vantage o'er me; but perhaps

Your Triumph may be bought with dear Repentance.

[*Exit.*

Ja. Sb. Alas! what have you done! know you the
Pow'r,

The Mightiness that waits upon this Lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest Mistress, 'tis a Cause,

In which Heav'n's Guard shall wait you. O pursue,

Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,

Which urge you on to Virtue; let not Danger,

Nor the incumb'ring World make faint your Purpose.

Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps,

Bring you to Bliss, and crown your end with Peace.

Ja. Sb. Oh that my Head were laid, my sad Eyes clos'd,

And my cold Corse wound in my Shroud to rest;

My painful Heart will never cease to beat,

Will never know a Moment's Peace 'till then.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? leave this fatal Place,

Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood;

Where Innocence is sham'd, and blushing Modesty

Is made the Scorners' Jest; where Hate, Deceit,

And deadly Ruin, wear the Masques of Beauty,

And draws deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

Ja.

Ja. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of Friends, and all the Means of Life bereft?

Dum. Bellmour, whose friendly Care still wakes to
serve you,

Has found you out a little peaceful Refuge,
Far from the Court and the tumultuous City.
Within an ancient Forest's ample Verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
Built for Convenience, and the use of Life:
Around it Fallows, Meads, and Pastures fair,
A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd;
No Neighbours, but a Few poor simple Clowns,
Honest and true, with a well-meaning Priest:
No Faction or domestic Fury's Rage,
Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place,
When the contending Nobles shook the Land
With *York* and *Lancaster's* disputed Sway.
Your Virtue there may find a safe Retreat
From the insulting Pow'rs of wicked Greatness.

Ja. Sh. Can there be so much Happiness in Store?
A Cell like that, is all my Hopes aspire to.
Haste then, and thither let us take our Flight,
Ere the Clouds gather, and the Wintry Sky
Descends in Storms to intercept our Passage.

Dum. Will you then go? You glad my very Soul!
Banish your Fears, cast all your Cares on me;
Plenty, and Ease, and Peace of Mind shall wait you,
And make your latter Days of Life most happy.
Oh, Lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your Dangers,
And how my Heart rejoices at your Safety.
So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,
And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest Shelter of the Wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful Brood;
Where no rude Swains her shady Cell may know,
No Serpents climb, nor blasting Winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen Place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more.

Warbling the charms it each returning Night,
And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Alicia with a Paper.

THIS Paper, to the great Protector's Hand,
With Care and Secresy must be convey'd;
His bold Ambition now avows its Aim,
To pluck the Crown from *Edward's* infant Brow
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless *Hastings*, adverse to his Hopes,
And much devoted to the Orphan King;
On that I build: This Paper meets his Doubts,
And marks my hated Rival as the Cause
Of *Hastings'* Zeal for his dead Master's Sons.
Oh Jealouty! thou Bane of pleasing Friendship,
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms,
How does thy Rancour poison all our Softness,
And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness?
See where she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing,
Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter Jane Shore.

Ja. Sb. Now whither shall I fly, to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing Steps, support my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Oh, my *Alicia*!

Alic. What new Grief is this?
What unforeseen Misfortune has surpriz'd thee,
That racks thy tender Heart thus?

Ja. Sb. Oh! *Dumont*!

Alic. Say! what of him

Ja. Sb. That friendly, honest Man,

Whom

Whom *Bellmour* brought of late to my Assistance,
On whose kind Cares, whose Diligence and Faith,
My surest Trust was built, this very Morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel Hand of Pow'r,
Forc'd from my House, and borne away to Prison.

Alic. To Prison, said you! can you guess the Cause?

Ja. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold Defence of me
Has drawn the Vengeance of Lord *Hastings* on him.

Alic. Lord *Hastings*! Ha!

Ja. Sh. Some fitter Time must tell thee
The Tale of my Hard Hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining Hopes.
Within this Paper is my Spitt contain'd;
Here, as the Princely *Glo'ster* passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble Knees,
And move him for Redress.

[*She gives the Paper to Alicia, who opens
and seems to read it.*]

Alic. Now for a While

[*Aside.*]

To sting my thoughtless Rival to the Heart;
To blast her fatal Beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd *Hastings*' Eyes;
The Wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again:
Their Fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other Paper.*]

Ja. Sh. But see the great Protector comes this way.
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
Give me the Paper, Friend.

Alic. For Love and Vengeance!

[*Aside.*]

[*She gives her the other Paper.*]

Enter the Duke of *Glo'ster*, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Ca-
telbv, Courtiers, and other Attendants.

Ja. Sh. [*Kneeling.*] O noble *Glo'ster*, turn thy gracious
Incline thy pitying Ear to my Complaint, [Eye,
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless Woman,
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
To feed her Wants, and save her Life from perishing.

Glo. Arise, fair Dame, and dry your wat'ry Eyes.

[*Receiving the Paper and Raising her.*]

Beshrew me, but 'twere Pity of his Heart,

That could refuse a Boon to such a Suit'refs.
 Y'hav' got a noble Friend to be your Advocate ;
 A worthy and right gentle Lord he is,
 And to his trust most true. This present now,
 Some matters of the State detain our Leisure ;
 Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
 And give your Grievs Redress. Go to, be comforted.

Ja. Sh. Good Heav'ns repay your Highness for this
 Pity,

And show'r down Blessings on your princely Head.
 Come, my *Alicia*, reach thy friendly Arm,
 And help me to support that feeble Frame :
 That nodding totters with oppressive Woe,
 And sinks beneath its Load.

[*Exeunt Jane Shore and Alicia.*]

Glo. Now by my Holidame !
 Heavy of Heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
 But thus it is when rude Calamity
 Lays its strong Gripe upon these mincing Minions ;
 The dainty gew-gaw Forms dissolve at once,
 And shiver at the Shock. What says her Paper ?

[*Seeming to read.*]

Ha ! what is this ? Come nearer *Ratcliffe*, *Catesby* !
 Mark the Contents, and then divine the Meaning :

[*He reads.*]

Wonder not, princely *Glo'ster*, at the Notice
 This Paper brings you from a Friend unknown ;
 Lord *Hastings* is inclin'd to call you Master,
 And kneel to *Richard*, as to *England's King* ;
 But *Shore's* bewitching Wife misleads his Heart,
 And draws his Service to King *Edward's* Sons :
 Drive her away, you break the Charm that holds him,
 And he, and all his Pow'rs attend on you.

Ratc. 'Tis wonderful !

Cat. The Means by which it came,
 Yet stranger too !

Glo. You saw it giv'n but now.
 She could not know the Purport.

Glo. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her Life ;
 Should she presume to prate of such high Matters,
 The meddling Harlot ! dear she should abide it.

Cat.

Cat. What Hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,
It means your Highness well——

Glo. Upon the Instant,
Lord *Hastings* will be here ; this Morn I mean
To prove him to the quick ; then if he flinch,
No more but this, away with him at once,
He must be mine, or nothing——But he comes !
Draw nearer this way and observe me well.

[*They whisper.*]

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. This foolish Woman hangs about my Heart,
Lingers and Wanders in my Fancy still ;
This Coyness is put on, 'tis Art and Cunning,
And worn to urge Desire——I must possess her :
The Groom who lift his saucy Hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps ev'n she may profit by th' Example,
And teach her Beauty not to scorn my Pow'r.

Glo. This do, and wait me ere the Council sits.

[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*]

My Lord, you're well encounter'd ; here has been,
A fair Petitioner this Morning with us ;
Believe me she has won me much to pity her :
Alas ! her gentle Nature was not made
To buffet with Adversity. I told her,
How worthily her Cause you had befriended ;
How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your Highness binds me ever to your Service.

Glo. You know your Friendship is most potent with us,
And Shares our Pow'r. But of this enough,
For we have other Matters for your Ear :
The State is out of Tune ; distracting Fears,
And jealous Doubts jar in our public Councils ;
Amidst the Wealthy City, Murmurs rise,
Leud Railings, and Reproach, on those that rule,
With open Scorn of Government ; hence Credit,
And public Trust 'twixt Man and Man are broke,
The golden Streams of Commerce are withheld,
Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds, and Artizans,

Who therefore curse the Great, and threat Rebellion.

Hast. The resty Knaves are over-run with Ease,
As plenty ever is the Nurse of Faction :
If in good Days, like these, the Headstrong Herd
Grow madly wanton and repine ; it is
Because the Reins of Pow'r are held too slack,
And reverend Authority of late
Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Justice.

Glo. Beshrew my Heart ! but you have well divid'd
The Source of these Disorders. Who can wonder,
If Riot and Mis-rule o'erturn the Realm,
When the Crown sits upon a baby Brow ?
Plainly to speak ; hence comes the gen'ral Cry,
And Sum of all Complaint : 'Twill ne'er be well
With *England* (thus they talk) while Children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true the King is young ; but what of that ?
We feel no want of *Edward's* riper Years,
While *Gloster's* Valour and most princely Wisdom,
So well supply our infant Sovereign's Place,
His Youth's Support, and Guardian of his Throne.

Glo. The Council (much I'm bound to thank 'em
for't)

Have plac'd a pageant Sceptre in my Hand,
Barren of Pow'r, and subject to controul ;
Scorn'd by my Foes, and useless to my Friends.
Oh, worthy Lord ! were mine the Rule indeed,
I think, I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the Common-weal ;
Nor wou'd the Realm be rent by Discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed Titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn ; as not supposing
A Doubt like this——

Glo. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much Concern. Have you not heard
How on a late Occasion, Doctor *Shaw*
Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulness
Of *Edward's* Issue ? by right grave Authority
Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
A bastard Scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal Stock ; from thence, at full
Discouraging on my Brother's former Contract

To Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, long before
His jolly Match with that same buxom Widow
The Queen he left behind him——

Hast. Ill befall

Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confusion,
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples;
By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect Spite to Peace.
Did not the King,

Our royal Master *Edward*, in Concurrence
With his Estates assembled, well determine [ward?
What Course the sov'reign Rule should take hence for-
When shall the deadly Hate of Faction cease,
When shall our long divided Land have rest,
If every peevish, moody Malecontent
Shall set the senseless Rabble in an Uproar?
Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
Each Day with some fantastic giddy Change?

Glo. What if some Patriot for the Public Good,
Should vary from your Scheme, new-mould the State?

Hast. Curst on the innovating Hand attempts it!
Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heav'n,
In thy great Day of Vengeance: Blast the Traitor
And his pernicious Counsels; who for Wealth,
For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.

Glo. You go too far, my Lord.

Hast. Your Highness' Pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
When *York* and *Lancaster* drew forth the Battles;
When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
And cast beside some common way a Spectacle
Of Horror and Affright to Passers-by,
Our groaning Country bled at ev'ry Vein;
When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;
When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away Distinction; Peasants trod
Upon the Necks of Nobles; Low were laid
The reverend Crosier, and the holy Mitre,
And Desolation cover'd all the Land?
Who can remember this, and not, like me,

Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
 Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
 And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

Glo. How now! so hot!

Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Glo. Is then our Friendship of so little moment,
 That you could arm your Hand against my Life?

Hast. I hope your Highness does not think I meant it,
 No, Heav'n forbid that e'er your princely Person
 Should come within the Scope of my Resentment.

Glo. Oh, noble *Hastings*! Nay, I must embrace you;
[Embraces him.]

By holy *Paul*! you're a right honest Man;
 The Time is full of Danger and Distrust,
 And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
 Too apt for Jealousy and light Surmise,
 If when I meant to lodge you next my Heart,
 I put your Truth to trial. Keep your Loyalty,
 And live your King and Country's best Support:
 For me, I ask no more than Honour gives,
 To think me your's, and rank me with your Friends.

Hast. Accept what Thanks a grateful Heart should
 pay.

Oh! princely *Glo'ster*! judge me not ungentle,
 Of Manners rude, and insolent of Speech,
 If when the public Safety is in question,
 My Zeal flows warm and eager from my Tongue.

Glo. Enough of this: To deal in wordy Compliment
 Is much against the Plainness of my Nature;
 I judge you by myself, a clear true Spirit;
 And, as such, once more join you to my Bosom;
 Farewell, and be my Friend. [Exit *Glo'ster*.]

Hast. I am not read,
 Nor skill'd and practis'd in the Arts of Greatness,
 To kindle thus, and give a Scope to Passion
 The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
 Ev'n on the tend'rest Point; the Master-string
 That makes most Harmony or Discord to me.
 I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
 And my Soul's darling Passion stands confest;

Beyond

Beyond or Love's or Friendship's sacred Band,
Beyond myself I prize my native Land :
On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman Name ;
Think *England's* Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
And die with pleasure for my Country's Good. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Duke of Glo'ster, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

GLO'STER.

THIS was the Sum of all ; that he would brook
No Alteration in the present State.

Marry ! at last, the testy Gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold Defiance ;
But there I dropt the Argument, and changing
The first Design and Purport of my Speech,
I prais'd his good Affection to young *Edward*,
And left him to believe my Thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd Matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his Friendship.

Ratc. Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This Lord had stood with us. His Friends are wealthy,
Thereto, his own Possessions large and mighty ;
The Vassals and Dependants on his Pow'r
Firm in Adherence, ready, bold and many ;
His Name had been of 'Vantage to your Highness,
And stood our present Purpose much in stead.

Glo. This wayward and perverse declining from us,
Has warranted at full the friendly Notice,
Which we this Morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling whining Harlot rules his Reason,
And prompts his Zeal for *Edward's* bastard Brood.

Cat. If she have such Dominion o'er his Heart,
And turn it at her Will, you rule her Fate ;
And should by Inference and apt Deduction,

Be.

Be Arbitrator of his. Is not her Bread,
The very Means immediate to her Being,
The Bounty of your Hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield Obedience to your Pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command? [Sage ;

Ratcl. Let her instruct her Tongue to bear your Mes-
Teach every Grace to smile in your Behalf,
And her deluding Eyes to gloat for you ;
His ductile Reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the Yoke, and yield exact Obedience ;

Glo. Your Counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd ;
The waits without, attending on her Suit.
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*

How poor a Thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of imperial Manhood
To such a paltry piece of Stuff as this is !
A Moppet made of Prettiness and Pride ;
That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
Than glitt'ring Dew drops in the Sun do Colours.
Now shame upon it ! Was our Reason giv'n
For such a Use ! To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
The Sport of ev'ry whiffing Blast that Blows ?
Bethrew my Heart, but it is wond'rous strange ;
Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

Enter Jane Shore.

Oh ! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your Grievance : And tho' some there are,
Nay, and those Great Ones too, who wou'd enforce
The Rigour of our Power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
We've ta'en you to our Favour ; our Protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from Mishap.

Ja. Sh. The Blessings of a Heart with Anguish broken,
And rescu'd from Despair, attend your Highness.
Alas ! my gracious Lord ! what have I done
To kindle such relentless Wrath against me ?

If

If in the Days of all my past Offences,
 When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
 If I withheld my Morfel from the Hungry,
 Forgot the Widow's Want, and Orphan's Cry;
 If I have known a Good I have not shar'd,
 Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion, with me,
 Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
 Deny the Succour, which I gave not then.

Glo. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
 Who say you meddle in Affairs of State:
 That you presume to prattle, like a Busy Body,
 Give your Advice, and teach the Lords o'th' Council
 What fits the Order of the Common-weal.

Ja. Sh. Oh that the busy World, at least in this,
 Would take Example from a Wretch like me!
 None then would waste their Hours in foreign Thoughts,
 Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
 To tread the Mazes of fantastic Falshood,
 To haunt her idle Sounds, and flying Tales,
 Thro' all the giddy noisy Courts of Rumour;
 Malicious Slander never would have leisure
 To search with prying Eyes for Faults abroad,
 If all, like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
 And wept the Sorrows which they found at Home.

Glo. Go to! I know your Pow'r, and tho' I trust not
 To ev'ry Breath of Fame, I'm not to learn
 That *Hastings* is profess'd your loving Vassal,
 But fair befall your Beauty: use it wisely,
 And it may stand your Fortunes much in stead;
 Give back your forfeit Land with large Increase,
 And place you high in Safety and in Honour:
 Nay, I could point a Way, the which pursuing,
 You shall not only bring yourself Advantage,
 But give the Realm much worthy Cause to thank you.

Ja. Sh. Oh! where or how?—Can my unworthy
 Hand
 Become an Instrument of good to any?
 Instruct your lowly Slave, and let me fly
 To yield Obedience to your dread Command.

Glo. Why, that's well said—Thus then—observe
 me well,

The

The State for many high and potent Reasons,
Deeming my Brother *Edward's* Sons unfit
For the imperial Weight of *England's* Crown——

Ja. Sb. Alas! for Pity.

[*Aside.*]

Glo. Therefore have resolv'd
To set aside their unavailing Infancy,
And vest the sov'reign Rule in abler Hands.
This, tho' of great Importance to the Public,
Hastings, for very Peevishness and Spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.

Ja. Sb. Does he! does *Hastings*!

Glo. Ay, *Hastings*.

Ja. Sb. Reward him for the noble Deed, just Hea-
vens:

For this one Action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal Mercies, and with great Deliv'rance,
Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame,
Let never-fading Honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's End:
Let him know nothing else but good on Earth,
And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

Glo. How now!

Ja. Sb. The poor forsaken, royal little Ones!
Shall they be left a Prey to savage Power?
Can they lift up their harmless Hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for Help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh gallant, generous, *Hastings*,
Go on, pursue! Assert the sacred Cause:
Stand forth, thou Proxy of all ruling Providence,
And save the friendless Infants from Oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing Prayers,
And warring Angels combat on thy side.

Glo. You're passing rich in this same heav'nly Speech,
And spend it at your Pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My Favour is not bought with Words like these.
Go to——you'll teach your Tongue another Tale.

Ja. Sb. No, tho' the royal *Edward* has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious Master still;
He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty Flame,
And Fatal to my Peace, yet still he lov'd me;
With Fondness, and with Tenderness he doated,

Dwelt

Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.
And can I——Oh my Heart abhors the Thought;
Stand by, and see his Children robb'd of Right?

Glo. Dare not, ev'n for thy Soul, to thwart me further;

None of your Arts, your Feigning, and your Foolery,
Your dainty Squeamish Coying it to me.

Go——to your Lord, your Paramour, begone;

Lisp in his Ear, hang wanton on his Neck,

And play your Monkey Gambols o'er to him:

You know my Purpose, look that you pursue it,

And make him yield Obedience to my Will.

Do it——or Woe upon thy Harlot's Head.

Ja. Sb. Oh that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of
Speech,

Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings,

Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing,

As soft Persuasion to a Love-sick Maid,

That I had Art and Eloquence divine,

To pay my Duty to my Master's Ashes,

And plead till Death the Cause of injur'd Innocence.

Glo. Ha! dost thou brave me, Minion! dost thou
know

How vile, how very a Wretch my Power can make thee?

That I can let loose Fear, Distress and Famine,

To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds, thro' the World;

That I can place thee in such abject State,

As Help shall never find thee; where repining,

Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguish;

Groan to the pit'less Winds without Return,

Howl like the Midnight Wolf amidst the Desert,

And curse thy Life in Bitterness of Misery?

Ja. Sb. Let me be branded for the Public Scorn,

Turn'd forth, and driv'n to wander like a Vagabond,

Be friendless and forsaken, seek my Bread

Upon the barren Wild, and desolate Waste,

Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears;

Ere I consent to teach my Lips Injustice,

Or wrong the Orphan who has none to save him.

Glo. 'Tis well—we'll try the Temper of your Heart.

What ho! Who waits without?

Enter

Enter Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Attendants.

Ratc. Your Highness' Pleasure——

Glo. Go some of you, and turn this Strumpet forth ;
Spurn her into the Street, there let her perish,
And rot upon a Dunghill. Thro' the City,
See it proclaim'd, that none on Pain of Death,
Presume to give her Comfort, Food, or Harbour ;
Who ministers the smallest Comfort, dies.
Her House, her costly Furniture, and Wealth,
The Purchase of her loose luxurious Life,
We seize on, for the Profit of the State.
Away! begone!

Ja. Sb. O thou most righteous Judge——
Humbly, behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy Justice in this hard Decree :
No longer then my ripe Offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my Wretchedness can give,
For my past Crimes my forfeit Life receive ;
No Pity for my Sufferings here I crave,
And only hope Forgiveness in the Grave.

[Exit Jane Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.]

Glo. So much for this. Your Project's at an end :

[To Ratcliffe.]

This idle Toy, this Hilding scorns my Power,
And sets us all at nought. See that a Guard
Be ready at my Call.

Ratc. The Council waits
Upon your Highness' Leisure.

Glo. Bid 'em enter.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Bishop
of Ely, Lord Hastings and others, as to the Council.
The Duke of Glo'ster takes his Place at the upper end,
then the rest sits.*

Der. In happy time are we assembled here,
To point the Day, and fix the solemn Pomp,
For placing England's Crown with all due Rites,
Upon our Sov'reign Edward's youthful Brow. *[are,*

Hast. Some busy meddling Knaves, 'tis said there
As

As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal Right ;
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest
T'appoint the Order of the Coronation ;
So to approve our Duty to the King,
And stay the Babbling of such vain Gainsayers.

Der. We all attend to know your Highness' Pleasure.
[To Gloucester.]

Glo. My Lords, A set of worthy Men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the State :
Therefore to your most grave Determination,
I yield myself in all things ; and demand
What Punishment your Wisdom shall think meet
T'inflit upon those damnable Contrivers,
Who shall with Potions, Charms, and witching Drugs,
Practise against our Person and our Life. [to R.]

Hast. So much I hold the King your Highness' Debt—
So precious are you to the Common-weal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble Brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit Death. [Truth,

Glo. Then judge yourselves, convince your Eyes of
Behold my Arm thus blasted, dry and wither'd,
[Pulling up his Sleeve.

Shrunk like a foul Abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely Product of the Seasons,
Robb'd of its Propertie of Strength and Office.
This is the Sorcery of Edward's Wife,
Who in conjunction with that Harlot Shore,
And other like confederate midnight Hags,
By force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And set the Ministers of Hell at work,
To torture and despoil me of my Life.

Hast. If they have done this Deed —

Glo. If they have done it !
Talk'st thou to me of It's, audacious Traitor !
Thou art that Strumpet Witch's chief Abettor,
The Patron and Complotter of her Mischiefs,
And join'd in this Contrivance for my Death.

Nay,

Nay, start not, Lords.—What ho! a Guard there, Sirs!

Enter a Guard.

Lord *Hastings*, I arrest thee of High-Treason,
Seize him, and bear him instantly away,

He sha'not live an Hour: By holy *Paul*!

I will not dine before his Head be brought me:

Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done.

The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt Glo'ster, and Lords following.]

Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliffe, and Guards.

Hast. What! and no more but this——how, to the Scaffold!

Oh gentle *Ratcliffe*! tell me, do I hold thee?

Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,

To break; to struggle thro' this dread Confusion?

For surely Death itself is not so painful

As is this sudden Horror and surprize.

Ratc. You heard, the Duke's Commands to me were absolute,

Therefore, my Lord, address you to your shrift,

With all good speed you may: summon your Courage,

And be yourself: for you must die this Instant.

Hast. Yes, *Ratcliffe*, I will take thy friendly Council,

And die as a Man should; 'tis somewhat hard

To call my scattered spirits home at once:

But since what must be, must be——let Necessity

Supply the Place of Time and Preparation,

And arm me for the Blow. 'Tis but to die,

'Tis but to venture on that common Hazard

Which many a time in Battle I have run;

'Tis but to do, what, at that very Moment,

In many Nations of the peopled Earth,

A thousand and a thousand shall do with me;

'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,

To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,

No longer to behold the Tyrant *Glo'ster*,

And be a weeping Witness of the Woes,

The Desolation, slaughter and Calamities,

Which he shall bring on this unhappy Land.

Enter

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off! and let me pass ——— I will, I must,
Catch him once more in these despairing Arms,
And hold him to my Heart—Oh *Hastings, Hastings!*

Hast. Alas! Why com'st thou at this dreadful Moment

To fill me with new Terrors, new Distractions,
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd Rage,
And shock the Peace of my departing Soul;
Away! I prithee leave me!

Alic. Stop a Minute. ———
'Till my full Griefs find Passage—Oh the Tyrant
Perdition fall on *Gloster's* Head and mine.

Hast. What means thy frantic Grief?

Alic. I cannot speak ———
But I have murder'd thee ——— oh I could tell thee!
Hast. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting Passions;
Be quick, nor keep me longer in Suspense,
Time presses, and a thousand crowding Thoughts
Break in at once; this Way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurry'd Soul: all claim Attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh speak and leave me,
For I have Business would employ an Age,
And but a Minute's time to get it done in.

Alic. That, that's my Grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus hunt thee to the Toil, sweep thee from Earth,
And drive thee down this Precipice of Fate.

Hast. Thy Reason is grown wild. Could thy weak
Hand

Bring on this mighty Ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy Soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of Pardon,
That nothing but my Life can make Atonement?

Alic. Thy cruel Scorn had stung me to the Heart,
And set my burning Bosom all in Flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my Revenge,
And writ I know not what—told the Protector,
That *Shore's* detested Wife by Wiles had won thee,
To plot against his Greatness—He believ'd it,
(Oh dire Event of my pernicious Council)

And

And while I meant Destruction on her Head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

Hast. Accursed Jealousy!

O merciless, wild, unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its Rage,
For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd
Be all those easy Fools who give it Harbour:
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Pestilence;
Baneful as Death, and Horrible as Hell.

Alic. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own
Falshood;

Curse the leud Maxims of thy perjur'd Sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at Faith and Justice,
To scorn the solemn Sanctity of Oaths,
And make a Jest of a poor Woman's Ruin:
Curse thy proud Heart, and thy insulting Tongue,
That rais'd this fatal Fury in my Soul,
And urg'd my Vengeance to undo us both.

Hast. Oh thou inhuman! turn thy Eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive Beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying Breath?
Be gone! and let me sigh it out in peace.

Alic. Can'st thou—oh cruel *Hastings*, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing Heart, I swear;
By all the Pangs I feel, by all the Sorrows,
The Terrors and Despair thy Loss shall give me,
My Hate was on my Rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divin'd false as thou art,
A Danger to thy Life, I would have dy'd,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful Breast to save thee from it.

Hast. Now mark! and tremble at Heav'n's just Award,
While thy insatiate Wrath and fell Revenge
Pursu'd the Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the Mischief falls on thee and me;
Remorse and Heaviness of Heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion:
For me, the Snares of Death are wound about me,

And

And now, in one poor Moment I am gone.
 Oh! if thou hast one tender Thought remaining,
 Fly to thy Closet, fall upon thy Knees,
 And recommend my parting Soul to Mercy.

Alic. Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
 Turn thee in Gentleness and Pity to me, [Kneeling.
 And in compassion of my strong Affliction,
 Say, is it possible you can forgive
 The fatal Rashness of ungovern'd Love?
 For oh! 'tis certain if I had not lov'd thee,
 Beyond my Peace, my Reason, Fame and Life,
 Desir'd to Death, and doated to Distraction,
 This Day of Horror never should have known us.

Hast. Oh! rise, and let me hush thy stormy Sorrows,
 [Raising her.

Assuage thy Tears, for I will chide no more,
 No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy Fair One.
 I see the Hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me,
 And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
 To punish me by thy mistaking Hand.
 Most righteous Doom! for, oh! while I behold thee,
 Thy Wrongs rise up in terrible Array,
 And charge thy Ruin on me; thy fair Fame,
 Thy spotless Beauty, Innocence, and Youth,
 Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd, by me.

Alic. And does thy Heart relent for my undoing?
 Oh! that inhuman *Gloster* could be mov'd,
 But half so easily as I can pardon!

Hast. Here then exchange we mutually Forgiveness,
 So may the guilt of all my broken Vows,
 My Perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
 As here my Soul acquits thee of my Death,
 As here I part without one angry Thought,
 As here I leave thee with the softest Tenderness,
 Mourning the Chance of our disastrous Loves,
 And begging Heav'n do bless and to support thee.

Ratc. My Lord, dispatch; the Duke has sent to
 chide me
 For loit'ring in my Duty.

Hast. I obey.

Alic. Insatiate, savage Monster! Is a Moment

So

So tedious to thy Malice? oh! repay him,
 Thou great Avenger, give him Blood for Blood: [him!
 Guilt haunt him! Fiends pursue him! Lightnings blast
 Some horrid, cursed kind of Death o'er take him,
 Sudden, and in the Fulness of his Sins!

That he may know how terrible it is,
 To want that Moment he denies thee now.

Hast. 'Tis all in vain, this Rage that tears thy Bosom;
 Like a poor Bird that flutters in its Cage,
 Thou beat thyself to Death. Retire I beg thee;
 To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me.
 Thy Agonies are added to my own,
 And make the Burthen more than I can bear.
 Farewell——Good Angels visit thy Afflictions,
 And bring thee Peace and Comfort from above.

Alic. Oh! stab me to the Heart, some pitying Hand,
 Now strike me dead——

Hast. One thing I had forgot——
 I charge thee by our present common Miseries,
 By our past Loves, if yet they have a Name,
 By all thy Hopes of Peace here and hereafter,
 The Innocence of thy unhappy Friend:
 Let not the Rancour of thy Hate pursue; [her,
 Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; oh! should'st thou wrong
 Just Heav'n shall double all thy Woes upon thee,
 And make 'em know no End——Remember this
 As the last Warning of a dying Man:
 Farewell for ever! [The Guards carry Hastings off.

Alic. For ever? Oh! for ever!
 Oh! who can bear to be a Wretch for ever!
 My Rival too! his last thoughts hung on her:
 And, as he parted, left a Blessing for her.
 Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
 No; since her fatal Beauty was the Cause
 Of all my Suffering, let her share my Pains:
 Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
 Devote the hour when such a Wretch was born:
 Like me to Desarts and to Darkness run,
 Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun;
 Cast ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind;
 Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind:

Like

Like me, with Cries distracted fill the Air ;
 Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic Hair ;
 And prove the Torments of the last Despair. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Bellmour, and Dumont or Shore.

SHORE.

YOU saw her then ?

Bell. I met her as returning
 In solemn Penance from the public Cross :
 Before her, certain rascal Officers,
 Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice,
 Proclaim'd the *Tyrant Glo'ster's* cruel Orders.
 On either side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
 Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
 Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,
 And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
 Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
 Shouldring each other, crowding for a View,
 Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling ;
 Some pitying, but those, alas ! how few !
 The most, such Iron hearts we are, and such
 The base Barbarity of human Kind,
 With Insolence and leud Reproach pursu'd her,
 Hooting and railing, and with villanous hands
 Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head.

Shore. Inhuman Dogs !
 How did she bear it !

Bell. With the gentlest Patience,
 Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look ;
 A burning Taper in her hand she bore,
 And on her Shoulders carelessly confus'd
 With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung ;
 Upon her Cheek a faintish blush was spread,
 Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain,

While

While bare-foot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
 Her Footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
 Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining ;
 Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
 Except when in some bitter Pang of Sorrow,
 To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent Zeal to raise them,
 And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

Shore. When was this piteous Sight ?

Bell. These last two Days,

You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
 To find the happy Means of your Deliv'rance,
 Which but for *Hastings'* Death I had not gain'd.
 During that Time, altho' I have not seen her,
 Yet divers trusty Messengers I've sent,
 To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience
 To give her some Relief; but all in vain:
 A churlish Guard attends upon her Steps,
 Who menace those with Death that bring her Comfort,
 And drive all Succour from her.

- *Shore.* Let 'em threaten;

Let proud Oppression prove its fiercest Malice ;
 So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
 To give her Help, and share one Fortune with her.

Bell. Mean you to see her, thus, in your own Form ?

Shore. I do.

Bell. And have you thought upon the Consequence ?

Shore. What is there I should fear ?

Bell. Have you examin'd

Into your inmost Heart, and try'd at leisure
 The sev'ral secret Springs that move the Passions ?
 Has Mercy fix'd her Empire there so sure,
 That Wrath and Vengeance never may return ?
 Can you resume a Husband's Name, and bid
 That wakeful Dragon, fierce Resentment, sleep ?

Shore. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my
 Memory

To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again ?
 I have long labour'd to forget myself,
 To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
 Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being ;
 But thou hast peopled it again ; Revenge

And

And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires and drive me to Distraction.

Bell. Far be that thought from me! my Care was only
To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it
Never to see her, than to let that Name
Recall forgotten Rage, and make the Husband
Destroy the gen'rous Pity of *Dumont*.

Shore. Oh! thou hast set my busy Brain at work,
And now she masters up a Train of Images,
Which to preserve my Peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep Oblivion——Oh that Form!
'That Angel face on which my Dotage hung!
How I have gaz'd upon her! 'till my Soul
With very Eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my Eyes——Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mine,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields,
What was there Art could make, or Wealth cou'd buy,
Which I have left unsought, to deck her Beauty?
What cou'd her King do more?—And yet she fled.

Bell. Away with that sad Fancy.——

Shore. Oh! that Day!

The Thought of it must live for ever with me,
I met her, *Bellmour*, when the royal Spoiler
Bore her in Triumph from my widow'd Home!
Within his Chariot by his Side she sat,
And listen'd to his Talk with downward Looks;
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her Eyes encounter'd mine——Oh! then, my Friend!
Oh! who can paint my Grief and her Amazement!
As at the stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning Crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then, with a Shriek, Heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,
While down her Cheeks the gushing Torrents ran
Fast falling on her Hands, which thus she wrung—
Mov'd at her Grief, the tyrant Ravisher,
With courteous Action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her Sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

Bell. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking Tears!

C

Could

Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
 And tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person,
 Her unconsenting Heart dwelt still with you?
 If all her former Woes were not enough,
 Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,
 Hunted to Death, distress'd on every side,
 With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
 If ever Misery were known like her's?

Shore. And can she bear it? Can that delicate Frame
 Endure the beating of a Storm so rude?

Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
 To court her Appetite, and crown her Board,
 For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd,
 For whom the Merchant spread his silken Stores,
 Can she ———

Intreat for Bread, and want the needful Raiment,
 To wrap her shivering Bosom from the Weather?
 When she was mine, no Care was ever nigh her.
 I thought the gentlest Breeze that wakes the Spring
 Too rough to breathe upon her; Cheerfulness
 Danc'd all the Day before her; and at Night
 Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow ———

Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
 Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
 Drops from some Penthouse on her wretched Head,
 Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold.
 It is too much ——— Hence with her past Offences,
 They are aton'd at full — Why stay we then?
 Oh! let us haste, my Friend, and find her out.

Bell. Somewhere about this Quarter of the Town,
 I hear the poor abandon'd Creature lingers!
 Her Guard, tho' set with strictest Watch to keep
 All Food and Friendship from her, yet permit her
 To wander in the Streets, there choose her Bed,
 And rest her Head on what cold Stone she pleases.

Shore. Here let us then divide, each in his Round,
 To search her Sorrows out; whose Hap it is
 First to behold her, this Way let him lead
 Her fainting Steps, and meet we here together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Jane Shore, her Hair hanging loose on her Shoulders, and bare-footed.

Ja. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur oh my Soul,
For are not thy Transgressions great and numberless?
Do they not cover thee like rising Floods,
And press thee like a Weight of Waters down?
Does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee?
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
To Pow'r Almighty, Thou hast done enough?
Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance, stay?
Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Rest,
And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
And often looks with long expecting Eyes
To see the Shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.
And hark! methinks the Roar that late pursu'd me,
Sinks like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And softens into Silence. Does Revenge
And Malice then grow weary and forsake me?
My Guard too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the Task of their inhuman Office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My Spirits fail at once——This is the Door
Of my *Alicia*——Blessed Opportunity!
I'll steal a little Succour from her Goodness,
Now, while no Eye observes me.

[She knocks at the Door.]

Enter Servant.

Is your Lady,
My gentle Friend, at home? oh! bring me to her.

[Going in.]

Serv. Hold, Mistress, whither wou'd you?

[Putting her back.]

Ja. Sh. Do you not know me?

Serv. I know you well, and know my Orders too,
You must not enter here.

Ja. Sh. Tell my *Alicia*,
'Tis I would see her.

Serv. She is ill at Ease,
And will admit no Visitor.

Ja. Sb. But tell her
'Tis I, her Friend, the Partner of her Heart,
Wait at the Door and beg ———

Serv. 'Tis all in vain,
Go hence, and howl to those who will regard you.

[Shuts the Door, and Exit.]

Ja. Sb. It was not always thus ; the time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges
To give me Entrance here ; when this good House
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me ;
When my Approach has made a little Holy-day,
And ev'ry Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me,
But now 'tis otherwise ; and those who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my Face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here !

[She sits down at the Door.]

Enter Alicia in Disorder ; two Servants following.

Alic. What Wretch art thou whose Misery and Baseness
Hang on my Door ; whose hateful Whine of Woe
Breaks in upon my Sorrows, and distracts
My jarring Senses with thy Beggar's Cry ?

Ja. Sb. A very Beggar, and a Wretch indeed,
One driv'n by strong Calamity to seek
For Succour here ; one perishing for Want ;
Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Days ;
And humbly asks for Charity's dear sake,
A Draught of Water and a little Bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for Bread ?
I know thee not——Go——hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton Hands upon the Earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the Waters——Mark the Eagle,
And hungry Vulture, where they wind the Prey ;
Watch where the Ravens of the Valley feed,
And seek thy Food with them——I know thee not.

Ja. Sb. And yet there was a Time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her dearest Blessing ;
And mourn'd that live-long Day she pass'd without me,
When pair'd like Turtles, we were still together,
When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,

Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beside.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A Mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal Fair, that cursed She,
That set my Brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me—Murder! oh my *Hastings*!
See his pale bloody Head shoots glaring by me!
Give him me back again, thou soft Deluder,
Thou beauteous Witch ———

Ja. Sb. Alas! I never wrong'd you—
O! then be good to me; have Pity on me:
Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table,
A Morsel to support my famish'd Soul.

Alic. Avaunt! and come not near me—

Ja. Sb. To thy Hand
I trusted all, gave my whole Store to thee;
Nor do I ask it back, allow me but
The smallest Pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee. [*ward.*]

Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is the King, thy *Ed-*
And all the smiling cringing Train of Courtiers,
That bent the Knee before thee;

Ja. Sb. Oh! for Mercy!

Alic. Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells;
This is her House, where the Sun never dawns,
The Bird of Night sits screaming o'er the Roof,
Grim Spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom,
And nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see the nodding Ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I feel it on my Brain!

1 *Serv.* This Sight disorders her ———

2 *Serv.* Retire, dear Lady ———

And leave this Woman ———

Alic. Let her take my Council!
Why should'st thou be a Wretch? stab, tear thy Heart,
And rid thyself of this detested Being.

I wo't not linger long behind thee here.
 A waving Flood of blueish Fire swells o'er me ;
 And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in Blood.
 Ha ! what art thou ! Thou horrid headless Trunk ?
 It is my *Hastings* ! See ! he waits me on !
 Away ! I go ! I fly ! I follow thee
 But come not thou with Mischief-making Beauty
 To interpose between us, look not on him,
 Give thy fond Arts and thy Delusions o'er ;
 For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[She runs off, her Servants following.]

Ja. Sb. Alas ! she raves ; her Brain, I fear, is turn'd.
 In Mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
 Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
 Sure I am near upon my Journey's end :
 My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
 And dancing Shadows swim before my sight :
 I can no more, *[lies down]* receive me thou cold Earth !
 Thou common Parent, take me to thy Bosom,
 And let me rest with thee.

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. Upon the Ground !
 Thy Miseries can never lay thee lower.
 Look up, thou poor afflicted one ! Thou Mourner—
 Whom none has comforted ! Where are thy Friends,
 The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
 Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad,
 Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
 And bind thee to their Bosoms ?——Thus with thee,
 Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
 For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
 And nothing shall divide us—Now where are they ?

Ja. Sb. Ah ! *Bellmour*, where indeed ! They stand
 And view my Desolation from afar ; *[aloud]*
 When they pass by, they shake their Heads in scorn,
 And cry, behold the Harlot and her End !
 And yet thy Goodness turns aside to pity me !
 Alas ! there may be Danger, get thee gone !
 I let me not pull a Ruin on thy Head,
 Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
 Never to rise, and all Relief is vain.

Bell.

Bell. Yet raise thy drooping Head; for I am come
To chase away Despair: behold where yonder
That honest Man, that faithful brave *Dumont*,
Is hastening to thy Aid——

Ja. Sh. *Dumont!* Ha! Where!

[*Raising herself; and looking about.*]

Then Heav'n has heard my Pray'r, his very Name
Renews the Springs of Life, and Cheers my Soul.
Has he then 'scap'd the Snare?

Bell. He has, but see——

He comes unlike to that *Dumont* you knew,
For now he wears your better Angel's Form,
And comes to visit you with Peace and Pardon.

Enter Shore.

Ja. Sh. Speak, tell me! which is he? and oh! what
would

This Dreadful Vision! See it comes upon me——
It is my Husband—ah!

[*She swoons.*]

Shore. She faints! support her!

Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
Into her dying Lips——from spicy Drugs,
Rich Herbs and Flow'rs, the potent Juice is drawn;
With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
Drives 'em around, and weakens Life anew.

Bell. Her weakness could not bear the strong Surprise.
But see, she stirs! And the returning Blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Cheek——

Shore. So—gently raise her——

[*Raising her up.*]

Ja. Sh. Ha! what art thou! *Bellmour!*

Bell. How fare you, Lady?

Ja. Sh. My Heart is thrill'd with Horror——

Bell. Be of Courage——

Your Husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest Friend——

Ja. Sh. Still art thou there!——still dost thou hover
round me,

Oh, save me, *Bellmour*, from his Angry Shade!

Bell. 'Tis he himself!—he lives!—look up——

Ja. Sh. I dare not!

Oh that my Eyes could shut him out for ever——

Shore.

Shore. Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy Eyes with Horror? Since I'm grown
A Burden to the World, myself and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

Ja. sh. Oh thou most injur'd—dost thou live indeed?
Fall then ye Mountains on my guilty Head,
Hide me, ye Rocks, within your secret Caverns;
Cast thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
And shield me with thy sable Wing for ever.

Shore. Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy Fears? And in Despair,
Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
Cast every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy Quiet more.
My arms, my Heart are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken Home,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the longings of my first Desires.

Ja. sh. No, arm thy Brow with Vengeance; and
appear
The Minister of Heav'n's enquiring Justice.
Array thyself all terrible for Judgment,
Wrath in thy Eyes, and Thunder in thy Voice:
Pronounce my Sentence, and if yet there be
A Woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

Shore. The Measure of thy Sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to snatch thee from Injustice.
The Hand of Pow'r no more shall crush thy Weakness,
Nor proud Oppression grind thy humble Soul.

Ja. sh. Art thou not ris'n, by Miracle from Death?
Thy Shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the Grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
The Messenger of Grace and Goodness to me,
To seal my Peace, and bless me ere I go.
Oh let me then fall down beneath thy Feet,
And weep my Gratitude for ever there;
Give me your Drops, ye soft descending Rains,
Give me your Streams, ye never ceasing Springs,
That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty,
And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow.

Shore. Waste not thy feeble Spirits—I have long
Beheld,

Beheld, unknown, thy Mourning and Repentance;
 Therefore my Heart has set aside the past,
 And holds thee white, as unoffending Innocence:
 Therefore in spite of cruel *Gloster's* Rage,
 Soon as my Friend had broke my Prison-Doors,
 I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste,
 Nor while Occasion seems to smile upon us,
 Forsake this Place of Shame, and find a Shelter.

Ja. Sb. What shall I say to you? But I obey.—

Shore. Lean on my Arm.—

Ja. Sb. Alas! I'm wond'rous faint:

But that's not strange, I have not eat these three days.

Shore. Oh merciless! look here, my Love, I've brought
 Some rich Conserve— [thee

Ja. Sb. How can you be so good?
 But you were ever thus; I well remember
 With fond Care, what Diligence of Love,
 You lavish'd out your Wealth to buy me Pleasures,
 Preventing every Wish: have you forgot
 The costly String of Pearl you brought me home,
 And ty'd about my Neck?—How could I leave you?

Shore. Taste some of this, or this —

Ja. Sb. You're strangely alter'd—
 Say, gentle *Bellinour*, is he not? How pale
 Your Visage is become? Your Eyes are hollow,
 Nay, you are wrinkled too—Alas the Day?
 My wretchedness hath cost you many a Tear,
 And many a bitter Pang, since last we parted.

Shore. No more of that, thou talk'st, but dost not eat.

Ja. Sb. my feeble Jaws forget thir common Office,
 My tasteless Tongue cleaves to the clammy Roof,
 And now a gen'ral Loathing grows upon me—
 Oh, I am sick at Heart!

Shore. Thou murd'rous Sorrow!
 Wo't thou still drink her Blood, pursue her still!
 Must she then die! Oh, my poor Penitent,
 Speak Peace to thy sad Heart. She hears me not;
 Grief masters ev'ry Sense—help me to hold her.

Enter Catesby, with a Guard.

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as Traitors to the State—

Bell.

Bell. What means this Violence!

[*Guards lay hold of Shore and Bellmour.*]

Cat. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the Protector's strict Command,
Assisting this base Woman, and abetting
Her Infamy?

Shore. Infamy on thy Head!
Thou Tool of Pow'r, thou Pander to Authority!
I tell thee, Knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an *Æthiop* to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full—Away with 'em.

Shore. Is Charity grown Treason to your Court?
What honest Men would live beneath such Rulers?
I am content that we should die together——

Cat. Convey the Men to Prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her Fortune as she may.

Ja. Sh. I will not part with him—for me!— for me?
Oh! must he die for me?

[*Following him as he is carried off—She falls.*]

Shore. Inhuman Villains! [*Breaks from the Guard.*]
Stand off! the Agonies of Death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold Hand.

Ja. Sh. Was this Blow wanting to compleat my Ruin!
Oh let him go, ye Ministers of Terror;
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield Obedience to your cruel Master:
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last Breath with you.

Shore. Oh my Love!
Why have I liv'd to see this bitter Moment,
This Grief by far surpassing all my former!
Why dost thou fix thy dying Eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous Look,
As if thy Heart were full of some sad Meaning
Thou could'st not speak!——

Ja. Sh. Forgive me!——but forgive me!

Shore. Be witness for me, ye Celestial Host,
Such Mercy and such Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee;
May such befall me at my latest Hour,
And make my Portion bless'd or curs'd for ever.

Ja.

Ja. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in Peace—
‘Tis very dark, and I have lost you now——

Was there not something I would have bequeath’d you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow.

Nothing but one sad Sigh. Oh Mercy, Heav’n! [*Dies.*

Bel. There fled the Soul,
And left her Load of Misery behind.

Shore. Oh my Heart’s Treasure! Is this pale sad Visage
All that remains of thee? are these dead Eyes
The Light that cheer my Soul? O heavy Hour!
But I will fix my trembling Lips to thine,
Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part then?—— will you——

[*To the Guards taking him away.*

Fare thee well—— [*Kissing her.*

Now execute your Tyrant’s Will, and lead me
To Bonds, or Death, ’tis equally indifferent.

Bell. Let those, who view this sad Example, know,
What Fate attends the broken Marriage Vow,
And teach their Children in succeeding Times,
No common Vengeance waits upon these Crimes;
When such severe Repentance could not save
From Want, from Shame, and an untimely Grave.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in such a taking,
To see your Spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckold making;

}
What

E P I L O G U E.

*What can we say your Pardon to obtain ?
 This Matter here was prov'd against poor Jane :
 She never once deny'd it, but in short,
 Whimper'd — and cry'd — sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
 'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul.
 We are not all so easy to controul :
 I fancy one might find in this good Town
 Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own ;
 Have answer'd smart, — To what do you pretend,
 Blockhead ! — As if I must'nt see a Friend :
 Tell me, of Hackney Coaches — Jaunts to the City —
 Where shou'd I buy my China — Faith, I'll fit ye —
 Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit ;
 You ! — Lords and Masters ! — was not that some Merit ?
 Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
 When we submit thus to your domineering ?
 Well, Peace be with her, she did wrong most surely,
 But so do many more who look demurely.
 Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
 There are more Ways of Wickedness than one.
 If the reforming Stage should fall to shaming,
 Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gaming ;
 The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
 And with She Tragedies o'er-run the Nation,
 Then judge the fair Offender, with Good-nature,
 And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.
 What if our Neighbours have some little Failing,
 Must we needs fall to Damning and to Railing ?
 For our Excuse too, be it understood,
 That if the Woman was not quite so good,
 Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood.
 And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful Score,
 Be kind at last, and pity poor JANE SHORE.*

RO

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ROBER

JAMES

THE
ROYAL CONVERT,
A
TRAGEDY.

Laudatur & Alget.

D U B L I N:

Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-alley*,
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M,DCC,LXIV.

ROYAL CONVERT.

TRAFFIC

10/11/1918

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES, Lord HALLIFAX.

MY LORD,

IF I could have the Vanity to make a merit of Dedicating this TRAGEDY, I should here take an opportunity of telling you, that I am, in this, endeavouring to make the best and only return I am capable of, for all those marks of exceeding Goodness and Humanity, which I have still had the Honour to meet with from your Lordship. But since the matter is quite otherwise ; since it is highly to my Advantage to shelter myself under so great a Name ; since I have done myself so much Honour by it ; I am bound to own, with all the Gratitude I am capable of, that your Lordship's Patronage is a new and will be a lasting Obligation upon me.

Most kinds of Poetry, but especially TRAGEDIES, come into the World now, like Children born under ill Stars ; a general Indifference, or rather disinclination, attends like a bad influence upon 'em ; and after having bustled thro' ill usage, and a short Life, they sleep and are forgotten. The relish of Things of this kind is certainly very much alter'd from what it was some time since ; and tho' I won't presume to censure other People's pleasures, and prescribe to the various Tastes of Mankind ; yet

D E D I C A T I O N.

I will take the liberty to say, that those who scorn to be entertain'd like their Fore-Fathers, will hardly substitute so reasonable a Diversion in the room of that which they have laid aside. I could wish there were not so much reason as there is to attribute this change of Inclinations to a disesteem of Learning itself. Too many People are apt to think, that Books are not necessary to the finishing the Character of a fine Gentleman; and are therefore easily drawn to despise what they know nothing of. But, my Lord, among all these mortifying thoughts, it is still a pleasure to the Muses, to think there are some Men of too delicate Understandings to give into the Tastes of a deprav'd Age; Men that have not only the Power, but the Will, to protect those Arts which they Love, because they are Masters of 'em.

It would be very easy for me to distinguish one among those few, after the most advantageous Manner; but all Men of common Sense have concurr'd in doing it already, and there is no need of a Panegyric.

I could be almost tempted to expostulate with the rest of the World (for I am sure there is no occasion to make an Apology to your Lordship) in defence of Poetry. I am far from thinking of a good Poet, as the *Stoics* did of their Wise-man, that he was sufficient for every thing, could be every thing, and excel in every thing as he pleas'd; yet sure I may be allow'd to say, that the Brightness, Quickness, that strength and Greatness

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D E D I C A T I O N.

Greatness of thinking, which is requir'd in any of the noble kinds of Poetry, would raise a Man to an uncommon Distinction in any Profession or Business, that has a relation to good Sense and Understanding. One modern instance can at least be given, where the same Genius that shone in Poetry, was found equal to the first employments of the State; and where the same Man, who by his Virtue and Wisdom was highly useful to, and instrumental in the safety and happiness of his native Country, had been equally ornamental to it in his Wit.

This is what I could not help saying, for the Honour of an Art which has been formerly the Favourite of the greatest Men. Not that it wants a Recommendation to your Lordship, who have always been a constant and generous Protector of it. This indeed would be much more properly said to the World, and when I have told 'em what Men have equally adorn'd it, and been adorn'd by it, I might not unfitly apply to 'em what *Horace* said to the *Pisos*,

————— *Ne fortè Pudori*
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers & Cantor Apollo.

For my own inconsiderable Pretensions to Verse, I shall, I confess, think better even of them, than I have ever yet done, if they shall afford me the Honour to be always thought,

*My LORD, Your Lordship's most obedient,
and devoted humble Servant,*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

*S*INCE to your fam'd Fore Fathers quite contrary,
You from their Pleasures, as their Wisdom, vary;
What Art, what Method, shall the Poet find,
To hit the Taste of each fantastic Mind?

Legions of Joys your wand'ring Fancies lead,
Like Summer Flies, which in the Shambles breed;
Each Year they swarm anew, and to the last succeed.
Time was, when Fools by Fellowship were known;
But now they stray; and in this populous Town
Each Coxcomb has a Folly of his own.

Some dress, some dance, some Play, not to forget
Your Piquet Parties, and your dear Basset.

Some praise, some rail, some bow, and some make Faces;
Your Country Squires hunt Foxes, your Court, Places.

The City too fills up the various Scene,

Where Fools lay Wagers, and where Wise Men win.

One rails at Cælia for a late Mischance;

One grumbles, and cries up the Pow'r of France.

This Man talks Politics, and that takes Pills;

One cures his own, and one the Nation's Ills.

Now Fiddling, and the Charms of Sing-song, win ye;

Harmonious Peg, and warbling Valentini.

P R O L O G U E.

As to your Drinking—but, for That, we spare it,
Nor with your other vile Delights compare it, [ret.
There's something more than sound, there's sense in Cla-
Mean while neglected Verse, in long Disgrace,
Amongst your many Pleasures find no Place ;
The virtuous Laws of Common-sense forswearing,
You damn us like packt Juries, without hearing.
Each puny Whisper here, is Wit enough,
With scornful Airs, and supercilious Snuff,
To cry, This Tragedy's such damn'd grave Stuff.
But now we hope more equal Judges come,
Since Flanders sends the gen'rous Warriors home :
You that have fought for Liberty and Laws,
Whose Valour the proud Gallick Tyrant awes,
Join to assert the sinking Muses Cause ;
Since the same Flame, by different Ways express'd,
Glow in the Hero's and the Poet's Breast ;
The same great Thoughts that rouse you to the Fight,
Inspire the Muse, and bid the Poet write.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Hengist, King of *Kent*, Son to *Hengist*, } *Mr. Booth.*
the first *Saxon* Invader of *Britain*.

Aribert, his Brother. *Mr. Wilks.*

Offa, a *Saxon* Prince. *Mr. Husband.*

Seofrid, first Minister and Favourite to } *Mr. Mills.*
the King.

Oswald, Friend to *Aribert*. *Mr. Keen.*

W O M E N.

Rodogune, a *Saxon* Princess, Sister to } *Mrs. Barry.*
Offa, betrothed to the King.

Ethelinda, a *British* Lady, privately } *Mrs. Oldfield.*
marry'd to *Aribert*.

Priests, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE in *Kent*, about *Twenty Years*
after the first *Invasion* of *Britain* by the
Saxons.

THE
ROYAL CONVERT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter ARIBERT *and* OSWALD.

ARIBERT.

SUCH are, my Friend, the Joys our Loves have
known,

So still to be desir'd, so ever new;
Nor by Fruition pall'd, nor chang'd by Absence.
Whate'er the Poets dreamt of their *Elysium*,
Or what the Saints believe of the first Paradise,
When Nature was not yet deform'd by Winter,
But one perpetual Beauty crown'd the Year,
Such have we found 'em still, still, still the same.

Osw. Such grant, kind Heav'n, their Course to be
for ever!

But yet, my Prince, forgive your faithful *Oswald*,
If he believes you melt with too much Tenderness;
Your noble Heart forgets its native Greatness,
And sinks in Softness, when you languish thus;
Thus sigh and murmur but for six Days Absence.

Ari. Chide not; but think if e'er, when thou wert
young,

Thou lov'dst thyself, how thou wert wont to judge
Of Time, of Love, of Absence, and Impatience.
What! six long Days, and never write nor send,
Tho' *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*, faithful both,

Were left behind, to bring me Tidings from her:
How, *Ethelinda*! how hast thou forgot me!

Osw. Perhaps I err, but if the Pain be such,
Why is the Fair One, who alone can ease it,
'Thus far divided from your longing Arms?
'Twere better ne'er to part, than thus to mourn.

Ari. Oh *Oswald*! is there not a fatal Cause?
Thou know'st my *Ethelinda*——

Osw. Is a Christian;
A Name by *Saxons*, and their Gods, abhorr'd.
To me her differing Faith imports not much;
'Tis true indeed, bred to my Country's Manners,
I worship as my Fathers did before me.
Unpractis'd in Disputes, and wrangling Schools,
I seek no farther Knowledge, and to keep
My Mind at Peace, nor know the pain of doubting;
What others think I judge not of too nicely,
But hold, all honest Men are in the right.

Ari. Then know yet more; for my whole Breast is
thine,

Ev'n all my secret Soul: I am a Christian.
'Tis wonderful to tell; for oh, my *Oswald*,
I listen'd to the Charmer of my Heart.
Still, as the Night that fled away, I fate,
I heard her with an Eloquence divine,
Reason of holy and mysterious Truths;
Of Heav'n's most righteous Doom, of Man's Injustice;
Of Laws to curb the Will, and bind the Passions;
Of Life, of Death, and Immortality;
Of gnashing Fiends beneath, and pains eternal;
Of starry Thrones, and endless Joys above.
My very Soul was aw'd, was shook within me;
Methought I heard distinct, I saw most plain,
Some Angel, in my *Ethelinda*'s Form,
Point out my Way to everlasting Happiness.

Osw. 'Tis wonderful indeed! and yet great Souls,
By Nature half divine, soar to the Stars,
And hold a near Acquaintance with the Gods.
And oh, my Prince, when I survey thy Virtue,
I own the Seal of Heav'n imprinted on thee;
I stand convinc'd that good and holy Powers

Inspire

The Royal Convert.

11

Inspire and take Delight to dwell within thee.
Yet Crowds will still believe, and Priests will teach,
As wand'ring Fancy, and as Int'rest leads.
How will the King and our fierce Saxon Chiefs
Approve this Bride and Faith? Had Royal *Hengist*,
Thy Father liv'd!——

Ari. 'Tis on that Rock we perish;
Thou bring'st his dreadful Image to my Thoughts,
And now he stands before me, stormy, fierce,
Imperious, unrelenting, and to Death
Tenacious of his Purpose once resolv'd.
Just such he seems as when severe and frowning,
He forc'd the King, my Brother, and myself,
To kneel and swear at *Woden's* cruel Altar,
First never to forego our Country's Gods;
Then made us vow with deepest Imprecations,
If it were either's Fortune e'er to wed,
Never to choose a Wife among the Christians.

Osw. Have you not fail'd in both?

Ari. 'Tis true, I have;
But for a Cause so just, so worthy of me,
That not t'have fail'd in both, had been t'have fail'd.
Yes, *Oswald*, by the conscious Judge within,
So do I stand acquitted to myself,
That were my *Ethelinda* free from Danger,
On Peril of my Life I would make known,
And to the World avow, my Love and Faith.

Osw. I dare not, nay, 'tis sure I cannot blame you:
You are the secret Worship of my Soul,
To me so perfect, that you cannot err.
But oh! my Prince, let me conjure you now,
By that most faithful Service I've still paid you,
By Love, and by the gentle *Ethelinda*,
Be cautious of your Danger, rest in Silence.
In holy Matters, Zeal may be your guide,
And list you on her flaming Wings to Heav'n;
But here on Earth trust Reason, and be safe.

Ari. 'Tis true, the present angry Face of things
Bespeaks our coolest Thoughts: The *British* King,
Ambrosius, arms, and calls us both to Battle,
Demanding back the fruitful Fields of *Kent*,

By

By *Vortigern* to royal *Hengist* giv'n ;
 A mean Reward for all those *Saxon* Lives
 Were lost, in propping *Britain's* sinking State.

Osw. The War with *Britain* is a distant Danger,
 Nor to be weigh'd with our domestic Fears.

Young *Offa*, chief among our *Saxon* Princes,
 Who at the King's Entreaty friendly came
 From northern *Jutland*, and the banks of *Elbe*,
 With twice ten thousand Warriors to his Aid,
 Frowns on our Court, complains aloud of Wrongs,
 And wears a public Face of Discontentment.

Ari. 'Tis said he is offended, that the King
 Delays to wed his Sister.

Osw. 'Twas agreed,
 'Twas made the first Condition of their Friendship,
 And sworn with all the Pomp of Priests and Altars,
 That beauteous *Rodogune* shou'd be our Queen :
 Then wherefore this Delay ? The Time was fix'd,
 The Feast was bid, and Mirth proclaim'd to all :
 The Crowd grew jovial with the Hopes of Holydays,
 And each, according to our Country's Manner,
 Provok'd his Fellow with a friendly Bowl,
 And bless'd the Royal Pair ; when on the Morn,
 The very Morn that should have join'd their Hands,
 The King forbid the Rites.

Ari. Two Days are past,
 Nor has my Brother yet disclos'd the Cause.
 Last Night, at parting from him, he stopt short,
 Then catch'd my Hand, and with a troubled Accent,
 With Words that spoke like secret Shame and Sorrow,
 He told me he had something to impart,
 And wish'd that I would wait him in the Morning.

Osw. But see, Prince *Offa*, and his beauteous Sister !
 The King's most favour'd Counsellor, old *Seofrid*,
 Is with 'em too.

Ari. Retire ; I would not meet 'em.
 That Princess, *Oswald*, is esteem'd a Wonder.
 To me she seems most fair ; and yet, methinks,
 Dost thou not mark ? there is I know not what
 Of fullen and severe, of fierce and haughty,
 'That pleases not, but awes ; I gaze astonish'd,

And

And Fear prevents Desire.———So Men tremble,
When Light'ning shoots in glitt'ring Trails along:
It shines, 'tis true, and gilds the gloomy Night;
But where it strikes, 'tis fatal. [*Exeunt Ari. and Osw.*]

Enter Offa, Rodogune, Seofrid, and Attendants.

Offa. By *Woden*, no! I will not think he meant it;
Revenge had else been swift.———So high I hold
The Honour of a Soldier and a King,
I wo't think your Master meant to wrong me.
Let him beware, however!——jealous Friendship,
And Beauty's tender Fame, can brook no slights.
What in a Foe I pardon or despise,
Is deadly from a Friend, and so to be repaid.

Seo. Whatever Fame or ancient Story tells,
Of Brother's Love, or celebrated Friends,
Whose Faith, in Perils oft, and oft in Death,
Severely had been try'd, and never broke,
Such is the Truth, and such the grateful Mind
Of Royal *Hengist* to the princely *Offa*.
Nor you, fair Princess, frown, if Wars and Troubles,
[*To Rodogune.*]

If watchful Councils, and if Cares, which wait
On Kings, the Nursing Fathers of their People,
Withhold awhile the Monarch from your Arms.

Rod. When fierce *Ambrosius* leads the Britons forth,
Thunders in Arms and shakes the dusky Field,
It suits thy wary Master's Caution well
To sit with dreaming hoary Heads at Council,
And waste the Midnight Taper in Debates.
But let him still be wise, consult his Safety,
And trouble me no more. Does he send thee
With Tales of dull Respect, and faint Excuses?
Tell him he might have spar'd the formal Message
Till some kind Friend had told him how I languish'd,
How like a Turtle I bemoan'd his Absence.

Seo. Pardon, fair Excellence, if falt'ring Age
Prophanes the Passion I was bid to paint,
And drops the Tale imperfect from my Tongue.
But Lovers best can plead their Cause themselves;
And see, your Slave, the King my Master, comes

To

To move your gentle Heart with faithful Vows,
And pay his humble Homage at your Feet.

Enter the King, Guards, and other Attendants.

King. But that I trust not to that Babbler, Fame,
Who, careless of the Majesty of Kings,
Scatters lewd Lies among the Crowd, and wins
The easy Idiots to believe in Monsters,
I should have much to charge you with, my Brother :
I stand accus'd—

Offa. How, Sir ?

King. So speaks Report,
As wanting to my Honour, and my Friend ;
By you I stand accus'd.

Offa. Now by our Friendship,
If that be yet an Oath, resolve me, *Hengist*,
Whence are these Doubts between us, whence this
Coldness ?

Say thou, who know'st, what sudden secret Thought
Has stept between, and dash'd the public Joy.
Thou call'st me Brother ; wherefore wait the Priests,
And suffer *Hymen's* holy Fires to languish,
What hinders but that now the Rites begin,
That now we lose all Thoughts of past Displeasure,
And in the Temple tie the sacred Knot
Of Love and Friendship to endure for ever ?

King. What hinders it indeed, but that which makes
This medly War within ? but that which causes
This Sickness of the Soul, and weighs her down
With more than mortal Cares ?

Offa. What shall I call
This secret gloomy Grief, that hides its Head,
And loves to lurk in Shades ? have royal Minds
Such Thoughts as shun the Day ?

King. Urge me no farther,
But like a Friend, be willing not to know
What to reveal would give thy Friend a Pain.
Be still the Partner of my Heart, and share
In Arms and Glory with me ; but Oh ! leave,
Leave me alone to struggle thro' one Thought,
One secret anxious Pang that jars within me,

That

That makes me act a Madman's part before thee,
And talk Confusion—If thou art my Friend,
Thou hast heard me, and be satisfy'd—if not,
I have too much descended from myself
To make the mean Request—but rest we here.
To you, fair Princess—

Rod. No! there needs no more ;
For I would spare thee the unready Tale.
Know, faithless King, I give thee back thy Vows,
And bid thee sin secure, be safely perjurd.
Since if our Gods behold thee with my Eyes,
Their Thunder shall be kept for nobler Vengeance,
And what they scorn, like me they shall forgive.

King When Anger lightens in the Fair One's Eyes,
Lowly we bow, as to offended Heav'n,
With blind Obedience, and submissive Worship ;
Nor with too curious Boldness rashly reason
Of what is just or unjust, such high Pow'r
Is to itself a Rule, and cannot err.
Yet this may be permitted me to speak,
Howe'er the present Circumstance reproach me,
Yet still my Heart avows your Beauty's Pow'r ;
My Eyes confess you fair.—

Rod. Whate'er I am
Is of myself, by native Worth existing,
Secure, and independent of thy Praise ;
Nor let it seem too proud a Boast, if Minds
By Nature great, are conscious of their Greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow ought from Flattery.

King. You are offended, Lady.

Rod. *Hengist*, no.
Perhaps thou think'st this gen'rous Indignation,
That blushing burns upon my glowing Cheek,
And sparkles in my Eyes, a Woman's Weakness,
The Malice of a poor forsaken Maid,
Who rails at faithless Man—Mistaken Monarch !
For know ev'n from the first, my Soul disdain'd thee ;
Nor am I left by thee, but thou by me.
So was thy Falshood to my Will subservient,
And by my Purpose bound. Thus Man, tho' limited
By Fate, may vainly think his Actions free,

While

While all he does, was at his Hour of Birth,
Or by his Gods, or potent Stars ordain'd.

Offa. No more, my Sister : Let the Gown-Men talk,
And mark out Right and Wrong in noisy Courts ;
While the Brave find a nearer way to Justice,
They hold themselves the Balance and the Sword,
And suffer Wrong from none. 'Tis much beneath me,
To ask again the Debt you owe to Honour ;
So that be satisfy'd, we still are Friends,
And Brothers of the War. But mark me, *Hengist*,
I am not us'd to wait ; and if this Day
Pass unregarded as the former two,
Soon as To-morrow dawns, expect me. —

King. Where ?

Offa. Arm'd in the Field.

Seo. Beseech you, Sir, be calm, *[To the King.]*
The valiant Prince —

Offa. Tho' I could wish it otherwise.
And since the Honour of the *Saxon* Name,
And Empire here in *Britain*, rests upon thee,
Believe me, I would still be found thy Friend.

[Exeunt Offa, Rodogune, and Attendants.]

King. No, I renounce that Friendship ; perill too,
Perish that Name and Empire both for ever ;
What are the Kingdoms of the peopled Earth,
What are their Purple, and their Crowns to me,
If I am curst within, and want that Peace
Which ev'ry Slave enjoys ?

Seo. My royal Master,
It racks my aged Heart to see you thus ;
But oh ! what Aid, what Counsel can I bring you,
When all yon' eastern Down, ev'n to the Surge
That bellowing beats on *Dover's* chalky Cliff,
With crested Helmets thick embattel'd shines ;
With these your Friends, what are you but the greatest ?
With these your Foes---Oh ! let me lose that Thought,
And rather think I see you *Britain's* King,
Ambrosius vanquish'd, and the farthest *Picts*
Submitted to your Sway, tho' the same Scene
Discover'd to my View the haughty *Rodogune*
Plac'd on your Throne, and Partner of your Bed.

King.

King What! shou'd I barter Beauty for Ambition,
Forfake my Heav'n of Love to reign in Hell?
'Take a domestic Fury to my Breast,
And never know one Hour of Peace again?
Statesman, thou reason'st ill. By mighty *Thor*,
Who wields the Thunder, I will rather choose
To meet their Fury. Let 'em come together,
Young *Offa* and *Ambrosius*. Tho' my Date
Of mortal Life be short, it shall be glorious,
Each Minute shall be rich in some great Action,
To speak the King, the Hero, and the Lover.

Seo. The Hero and the King are glorious Names:
But oh! my Master, wherefore is the Lover?
In Honour's Name remember what you are,
Break from the Bondage of this feeble Passion,
And urge your Way to Glory: Leave with Scorn
Unmanly Pleasures to unmanly Minds,
And thro' the rough, the thorny Paths of Danger,
Aspire to Virtue, and immortal Greatness.

King. Hence with thy hungry, dull, untimely Morals,
The fond deluding Sophistry of Schools.
Who would be great, but to be happy too?
And yet such Idiots are we to exchange
Our Peace and Pleasure for the Trifle Glory;
What is the Monarch, mighty, rich, and great?
What? but the common Victim of the State:
Born to grow old in Cares, to waste his Blood,
And still be wretched for the public Good.
So, by the Priests, the noblest of the Kind
Is to atone the angry Gods design'd;
And while the meaner Sort from Death are freed,
The mighty Bull, that wont the Herd to lead,
Is doom'd for fatal Excellence to bleed. }

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter the KING and SEOFRID.

K I N G.

NO more of these unnecessary Doubts?
 Thy cold, thy cautious Age is vainly anxious,
 Thy Fears are inauspicious to my Courage,
 And chill the native Ardour of my Soul.
 This fullen cloudy Sky that bodes a Storm
 Shall clear, and ev'ry Danger fleet away;
 Our Saxons shall forget the present Discord,
 And urge the Britons with united Arms;
 Hymen shall be aton'd, shall join two Hearts,
 Agreeing, kind, and fitted for each other,
 And Aribert shall be the Pledge of Peace.

Seo. Propitious God of Love, incline his Heart
 To melt before her Eyes, to meet her Wishes,
 And yield Submission to the haughty Maid.
 Thou that delight'st in cruel Wantonness,
 To join unequal Necks beneath thy Yoke,
 For once, be gentle, and inspire both Hearts
 With mutual Flames, that each may burn alike.
 Oft' hast thou ruin'd Kingdoms, save one now;
 And those who curst thee, (parsimonious Age
 And rigid Wisdom,) shall raise Altars to thee.

Enter Aribert.

King. But see he comes, and brings our Wishes with
 Oh, Aribert! my Soul has long desir'd thee, [him,
 Has waited long for thy Relief, and wanted
 To share the Burden which she bears with thee,
 And give thee half her Sorrows.

Ari. Give me all,
 Ev'n all the Pain you feel, and let my Truth
 Be greatly try'd; let there be much to suffer,
 To prove how much my willing Heart can bear,
 To ease my King, my Brother, and my Friend.

King. I know thee ever gentle in thy Nature,

Yielding

Yielding and kind, and tender in thy Friendship,
And therefore all my Hope of Peace dwells with me.
For oh! my Heart has labour'd long with Pain,
I have endur'd the Rage of secret Grief,
A Malady that burns and rankles inward,
And wanted such a Hand as thine to heal me.

Ari. Speak it, nor wound the softness of my Soul
With these obscure Complainings; speak, my Lord.

King. First then, this fatal Marriage is my Curse,
This galling Yoke to which my Neck is doom'd,
This Bride—she is my Plague—she haunts my Dreams,
Invades the softer silent Hour of Rest,
And breaks the balmy Slumber. Night grows tedious,
She seems to lag, and hang her sable Wings;
And yet I dread the Dawning of the Morn,
As if some screaming Sprite had shriek'd, and call'd,
Hengist, arise, To-morrow is thy last.

Ari. A thousand speaking Grievs are in your Eyes,
To tell the Rack within — I read it plain.
But oh! my King, what Prophet could have dreamt
A Turn like this? that Beauty should destroy,
And Love, which should have blest you, curst you most.

King. Oh! wherefore nam'st thou Love? Can there
be Love,
When choice, the free, the chearful Voice of Nature,
And Reason's dearest Privilege, is wanting?
What cruel Laws impose a Bride, or Bridegroom,
Or any Brute, but Man? Observe the Beasts,
And mark the feather'd Kind; does not the Turtle,
When *Venus* and the coming Spring incite him,
Choose out his Mate himself, and love her most,
Because he likes her best? But Kings must wed,
(Curse on the hard Condition of their Royalty!)
That sordid Slaves may sweat and eat in Peace.

Ari. 'Tis hard indeed! — Would she had never come,
This —

King. So would I! — but now —

Ari. Ay! now what Remedy?
When to refuse the *Saxon Offa's* Sister
Shall shake your Throne, and make the Name of *Hengist*,
The famous, the victorious Name of *Hengist*,

Grow

Grow vile and mean in *Britain*.

King. Yes, my Brother,
There is a Remedy, and only one.
This proud imperious Fair, whose haughty Soul
Disdains the humble Monarchs of the Earth,
Who soars elate, affects to tread the Stars,
And scorns to mingle but with those above,
Ev'n she, with all that Majesty and Beauty,
The proudest and the fairest of her Sex,
She has the Passions of a very Woman,
And dotes on thee, my *Aribert*.

Ari. On me! ———

What means my Lord? impossible!

King. 'Tis true;
As true, as that my Happiness depends
Upon her Love to thee. My faithful *Seofrid*
Has pierc'd into her very inmost Heart,
And found thee reigning there.

Ari. Then all is plain:

My swelling Heart heaves at the Wrong you do me,
And wo't not be repress'd. Some Fiend from Hell
Has shed his Poison in your royal Breast,
And stung you with the gnawing Canker, Jealousy:
But wherefore should I seek for Fiends from Hell,
And trace the Malice of the Thought from far,
Since the perfidious Author stands confess'd?
This Villain has traduc'd me. ———

Seo. By the Soul

Of your victorious Father, royal *Hengist*,
My ever gracious, ever honour'd Master,
Much have you wrong'd your faithful *Seofrid*,
To think that I would kindle Wrath betwixt you,
Or strive to break your holy Bond of Brotherhood.

King. No. *Aribert*, accuse him not, nor doubt
His oft, his well-try'd Faith. But cast thy Eyes
Back on thyself, and while I hold the Mirror,
Survey thyself, the certain Cause of Love:
Survey thy youthful Form, by Nature fashion'd
The most unerring Pattern of her Skill;
The Pomp of Loveliness she spreads all o'er thee,
And decks thee lavishly with ev'ry Grace,

That

That charms in Woman, or commands in Man;
Behold — nor wonder then if Crowns are scorn'd,
And purple Majesty looks vile before thee.

Ari. Oh! whither, whither would you lead? and why
This Prodigality of ill tim'd Praise?

Seo. Were you not all my royal Master said,
Form'd to enthral the Hearts of the soft Sex,
Yet that she loves is plain, from——

Ari. Hence, thou Sycophant!

Seo. Your Pardon, Sir; it has not been my Office
To forge a Tale, or cheat your Ear with Flattery,
Nor have I other Meaning than your Service;
But that the Princess loves you is most true.

Emma, the chief, most favour'd of her Women,
The only Partner of her secret Soul,
To me avow'd her Passion; and howe'er
Her haughty Looks resent the King's Delay,
Yet in her Heart with Pleasure she applauds it,
And would forego, tho' hard to Womankind,
The Pride, high Place, and Dignity of Empire,
To share an humbler Fate with princely *Aribert*.

King. Why dost thou turn away? wherefore deform
The Grace and Sweetness of thy smiling Youth,
With that ungentle Frown? Art thou not pleas'd
To see the Tyrant Beauty kneel before thee,
Divested of her Pride, and yield to thee
Unask'd a Prize, for which, like *Grecian Helen*,
The great Ones of the Earth might strive in Arms,
And Empires well be lost?

Ari. Are we not Brothers?

We are; and Nature form'd us here alike;
Save that her partial Hand gave all the Majesty
And Greatness to my King, and left me rich
Only in Plainness, Friendship, Truth, and Tenderneſs.
Then wonder not our Passions are the same;
That the same Objects cause our Love and Hate.
You say, you cannot love this beauteous Stranger;
Is not my Heart like your's?

King. Come near, my Brother;
And while I lean thus fondly on thy Bosom,
I will disclose my inmost Soul to thee,

And

And shew thee ev'ry secret Sorrow there.
 I love, my *Aribert* ; I dote to Death :
 The raging Flame has touch'd my Heart, my Brain,
 And Madnefs will ensue.

Ari. 'Tis most unhappy,
 But say, what royal Maid, or *Saxon* born,
 Or in the *British* Court, what fatal Beauty
 Can rival *Rodogune's* imperial Charms ?

King. 'Tis all a Tale of Wonder, 'tis a Riddle.
 High on a Throne, and royal as I am,
 I want a Slave's Consent to make me happy.
 Nay more, possess'd of her I Love, or Love,
 Or some Divinity, more strong than Love,
 Forbids my Bliss, nor have I yet enjoy'd her.
 Tho' I have taught my haughty Heart to bow,
 Tho' lowly as she is, of Birth obscure,
 And of a Race unknown, I oft have offer'd
 To raise her to my Throne, make her my Queen ;
 Yet still her colder Heart denies my Suit,
 And weeping, still she answers, 'Tis in vain.

Ari. Mysterious all, and dark ! Yet such is Love,
 And such the Laws of his fantastic Empire.
 The wanton Boy delights to bend the Mighty,
 And scoffs at the vain Wisdom of the Wise.

King. Here in my Palace, in this next Apartment,
 Unknown to all but this my faithful *Seofrid*,
 The Charmer of my Eyes, my Heart's dear Hope,
 Remains, at once my Captive and my Queen.

Ari. Ha ! in your Palace ! here !

King. Ev'n here, my Brother.
 But thou, thou shalt behold her, for to thee,
 As to my other Self, I trust. The Cares
 Of Courts, and Tyrant Business, draw me hence ;
 But *Seofrid* shall stay, and to thy Eyes

[*The King signs to Seofrid, who goes out.*
 Disclose the secret Treasure ! Oh, my *Aribert*,
 Thou wo't not wonder what distracts my Peace,
 When thou behold'st those Eyes. Pity thy Brother,
 And from the Beach lend him thy friendly Hand,
 Lest while conflicting with a Sea of Sorrows,
 The proud Waves o'er-bear him, and he perish.

Ari.

Ari. Judge me, just Heav'n, and you, my royal brother,
If my own Life be dear to me as your's. [ther,
All that my scanty Pow'r can give is your's.
If I am circumscrib'd by Fate, oh! pity me,
That I can do no more; for oh! my King,
I would be worthy of a Brother's Name,
Would keep up all my Int'rest in your Heart,
That when I kneel before you (as it soon
May happen that I shall) when I fall prostrate,
And doubtfully and trembling ask a Boon,
The greatest you can give, or I can ask,
I may find Favour in that Day before you,
And bless a Brother's Love, that bids me live.

King. Talk not of asking, but command my Pow'r.
By *Thor*, the greatest of our *Saxon* Gods,
I swear, the Day that sees thee join'd to *Rodogune*,
Shall see thee crown'd, and Partner of my Throne.
Whate'er our Arms shall conquer more in *Britain*,
Thine be the Pow'r, and mine but half the Name.
With Joy to thee, my *Aribert* I yield
The Wreaths and Trophies of the dusty Field;
To thee I leave this noblest Isle to sway,
And teach the stubborn *Britons* to obey;
While from my Cares to Beauty I retreat;
Drink deep the luscious Banquet, and forget
That Crowns are glorious, or that Kings are great. }

Exit King.

Manet Aribert.

Ari. Oh fatal Love!—curst inauspicious Flame!
Thy baleful Fires blaze o'er us like a Comet,
And threaten Discord, Desolation, Rage,
And most malignant Mischief.—Lov'd by *Rodogune*!
What I! must I wed *Rodogune*!—O Misery!
Fantastic Cruelty of hoodwink'd Chance!
There is no end of Thought---the Labyrinth winds,
And I am lost for ever—Oh! where now,
Where is my *Ethelinda* now!—that dear one,
That gently us'd to breathe the Sounds of Peace,
Gentle as Dews descend, or Slumbers creep;
That us'd to brood o'er my tempestuous Soul,
And hush me to a calm.

Enter

*The Royal Convert.**Enter Seofrid and Ethelinda.*

Seo. Thus still to weep,
Is to accuse my Royal Master's Truth.
He loves you with the best, the noblest meaning;
With Honour.

Ethe. Keep, oh keep him in that Thought,
And save me from Pollution. Let me know
All Miseries beside, each kind of Sorrow,
And prove me with Variety of Pains,
Whips, Racks, and Flames: For I was born to suffer;
And when the Measure of my Woes is full,
That Pow'r in whom I trust will set me free.

Ari. It cannot be—No, 'tis illusion all. [*Seeing her.*
Some mimic Phantom wears the lovely Form,
Has learnt the Musick of her Voice, to mock me,
To strike me dead with Wonder and with Fear.

Ethe. And do I see then! my Lord! my *Aribert!*
What! once more hold thee in my trembling Arms!
Here let my Days, and here my Sorrows end,
I have enough of Life.

Seo. Ha! What is this! [*Aside.*
But mark a little farther.

Ethe. Keep me here,
Oh bind me to thy Breast, and hold me fast;
For if we part once more, 'twill be for ever.
It is not to be told what Ruin follows.
'Tis more than death, 'tis all that we can Fear,
And we shall never, never meet again.

Ari. Then here, thus folded in each other's Arms,
Here, let us here resolve to die together;
Defy the Malice of our cruel Fate,
And thus preserve the sacred Bond inviolable,
Which Heav'n and Love ordain'd to last for ever.
But 'tis in vain, 'tis torn, 'tis broke already;
And envious Hell, with its more potent Malice,
Has ruin'd and deform'd the beauteous work of Heav'n:
Else, wherefore art thou here! tell me at once,
And strike me to the Heart—— But 'tis too plain:
I Read thy Wrongs——I Read the Horrid Incest——

Seo. Ha! incest, said he, incest—— [*Aside.*

Ethe. Oh! forbear

The

The dreadful impious Sound ; I shake with Horror
To hear it nam'd. Guard me, thou gracious Heav'n,
Thou that hast been my sure Defence 'till now,
Guard me from Hell, and that its blackest Crime.

Ari. Yes, ye Celestial Host, ye Saints and Angels,
She is your Care, you Ministers of Goodness.
For this bad World is leagu'd with Hell against her,
And only you can save her.—I myself, [To *Ethel.*
Ev'n I am sworn thy Foe, I have undone thee,
My Fondness now betrays thee to Destruction.

Ethe. Then all is bad indeed.

Ari. Thou seest it not.

My heedless Tongue has talk'd away thy Life:
And mark the Minister of both our Fates.

[Pointing to *Seofrid.*

Mark with what Joy he hugs the dear Discov'ry,
And thanks my Folly for the fatal Secret:
Mark how already in his working Brain,
He forms the well concerted Scheme of Mischief:
'Tis fixt, 'tis done, and both are doom'd to Death——
And yet there is a Pause——If Graves are silent,
And the Dead wake not to molest the Living,
Be Death thy Portion —— die, and with thee die
The Knowledge of our Loves.

[*Aribert catches hold of Seofrid with one Hand,
with the other draws his Sword, and holds
it to his Breast.*

Seo. What means my Lord ?

Ethe. Oh hold ! for Mercy's sake restrain thy Hand,
[Holding his Hand.

Blot not thy Innocence with guiltless Blood.
What would thy rash, thy frantic Rage intend ?

Ari. Thy Safety and my own ——

Ethe. Trust 'em to Heav'n.

Seo. Has then my hoary Head deserv'd no better,
Than to behold my royal Master's son
Lift up his armed Hand against my Life ?
Oh Prince, oh wherefore burn your Eyes, and why,
Why is your sweetest Temper turn'd to Fury ?

Ari. Oh thou hast seen, and heard, and known too
Hast pry'd into the Secret of my Heart, [much ;
B And

And found the certain Means of my Undoing.

Seo. Where is the Merit of my former Life,
The try'd Experience of my faithful Years!
Are they forgot, and can I be that Villain!

Ari. Thou wert my Father's old, his faithful Servant.

Seo. Now by thy Life, our Empire's other Hope,
O royal Youth, I swear my Heart bleeds for thee;
Nor can this Object of thy fond Desire,
This lovely weeping Fair be dearer to thee,
Than thou art to thy faithful *Seofrid*.

I saw thy Love, I heard thy tender Sorrows,
With somewhat like an anxious Father's Pity,
With Cares, and with a thousand Fears for thee.

Ari. What! is it possible!

Seo. Of all the Names
Religion knows, point the most secret out,
And let me swear by that.

Ari. I would believe thee.
Forgive the Madness of my first Despair.

[*Letting fall his Sword.*]

And if thou hast Compassion, shew it now;
Be now that Friend, be now that Father to me,
Be now that Guardian Angel which I want,
Have Pity on my Youth, and save my Love.

Seo. First then, to stay these sudden Gusts of Passion
That hurry you from Reason, rest assur'd
The Secret of your Love lives with me only.
The Dangers are not small that seem to threaten you,
Yet, would you trust you to your old Man's Care,
I durst be bold to warrant yet your Safety.

Ari. Perhaps the ruling Hand of Heav'n is in it;
And working thus unseen by second Causes,
Ordains thee for its Instrument of Good,
To me and to my Love. Then be it so,
I trust thee with my Life; but oh! yet more,
I trust thee with a Treasure that transcends
To infinite Degrees the Life of *Aribert*;
I trust thee with the Partner of my Soul,
My Wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest,
That ever wore the Name.

Seo. Now Blessings on you——

May Peace of Mind and mutual Joys attend
To crown your fair Affections. May the Sorrows,
That now sit heavy on you, pass away,
And a long Train of smiling Years succeed,
To pay you for the past.

Ari. It was my Chance,

On that distinguish'd Day when valiant *Flavian*,
A Name renown'd among the *British* Chiefs,
Fell by the Swords of our victorious *Saxons*,
To rescue this his Daughter from the Violence
Of the fierce Soldiers Rage. Nor need I tell thee,
For thou thyself behold'st her, that I lov'd her,
Lov'd her and was belov'd; our meeting Hearts
Consented soon, and Marriage made us one.
Her holy Faith and Christian Cross, oppos'd
Against the *Saxon* Gods, join'd with the Mem'ry
Of the dread King my Father's fierce Command,
Urg'd me to seek my *Ethelinda's* Safety,
And hide her from the World. Just to my Wish,
Beneath the friendly Covert of a Wood,
Close by whose side the silver *Medway* ran,
I found a little, pleasant, lonely Cottage,
A Mansion fit for Innocence and Love,
Had but a Guard of Angels dwelt around it
To keep off Violence—But forc'd from thence——
By whom betray'd——Why I behold her here——
There I am lost——

Ethe. There my sad Part begins.

It was the second Morn since thou had'st left me,
When through the Wood I took my usual Way,
To seek the Coolness of the well-spread Shade
That overlooks the Flood. On a sere Branch,
Low bending to the Bank, I sat me down,
Musing and still; my Hand sustain'd my Head,
My Eyes were fix'd upon the passing Stream,
And all my Thoughts were bent on Heav'n and thee;
When sudden through the Woods a bounding Stag
Rush'd headlong down, and plung'd amidst the River.
Nor far behind, upon a foaming Horse,
There follow'd hard a Man of royal Port.
I rose, and would have sought the thicker Wood;

But while I hurry'd on my hasty Flight,
 My heedless Feet deceiv'd me, and I fell.
 Straight leaping from his Horse, he rais'd me up.
 Surpriz'd and troubled at the sudden Chance,
 I begg'd he would permit me to retire ;
 But he, with furious, wild, disorder'd Looks,
 His Eyes and glowing Visage flashing Flame,
 Swore 'twas impossible ; he never would,
 He could not leave me ; with ten thousand Ravings,
 The Dictates of his loser Rage. At length
 He seiz'd my trembling Hand : I shriek'd and call'd
 To Heav'n for Aid, when in a luckless Hour,
 Your faithful Servants *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*,
 Came up, and lost their Lives in my Defence.

Ari. Where will the Horror of thy Tale have end!

Ethe. The furious King (for such I found he was)
 By three Attendants join'd, bore me away,
 Resilless, dying, senseless with my Fears.
 Since then, a wretched Captive, I deplore
 Our common Woes ; for mine, I know, art thine,

Ari. Witness the Sorrows of the present Hour,
 The Fears that rend ev'n now my lab'ring Heart,
 For thee, and for myself. And yet, alas!
 What are the present Ills, compar'd to those
 That yet remain behind for both to suffer ?
 Think where thy helpless Innocence is lodg'd ;
 The Rage of lawless Pow'r, and burning Lust,
 Are bent on thee ; 'tis Hell's important Cause,
 And all its blackest Fiends are arm'd against thee.

Ethe. 'Tis terrible! my Fears are mighty on me,
 And all the coward Woman trembles in me.
 But oh! when Hope and never-failing Faith
 Revive my fainting Soul, and lift my Thoughts
 Up to yon azure Sky, and burning Lights above,
 Methinks I read my Safety written there ;
 Methinks I see the warlike Host of Heav'n
 Radiant in glitt'ring Arms, and beamy Gold,
 The great Angelic Pow'rs go forth by Bands,
 To succour Truth and Innocence below.
 Hell trembles at the sight, and hides his Head
 In utmost Darkness, while on Earth each Heart,

Like

Like mine, is fill'd with Peace and Joy unutterable.

Seo. Whatever Gods there be, their Care you are.
Nor let your gentle Breast harbour one Thought
Of Outrage from the King: His noble Nature,
Tho' warm, tho' fierce, and prone to sudden Passions,
Is just and gentle, when the torrent Rage
Ebbs out, and cooler Reason comes again.
Should he (which all ye holy Pow'rs avert)
Urg'd by his Love, rush on to impious Force,
If that should happen, in the last Extreme,
On Peril of my Life I will assist you,
And you shall find your Safety in your Flight.

Ari. Oh guard her Innocence, let all thy Care
Be watchful, to preserve her from Dishonour.

Seo. Rest on my Diligence and Caution safe.
Ere twice the Ruler of the Day return,
To gild the chalky Cliffs on Britain's Shore,
Some favourable Moment shall be found
To move the King, your royal Brother's Heart,
With the sad tender Story of your Loves:
'Till then be chear'd, and hide your inward Sorrows
With well-dissembled necessary Smiles;
Let the King read Compliance in your Looks,
A free and ready yielding to his Wishes.
At present, to prevent his Doubts, 'twere fit
That you should take a hasty Leave, and part.

Etbe. What must we part?

Seo. But for a few short Hours,
That you may meet in Joy, and part no more.

Ari. Oh fatal Sound! Oh Grief unknown 'till now;
While thou art present my sad Heart seems lighter;
I gaze and gather Comfort from thy Beauty;
Thy gentle Eyes send forth a quick'ning Spirit,
And feed the dying Lamp of Life within me;
But oh! when thou art gone, and my fond Eyes
Shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,
What Pow'r, what Angel shall supply thy Place,
Shall help me to support my Sorrows then,
And save my Soul from Death?

Etbe. My Life! my Lord!
What would my Heart say to thee—but no more—

Oh lift thy Eyes up to that holy Pow'r,
 Whose wond'rous Truths, and Majesty Divine,
 Thy *Ethelinda* taught thee first to know;
 There fix thy Faith, and triumph o'er the World:
 For who can help, or who can save besides?
 Does not the Deep grow calm, and the rude North
 Be hush'd at his Command? thro' all his Works,
 Does not his Servant Nature hear his Voice?
 Hear and Obey? Then what is impious Man
 That we should fear him, when Heav'n owns our Cause?
 That Heav'n, shall make my *Aribert* its Care,
 Shall to thy Groans and Sighings lend an Ear,
 And save thee in the Moment of Despair.

Ari. Oh! thou hast touch'd me with the sacred
 Theme,

And my cold Heart is kindled at thy Flame:
 An active Hope grows busy in my Breast,
 And something tells me we shall both be blest.
 Like thine, my Eyes the starry Thrones pursue,
 And Heav'n disclos'd stands open to my View;
 And see the Guardian Angels of the Good,
 Reclining soft on many a golden Cloud,
 To Earth they seem their gentle Heads to bow,
 And pity what we suffer here below;
 But oh! to thee, thee most they seem to turn,
 Joy in thy Joys, and for thy Sorrows mourn:
 Thee, oh my Love, their common Care they make.
 Me to their kind Protection too they take,
 And save me for my *Ethelinda's* sake.

[*Exeunt* Seofrid and *Ethelinda* at one Door,
Aribert at the other.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SEOFRID.

SEOFRID.

WHAT is the boasted Majesty of Kings,
Their Godlike Greatness, if their Fate depend
Upon that meanest of their Passions, Love?
The Pile their warlike Fathers toil'd to raise,
To raise a Monument of deathless Fame,
A Woman's Hand o'erturns. The Cedar thus,
That lifted his aspiring Head to Heav'n,
Secure, and fearless of the sounding Axe,
Is made the Prey of Worms; his Root destroy'd,
He sinks at once to Earth, the mighty Ruin,
And Triumph of a wretched Insect's Pow'r.
Is there a Remedy in human Wisdom,
My Mind has left unfought, to help this Evil?
I would preserve 'em both, the royal Brothers;
But if their Fates ordain that one must fall,
Then let my Master stand. This Christian Woman—
Ay, there the Mischief comes!—What are our Gods,
That they permit her to defy their Pow'r?
But that's not much, let their Priests look to that,
Were she but well remov'd---But then the King—
Why, Absence, Business, or another Face,
A thousand things may cure him---would 'twere done,
And my Head safe—That! let me look to that—
But see the Husband comes!--ha!--not ill thought,
It shall be try'd at least.——

Enter Aribert.

Ari. Still to this Place.

My Heart inclines, still hither turn my Eyes,
Hither my Feet unbidden find their way.
Like a fond Mother from her dying Babe
Forc'd by officious Friends and Servants Care,
I linger at the Door, and wish to know,
Yet dread to hear the Fate of what I love.

B 4

Oh

Oh *Seofrid*! dost thou not wonder much,
 And pity my weak Temper, when thou seest me
 Thus in a Moment chang'd from hot to cold,
 My Active Fancy glowing now with Hopes,
 Anon thus drooping; Death is my pale Visage,
 My Heart, and my chill Veins, all freezing with De-
 spair?

Seo. I bear an equal Portion of your Sorrows,
 Your Fears too all are mine. And oh! my Prince,
 I would partake your Hopes; but my cold Age,
 Still apt to doubt the worst——

Ari. What dost thou doubt?

Seo. Nay! nothing worse than what we both have
 fear'd.

Ari. How! nothing!——speak thy Fear.

Seo. Why——nothing new.

The King——that's all.

Ari. The King!—Oh that's too much!
 And yet—yet there is more, I read it plain
 In thy dark sullen Visage——like a Storm
 That gathers black upon the frowning Sky,
 And grumbles in the Wind—But let it come,
 Let the whole Tempest burst upon my Head,
 Let the fierce Lightning blast, the Thunder rive me;
 For oh 'tis sure the Fear of what may come,
 Does far transcend the Pain.

Seo. You fear too soon,
 And Fancy drives you much too fiercely on.
 I do not say that what may happen, will:
 Chance often mocks what wisely we foresee.
 Besides, the ruling Gods are over all,
 And order as they please their World below.
 The King, 'tis true, is noble—but impetuous;
 And Love, or call it by the coarser Name,
 Lust, is, of all the Frailties of our Nature,
 What most we ought to fear; the headstrong Beast
 Rushes along, impatient for the Course,
 Nor hears the Rider's Call, nor feels the Rein.

Ari. What would'st thou have me think?

Seo. Think of the worst,
 Your better Fortune will arrive more welcome.

To speak then with that Openness of Heart
That should deserve your Trust, I have my Fears.
What if, at some dead Hour of Night, the King
Intend a Visit to your weeping Princess?

Ari. Ha!——

Seo. He may go, 'tis true, with a fair Purpose.
Suppose her sunk into a downy Slumber,
Her beating Heart just tir'd, and gone to Rest:
Methinks I see her on her Couch repos'd,
The lovely, helpless, sweet, unguarded Innocence;
With gentle Heavings rise her snowy Breasts,
Soft steals the balmy Breath, the rosy Hue
Glow on her Cheek; a deep Vermillion dies
Her dewy Lip, while Peace and smiling Joy
Sit hush'd and silent on the sleeping Fair.
Then think what Thoughts invade the gazing King;
Catch'd with the sudden Flame, at once he burns,
At once he flies resistless on his Prey.
Waking she starts distracted with the Fright,
To *Aribert's* lov'd Name in vain she flies;
Shrieking she calls her absent Lord in vain.
The King possess'd of all his furious Will——

Ari. First sink the Tyrant Ravisher to Hell!
Seize him, ye Fiends!—first perish thou and I!
Let us not live to hear of so much Horror.
The cursed Deed will turn me savage wild,
Blot ev'ry Thought of Nature from my Soul.
A Brother?——I will rush and tear his Breast,
Be drunk with gushing Blood, and glut my Vengeance
With his incestuous Heart.

Seo. It is but just
You should be mov'd, for sure the Thought is dreadful.
But keep this swelling Indignation down,
And let your cooler Reason now prevail,
That may perhaps find out some means of Safety.

Ari. Talk'st thou of Safety!—we may talk of Heav'n,
May gaze with Rapture on yon' starry Regions;
But who shall lend us Wings to reach their Height?
Impossible!

Seo. There is a Way yet left,
And only one.

Ari. Ha! speak——

Seo. Her sudden Flight.

[*Swer,*

Ari. Oh! by what friendly Means? Be swift to an-
Nor waste the precious Minutes with Delay.

Seo. The King, now absent from the Palace, seems
To yield a fair Occasion for your Wishes;
A private Postern opens to my Gardens,
Thro' which the beauteous Captive might remove,
'Till Night, and a Disguise shall farther aid her,
To fly with Safety to the Britons Camp.

'Tis true, one Danger I might well object——

Ari. Oh! do not, do not blast the springing Hopes
Which thy kind Hand has planted in my Soul.
If there be any Danger, turn it all on me.
Let my devoted Head——

Seo. Nay?——tis not much,
'Tis but my Life; and I would gladly give it,
To buy your Peace of Mind.

Ari. Alas! what mean'st thou?

Seo. Does it not follow plain? shall not the King
Turn all his Rage upon this hoary Head?
Shall not all Arts of Cruelty be try'd,
To find out Tortures equal to my Falshood?
Imagine you behold me bound and scourg'd:
My aged Muscles harrow'd up with Whips;
Or hear me groaning on the rending Rack,
Groaning and screaming with the sharpest Sense
Of piercing Pain; or see me gash'd with Knives,
And fear'd with burning Steel 'till the scorch'd Marrow
Fries in the Bones, and shrinking Sinews start;
A smeary Foam works o'er my grinding Jaws,
And utmost Anguish shakes my lab'ring Frame:
For thus it must be.

Ari. Oh! my Friend! my Father!
It must not be, it never can, it sha'not,
Wouldst thou be kind, and save my *Ethelinda*,
Leave me to answer all my Brother's Fury,
The Crime, the Falshood, shall be all my own.

Seo. Just to my Wish.

[*Aside.*

Ari. Thou shall accuse me to him.

Thou

Thou know'st his own Admittance gave me Entrance :
Swear that I stole her, that I forc'd her from thee ;
Frame with thy utmost Skill some artful Tale,
And I'll avow it all.

Seo. Then have you thought
Upon the Danger, Sir ?

Ari. Oh, there is none,
Can be no Danger, while my Love is safe.

Seo. Methinks indeed it lessens to my View.
When the first Violence of Rage is over,
The Fondness of a Brother will return,
And plead your Cause with Nature in his Heart ;
You will, you must be safe ; and yet 'tis hard,
And grieves me much I should accuse you to him.

Ari. 'Tis that must cover the Design. But fly,
Lose not a Minute's time.

Haste to remove her from this cursed Place ;
My faithful *Oswald* shall at Night attend thee,
And help to guard her to the *British* Camp ;
Thou know'st that is not far.

Seo. Too near I know it. [Aside.

Ari. She has a Brother there, the noble *Lucius*,
A gallant Youth, and dear to brave *Ambrosius* ;
To his kind Care resign thy beauteous Charge.

Seo. This Instant I obey you. [Going.

Ari. Half my Fears
Are over now——

Seo. One thing I had forgot.
It will import us much, that you should seem
Inclin'd to meet the Love of haughty *Rodogune* :
'Twill cost you but a little courtly Flattery,
A kind respectful Look, join'd with a Sigh,
A few soft tender Words, that mean just nothing,
Yet win most Women's Hearts. But see she comes,
Constrain your Temper, Sir ; be false and meet her
With her own Sex's Arts ; pursue your Talk,
And doubt not all shall prosper to your Wish.

[Exit Seofrid.

Aribert solus.

Ari. She comes indeed ! Now where shall I begin,
How

How shall I teach my Tongue to frame a Language
 So different from my Heart? Oh *Ethelinda*!
 My Heart was made to fit and pair with thine,
 Simple and plain, and fraught with artless Tenderness,
 Form'd to receive one Love, and only one,
 But pleas'd and proud, and dearly fond of that,
 It knows not what there can be in Variety,
 And would not if it could.

Enter Rodogune.

Rod. Why do I stay,
 Why linger thus within this hated Place,
 Where ev'ry Object shocks my loathing Eyes,
 And calls my injur'd Glory to Remembrance?
 The King!—the Wretch! but wherefore did I name
 him!

Find out, my Soul, in thy rich Store of Thought,
 Somewhat more great, more worthy of thyself;
 Or let the mimic Fancy shew its Art,
 And paint some pleasing Image to delight me,
 Let Beauty mix with Majesty and Youth,
 Let manly Grace be temper'd well with Softness;
 Let Love, the God himself, adorn the Work,
 And I will call the charming Fantom, *Aribert*.
 Oh *Venus*!—whither—whither would I wander?
 Be hush'd, my Tongue—ye Gods!—'tis he himself.—

[*Seeing Aribert.*

Ari. When, fairest Princess, you avoid our Court,
 And lonely thus from the full Pomp retire,
 Love and the Graces follow to your Solitude;
 They crowd to form the shining Circle round you,
 And all the Train seems your's; while purple Majesty,
 And all those outward Shews which we call Greatness,
 Languish and droop, seem empty and forsaken,
 And draw the wand'ring Gazer's Eyes no more.

Rod. The Courtier's Art is meanly known in *Britain*,
 If your's present their Service, and their Vows,
 At any Shrine but where their Master kneels.
 You know your Brother pays not his to me,
 Nor would I that he should.

Ari. The Hearts of Kings
 Are plac'd, 'tis true, beyond their Subjects Search;
 Ye

Yet might I judge by Love's or Reason's Rules,
Where shall my Brother find on Earth a Beauty,
Like what I now behold?

Rod. That you can flatter,
Is common to your Sex; you say indeed,
We Women love it—and perhaps we do.
Fools that we are, we know that you deceive us,
And yet, as if the Fraud were pleasing to us
And our undoing Joy—still you go on,
And still we hear you—But, to change the Theme,
I'll find a fitter for you than my Beauty.——

Ari. Then let it be the love of royal Hengist.

Rod. The King, your Brother, could not choose an
Advocate,
Whom I would sooner hear on any Subject,
Bating that only one, his Love, than you;
Tho' you perhaps (for some have wond'rous Arts)
Could soften the harsh Sound. The String that jars,
When rudely touch'd, ungrateful to the Sense,
With Pleasure feels the Master's flying Fingers,
Swells into Harmony, and charms the Hearers.

Ari. Then hear me speak of Love.——

Rod. But not of his.

Ari. 'Tis true, I should not grace the Story much,
Rude and unskilful in the moving Passion,
I should not paint its Flames with equal Warmth;
Strength, Life, and glowing Colours would be wanting.
And languid Nature speak the Work imperfect.

Rod. Then happ'ly yet your Breast remains untouch'd;
Tho' that seems strange; You've seen the Court of

Britain;

There, as I oft have heard, imperial Beauty
Reigns in its native Throne, like Light in Heav'n;
While all the Fair Ones of the neighb'ring World;
With second Lustre meanly seem to shine,
The faint Reflexions of the Glory there.

Ari. If e'er my Heart incline to Thoughts of Love,
Methinks I should not, (tho' perhaps I err)
Expect to meet the gentle Passion join'd
With Pomp and Greatness: Courts may boast of Beauty,
But Love is seldom found to dwell amongst 'em.

Rod.

Rod. Then Courts are wretched.

Ari. So they seem to Love.

From Pride, from Wealth, from Bus'ness, and from Pow'r,
Loathing he flies, and seeks the peaceful Village;
He seeks the Cottage in the tufted Grove,
The russet Fallow, and the verdant Lawns,
The clear cool Brook, and the deep woody Glade,
Bright Winter Fires, and Summer Ev'ning Suns;
These he prefers to gilded Roofs and Crowns;
Here he delights to pair the constant Swain,
With the sweet, unaffected, yielding Maid;
Here is his Empire, here his Choice to reign,
Here, where he dwells with Innocence and Truth.

Rod. To Minds which know no better, these are
Joys;

But Princes, sure, are born with nobler Thoughts.
Love is in them a Flame that mounts to Heav'n,
And seeks its Source divine, and kindred Stars;
That urges on the mortal Man to dare,
Kindles the vast Desires of Glory in him,
And makes Ambition's sacred Fires burn bright.
Nor you, howe'er your Tongue disguise your Heart,
Have meaner Hopes than these.

Ari. Mine have been still

Match'd with my Birth: a younger Brother's Hopes.

Rod. Nay, more, methinks I read your future Great-
ness;

And, like some Bard inspir'd, I could foretel
What wond'rous Things our Gods reserve for you.
Perhaps ev'n now, your better Stars are join'd;
Auspicious Love and Fortune now conspire,
At once to crown you, and bestow that Greatness,
Which partial Nature at your Birth deny'd.

Enter the King, Guards, and other Attendants.

King. She must, she shall be found, tho' she be sunk
Deep to the Center, tho' eternal Night
Spread wide her sable Wing, to shade her Beauties,
And shut me from her Sight. But say, thou Traitor;
Thou that hast made the Name of Friendship vile,

And

And broke the Bonds of Duty and of Nature,
Where hast thou hid thy Theft?—So young, so false—
Have I not been a Father to thy Youth,
And lov'd thee with a more than Brother's Love?
And am I thus repaid?—But bring her forth,
Or by the Gods thou dy'st.

Rod. What means this Rage? [Aside.

Ari. Then briefly thus: You are my King and Brother,
The Names which most I reverence on Earth,
And fear offending most. Yet to defend
My Honour and my Love from Violation,
O'er ev'ry Bar resistless will I rush,
And in despite of proud Tyrannic Pow'r,
Seize and assert my Right.

King. What thine! thy Right!
Riddles and Tales.

Ari. Mine by the dearest Tie,
By holy Marriage mine, she is my Wife.

Rod. Racks, Tortures, Madness, seize me! oh! Con-
fusion! [Aside.

Ari. I see thy Heart swells, and thy flaming Visage
Reddens with Rage at this unwelcome Truth;
But since I know my *Ethelinda* safe,
I have but little Care for what may happen.
To-morrow may be Heav'n's—or your's to take,
If this Day be my last, why farewell Life;
I hold it well bestow'd for her I love.

Rod. May Sorrow, Shame, and Sickness, overtake
her:
And all her Beauties, like my Hopes, be blasted. [Aside.

King. So brave! But I shall find the means to tame
you,

To make thee curse thy Folly, curse thy Love,
And to the dreadful Gods, who reign beneath,
Devote thy fatal Bride. She is a Christian!
Remember that, fond Boy, and then remember
That sacred Vow, which, perjur'd as they art,
Prostrate at *Woden's* Altar, and invoking
With solemn *Runick* Rites, our Country's Gods,
Thou mad'st in presence of our royal Father.

Ari. Yes I remember well the impious Oath,

Hardly

Hardly extorted from my trembling Youth ;
 When burning with misguided Zeal, the King
 Compell'd my Knee to bend before his Gods,
 And forc'd us both to swear to what we knew not.

King. Now by the Honours of the *Saxon* Race,
 A long and venerable Line of Heroes,
 I swear thou art abandon'd, lost to Honour,
 And fall'n from ev'ry great and godlike Thought.
 Some whining coward Priest has wrought upon thee,
 And drawn thee from our brave Forefathers Faith,
 False to our Gods, as to thy King and Brother.

Ari. 'Tis much beneath my Courage and my Truth,
 To borrow any mean Disguise from Falshood.
 No! — 'tis my Glory that the Christian Light
 Has dawn'd, like Day, upon my darker Mind,
 And taught my Soul the noblest use of Reason ;
 Taught her to soar aloft, to search, to know,
 That vast eternal Fountain of her Being ;
 Then, warm with Indignation, to despise
 The Things you call our Country's Gods, to scorn
 And trample on their ignominious Altars.

King. 'Tis well, Sir,—impious Boy!—Ye *Saxon*
 Gods.

And thou, oh royal *Hengist*, whose dread Will
 And injur'd Majesty I now assert,
 Hear, and be present to my Justice, hear me,
 While thus I vow to your offended Deities
 This Traitor's Life ; he dies, nor ought on Earth
 Saves his devoted Head. One to the Priests:

[*To the Attendants:*

Bid 'em be swift, and dress their bloody Altars
 With ev'ry Circumstance of tragic Pomp ;
 To-day a royal Victim bleeds upon 'em.
 Rich shall the Smoke and steaming Gore ascend,
 To glut the Vengeance of our angry Gods.

Rod. At once ten thousand racking Passions tear me,
 And my Heart heaves as it would burst my Bosom.
 Oh can I, can I hear him doom'd to Death,
 Nor stir, nor breathe one single Sound to save him ?
 It wo't be—and my fierce haughty Soul,

What-

Whate'er she suffers, still disdains to bend,
 'To sue to the curst, hated Tyrant King.
 Oh love! oh Glory! --- Would'st thou die thus tamely?
 [To Aribert.]

Is Life so small a thing, so mean a Boon,
 As is not worth the asking! --- Thou art silent?
 Wilt thou not plead for Life? --- Intreat the
 Tyrant,

And waken Nature in his Iron Heart.

Ari. Life has so little in it good or pleasing,
 That since it seems not worth a Brother's Care,
 'Tis hardly worth my asking.

King. Seize him, Guards,
 And bear him to his Fate. [Guards seize Aribert.]

Rod. Yet, *Hengist*, know,
 If thou shalt dare to touch his precious Life,
 Know that the Gods and *Rodogune* prepare
 The sharpest Scourges of vindictive War.
 Fly where thou wilt, the Sword shall still pursue
 With Vengeance, to a Brother's Murder due.
 Driv'n out from Man, and mark'd for public Scorn,
 Thy ravish'd Scepter vainly shalt thou mourn.
 And when at length thy wretched Life shall cease,
 When in the silent Grave thou hope'st for Peace:
 'Think not the Grave shall hide thy hated Head
 Still, still I will pursue thy fleeting Shade;
 I curs'd thee living, and will plague thee dead.

[Exit *Rodogune*.]

King. On to the Temple with him: Let her rave,
 And prophesy ten thousand thousand Horrors;
 I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;
 They fit the present Fury of my Soul.
 The Stings of Love and Rage are fix'd within,
 And drive me on to Madness. Earthquakes, Whirl-
 winds,

A general Wreck of Nature now would please me.
 For oh! not all the driving wintry War,
 When the Storm groans and bellows from afar,
 When thro' the Gloom the glancing Lightnings fly,
 Heavy the ratling Thunders roll on high,
 And Seas and Earth mix with the dusky Sky;

Not

Not all those warring Elements we fear,
 Are equal to the inborn Tempest here ;
 Fierce as the Thoughts which mortal Man controul,
 When Love and Rage contend, and tear the lab'ring
 Soul.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is a Temple adorn'd according to the Superstition of the antient Saxons ; on the middle are plac'd their three principal Idols, Thor, Woden, and Freya.

Musick is heard at a Distance, as of the Priests preparing for the Sacrifice. Then

Enter A R I B E R T.

A R I B E R T.

ALL Night the bloody Priests, a dreadful Band,
 Have watch'd intent upon their horrid Rites,
 With many a dire and execrable Pray'r,
 Calling the Fiends beneath, the sullen Demons,
 That dwell in Darkness deep, and Foes to Man,
 Delight in reeking Streams of human Gore.
 Now huddled on a Heap, they murmur'd hoarse,
 And hissing whisper'd round their mystic Charms ;
 And now, as if by sudden Madness struck,
 With Screaming shrill they shook the vaulted Roof,
 And vex'd the still, the silent, solemn Midnight.
 Such sure in everlasting Flames below,
 Such are the Groans of poor lamenting Ghosts,
 And such the Howlings of the last Despair.
 Anon to Sounds of Woe, and magic Strings,
 They danc'd in wild fantastic Measures round ;
 Then all at once they bent their ghastly Visages
 On me, and yelling, thrice they cry'd out *Aribert !*
 I have endur'd their Horrors——And at length

See

See! the Night wears away, and chearful Morn,
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy East;
Fair Nature seems reviv'd, and ev'n my Heart
Sits light and jocund at the Day's Return,
And fearless waits an End of all its Sufferings.

Enter one of the Guards, he delivers a Letter to Aribert.
From Oswald this, on Peril of my Life
I have engag'd to render to your hands. [Exit.

ARIBERT reads.

*Scofrid has been just to his Word; he has deliver'd
the fair Ethelinda to my charge: We have hap-
pily pass'd all the Guards, and hope in two
Hours to reach the Britons camp.*

From your faithful Oswald.

Then thou hast nothing left on Earth, my Soul,
Worthy thy farther Care. Why do I stay,
Why linger then, and want my Heav'n so long?
To live is to continue to be wretch'd.
And robs me of a great and glorious Death.

*Enter Rodogune with an Officer, he speaks to her
entering.*

Officer. Thus *Offa* to his beauteous sister sends:
Depend upon a Brother's Love and Care
To further all you wish.

Rod. 'Tis well! be near, [Ex. Officer.
And wait my farther Order. See! my Heart,
See there thy dearest choice, thy fond desire.
See with how clear a Brow, what chearful Grace,
With all his Native Sweetness undisturb'd,
The noble Youth attends his harder Fate.
I came to join my Friendly Grief with your's,
[To Aribert.

To curse your Tyrant Brother, and deplore,
Your youthful Hopes, thus all untimely blasted:
But you, I see, have learn'd to scorn your Danger;
You wear a Face of Triumph, not of Mourning:
Has Death so little in it?

Ari. Oh! 'tis nothing,
To Minds that weigh it well; the Vulgar fear it,
And

And yet they know not why: Since never any
 Did from that dark and doubtful Land as yet
 Turn back again, to tell us 'tis a Pain.
 To me it seems like a long wish'd-for Happiness,
 Beyond what ev'n our Expectation paints;
 'Tis Comfort to the Soul, 'tis Peace, 'tis Rest;
 It comes like Slumber to the sick Man's Eyes,
 Burning and restless with a Fever's Rage,
 All Night he tosses on his weary Bed;
 He tells the tedious Minutes as they pass,
 And turns, and turns, and seeks for Ease in vain:
 But if, at Morning's Dawn, sweet Sleep falls on him,
 Think with what Pleasure he resigns his Senses.
 Sinks to his Pillow and forgets his Pain.

Rod. Perhaps it may be such a State of Indolence;
 But sure the active Soul should therefore fear it.
 The Gods have dealt unjustly with their Creatures,
 If barely they bestow a wretched Being,
 And scatter not some Pleasures with the Pain,
 To make it worth their keeping. Is there nothing
 Could make you wish to live?

Ari. Oh! yes, there is;
 There is a Blessing I could wish to live for,
 To live, for Years, for Ages to enjoy it;
 But far, alas! divided from my Arms,
 It leaves the World a Wilderness before me,
 With nothing worth desiring.

Rod. Dull and cold?
 Or cold at least to me, dull, dull Indifference. [*Aside.*
 What if some pitying Pow'r look down from Heav'n,
 And kindly visit your afflicted Fortunes?
 What if it send some unexpected Aid,
 Some generous Heart, and some prevailing Hand,
 Willing to save, and mighty to defend,
 Who from the gloomy Confiners of the Grave,
 Timely shall snatch, shall bring you back to Life,
 And raise you up to Empire and to Love?

Ari. The Wretched have few Friends, at least on
 Earth:

Then what have I to hope?

Rod. Hope ev'ry thing,

Hope

Hope all that Merit, such as your's, may claim,
Such as commands the World, exacts their Homage,
And makes ev'n all the Good and Brave your Friends.

Ari. And can you then vouchsafe to flatter Misery?
T' enrich so fall'n, so lost a Thing as I am,
With the sweet Breath of Praise? so pious Virgins
Rob the whole Spring to make their Garlands fine,
Then hang 'em on a senseless Marble-Tomb.

Rod. A burning Purple flushes o'er my Face,
And Shame forbids my Tongue, or I would say,
That I——oh *Aribert!*——I am thy Friend.
Yet wherefore should I blush to own the Thought?
For who---who would not be the Friend of *Aribert?*

Ari. Why is this wond'rous Goodness lost on me,
Why is this Bounty lavish'd on a Bankrupt,
Who has not left another Hour of Life
To pay the mighty Debt?

Rod. O! let me yet,
Yet add to it, and swell the Sum yet higher;
Nor doubt but Fate shall find the Means to pay it.
Know then that I have pass'd this live-long Night
Sleepless and anxious, with my Cares for thee;
The Gods have sure approv'd the pious Thought,
And crown'd it with Success. Since I have gain'd
Alfred, the Chief of mighty *Woden's* Priests,
To find a certain Way for thy Escape.
One of the sacred Habits is at Hand,
Prepar'd for thy Disguise, the holy Man
Attends to guide thee to my Brother's Camp:
Myself---oh! yet lie still my beating Heart--- [*Aside.*]
Whatever Dangers chance, myself will be
The Partner and the Guardian of thy Flight.

Ari. Now what Return to make---oh let me sink,
With all these warring Thoughts together in me,
Blushing to Earth, and hide the vast Confusion.

Rod. Ye Gods! he answers not, but hangs his
Head,

In sullen Silence; see! he turns away,
And bends his gloomy Visage to the Earth.
To what am I betray'd! oh Shame! Dishonour
And more than Woman's Weakness! He has seen me,
Seen

Seen my fond Heart, and scorns the easy Prize.
 Blast me, ye Lightnings, strike me to the center,
 Drive, drive me down, down to the Depths beneath;
 Let me not live nor think——let me not think,
 For I have been despis'd——ten thousand thousand,
 And yet ten thousand Curses——oh my Folly!——

Ari. Thus let me fall, thus lowly to the Earth,

[*Kneeling.*]

In humble adoration of your Goodness;
 Thus with my latest accents breathe your Name,
 And bless you ere I die. Oh *Rodogune*,
 Fair Royal Maid! to thee be all thy Wishes,
 Content and everlasting Peace dwell with thee,
 And every Joy be thine. Nor let one Thought
 Of this ungrateful, this unhappy *Aribert*
 Remain behind, to call a sudden Sigh,
 Or stain thee with a Tear. Behold I go,
 Doom'd by eternal Fate, to my long Rest;
 Then let my Name too die, sink to oblivion,
 And sleep in Silence with me in the Grave.

Rod. Dost thou not wish to live?

Ari. I cannot.

Rod. Why?

Behold I give thee Life.

Ari. And therefore——oh!

Therefore I cannot take it. I dare die,
 But dare not be oblig'd, I dare not owe
 What I can never Render back.

Rod. Confusion!

Is then the Blessing, Life, become a Curse,
 When offer'd to thee by my baleful Hand?

Ari. Oh, no! for you are all that's good and gracious;

Nature, that makes your Sex the Joy of ours,
 Made you the Pride of both; she gave you Sweetness,
 So mix'd with strength, with Majesty so rais'd,
 To make the willing World confess your Empire,
 And love, while they obey. Nor stay'd she there,
 But to the Body fitted so the mind,
 As each were fashion'd singly to excel,
 As if so fair a Form disdain'd to harbour

A Soul less great, and that great Soul could find
Nothing so like the Heav'n from whence it came,
As that fair Form to dwell in.

Rod. Soothing Sounds!
Delightful Flattery from him we love; [Aside.
But what are these to my impatient Hopes!

Ari. Yet wherefore should this mighty Mass of
Wealth

Be vainly plac'd before my wond'ring Eyes,
Since I must ne'er possess it, since my Heart,
Once giv'n, can ne'er return, can know no Name
But *Ethelinda*, only *Ethelinda*?
Fix'd to its Choice, and obstinately constant,
It listens not to any other Call.
So rigid Hermits, that forsake the World,
Are deaf to Glory, Greatness, Poms and Pleasures
Severe in Zeal, and insolently pious,
They let attending Princes vainly wait,
Knock at their Cells, and lure 'em forth in vain.

Rod. How is she form'd? with what superior Grace,
This Rival of my Love? What envious God,
In scorn of Nature's wretched Works below,
Improv'd and made her more than half divine?
How has he taught her Lips to breathe *Ambrosia*?
How dy'd her Blushes with the Morning's Red,
And cloath'd her with the fairest Beams of Light,
To make her shine beyond me?

Ari. Spare the Theme.

Rod. But then her mind! ye Gods, which of you
all

Could make that great, and fit to rival mine?
What more than Heav'nly Fire informs the Mass?
Has she a Soul can dare beyond our Sex,
Beyond even Man himself, can dare like mine?
Can she resolve to bear the sacred Stings
Of shame and conscious Pride, distracting Rage,
And all the deadly Pangs of Love despis'd?
Oh no! she cannot, Nature cannot bear it;

[Weeping.

It sinks ev'n me, the Torrent drives me down,
The native Greatness of my Spirit fails,

Thus

Thus melts, and thus runs gushing thro' my Eyes,
The Floods of Sorrow drown my dying Voice,
And I can only call thee —— cruel *Aribert*!

Ari. Oh thou just Heav'n, if mortal Man may dare
To look into thy great Decrees, thy Fate,
Were it not better I had never been,
Than thus to bring Affliction and Misfortune,
Thus curse what thou hadst made so good and fair?

Rod. But see! the King and cruel Priests appear,
Nor can I save thee now. Thou hast thy Wish;

[*To Aribert.*

But what remains for me? My Heart beats fast,
And swells, impatient at the Tyrant's Sight.
My Blood, erewhile at Ebb, now flows again,
And with new Rage I burn. Since Love is lost,
Come thou Revenge, succeed thou to my Bosom,
And Reign in all my Soul. Yes I will find her,
This fatal she, for whom I am despis'd.

Look that she be your Master-piece, ye Gods;

Let each celestial Hand some Grace impart,

To this rare Pattern of your forming art;

Such may she be, my jealous Rage to move,

Such as you never made 'till now, to prove

A Victim worthy my offended Love. [*Exit Rodog.*]

*Enter at the other Door the King, Priests, Guards, and
other Attendants.*

King. Hast thou bethought thee yet, perfidious Boy!

Wo't thou render back thy Theft? Consider,

The Precipice is just beneath thy Feet,

'Tis but a Moment and I push thee off,

To Plunge for ever in eternal Darknes.

Somewhat like Nature has been busy here,

And made a struggle for thee in my Soul;

Restore my Love, and be again my Brother.

Ari. Rage, and the Violence of lawless Passion,

Have blinded your clear Reason; wherefore else

This frantic wild demand! What! should I yield,

Give up my Love, my Wife, my *Ethelinda*,

To an incestuous Brother's dire Embrace?

Oh horror!-----But to bar the impious Thought,

Know! Heav'n and brave *Ambrosius* are her Guard;

Ere

Ere this, her flight has reach'd the Britons Camp,
And found her Safety there.

King. Fled to the Britons!

Oh most accursed Traitor! Let her fly,
Far as the early Day-spring in the East,
Or to the utmost Ocean, where the Sun
Descends to other Skies and Worlds unknown;
Ev'n thither shall my Love take Wing and follow,
To seize the flying Fair. The Britons—Gods!
Shall they with-hold her!—First, my Arms shall shake
Their Island to the Center. But for thee,
Think'st thou to awe me with that Fantom, Incest?
Such empty Names may fright thy Coward Soul?
But know that mine disdains 'em. Bind him strait.

[To the Priests.

I wo't lose another Thought about thee. [To Aribert.
Begin the Rites and dye the hallow'd Steel
Deep in his Christian Blood. The Gods demand him.

Ari. Why then, no more. But if we meet again,
As, when the Day of great Account shall come,
Perhaps we may, may'st thou find Mercy there,
More than thou shew'st thy Brother here. Farewell.

King. Farewell. To Death with him, and end the
Dreamer.

[The Priests bind Aribert, and lead him to the Altar,
while the solemn Musick is playing.

Enter Seofrid.

Seo. Haste, and break off your unauspicious Rites;
The instant Dangers summon you away;
Destruction threatens in our frighted Streets,
And the Gods call to Arms.

King. What means the Fear
That trembles in thy pale, thy haggard Visage?
Speak out, and ease this Labour of thy Soul.

Seo. Oh fly, my Lord; the Torrent grows upon us,
And while I speak, we're lost. Fierce *Offa* comes;
From ev'ry part his crowding Ensigns enter,
And this way waving bend. With idle Arms
Your Soldiers careless stand, and bid 'em pass;
Some join, but all refuse to arm against 'em;

C

They

They call 'em Friends, Companions, and their Countrymen,

A chosen Band, led by the haughty Princess,
Imperious *Rodogune*, move swiftly hither
To intercept your passage to the Palace.

That only Strength is left, then fly to reach it.

King. Curs'd Chance! but haste, dispatch that Traitor
strait;

They sha' not bar my Vengeance.

Seo. Sacred Sir,

Think only on your Safety. For the Prince,
Your Crown, but more your Love, a thousand Reasons,
All urge you to defer his Fate; Time presses,
Or I could speak 'em plain.

King. Then hear me, Priest,
I give him to thy Charge.

Seo. They come my Lord. [Shout.

King. Look to him well; for, by yon dreadful Altars,
Thy Life shall pay for his, if he escape:
First kill him, plunge thy Ponyard in his Bosom,
And see thy King reveng'd.

[*Exeunt King, Seofrid, Guards and Attendants.*

Priest. Be chear'd, my Lord,
Nor keep one Doubt of me; I am your Slave.
The King is fled, and with him all your Dangers.
Fate has reserv'd you for some glorious purpose;
And see your Guardian Goddess comes to save you,
To break your Bonds and make you ever happy.

Enter Rodogune, Soldiers and other Attendants.

Rod. Well have our Arms prevail'd: Behold, he lives,
Ungrateful as he is, by me he lives.
Did I not come with too officious Haste, [To *Aribert*.
Once more to press the Burden, Life, upon you?
To offer with an Idiot's Importunity,
The nauseous Benefit you scorn'd before?

Ari. If I refus'd the Blessing from your Hands,
Think it not rudely done with sullen Pride;
Since Life and you are two of Heav'n's best Gifts,
Yet both should be receiv'd, both kept with Honour.

Rod. However live—yes, I will bid thee live,

No

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No matter what ensues. Fly far away,
Forget me, blot my Name from thy Remembrance,
And think thou ow'st me nothing—What! in Bonds!
Well was the Task reserv'd for me. But thus
I break thy Chain——Would I could break my own.

[*Aside.*]

Enter an Officer.

Offi. A Party of our Horse, that late went forth
To mark the Order of the Britons Camp,
Met in their Course some Servants of the King;
For so they call'd themselves. Ours judg'd 'em Traitors,
And would have seiz'd as flying to the Foe.
After a sharp Resistance some escap'd,
The Rest, for so your princely Brother wills,
Without attend your Order.

Rod. Let 'em enter.

A Woman!——

[*Enter Ethelinda, and two Attendants, guarded.*]

Ethe. Is there then an End of Sorrows!

[*Running to Aribert.*]

Has then that cruel Chance that long pursu'd me,
That vext me with her various Malice long,
Been kind at last, and blest me to my wish,
Lodg'd me once more within thy faithful Arms!

Ari. Oh my foreboding Heart! Oh fatal meeting!

Ethe. Why droops my Love, my Lord, my Aribert?
Why dost thou sigh and press me? and oh! wherefore,
Wherefore these Tears that stain thy manly Visage?
They told me Heav'n had strove for thy Deliverance,
Had Rais'd thee up some kind, some great Preserver,
To save thee from thy cruel Brother's Hand.

Why therefore dost thou mourn, when thou are blest?
Or does some new Affliction wound thee? say:
Perhaps I am the Cause.

Rod. By all the Tortures,
The Pangs that rend my groaning Breast, 'tis she,
My Curst, my happy Rival. See the Siren,
See how with eager Eyes he drinks her Charms,
Mark how he listens to her sweet Allurements;
She winds herself about his easy Heart.

And melts him with her soft enchanting Tongue.

Ethe. Wo't thou not answer yet?

Ari. Oh *Ethelinda*!

Why art thou here? Is this the *Britons* Camp?
Is *Lucius* here? Hast thou a Brother here,
To guard thy helpless Innocence from Wrong?

Ethe. Have I not thee?

Ari. Me!—what can I do for thee?

For we are wretched both.

Rod. I'll doubt no more.

My jealous Heart confesses her its Foe,
And beats and rises, eager to oppose her;
Nor shall she triumph o'er me. No, ye Gods!
If I am doom'd by you to be a Wretch,
She too shall suffer with me. Prince, you seem

[*To Aribert.*

To know this Pris'ner, whom the *Saxon* Chiefs
Accuse of flying to our Foes, the *Britons*.
However, I will think more nobly of you,
Than to believe you conscious of the Treason;
Nor can you grieve, if Justice dooms her to
That Fate she has deserv'd. Bear her to Death.

[*To the Guards.*

Ethe. Alas! to Death!—What mean you? say, by
what

Unknown, unwilling Crime have I offended?

To you, fair Princess, since 'tis you that judge me,
Tho' now this Moment to my Eyes first known,
To you I bend, to you I will appeal,

[*Kneeling.*

And learn my Crime from you.

Ari. Learn it from me?

I am thy Crime, 'tis *Aribert* destroys thee.

Ethe. If thou art my Offence, I've sinn'd indeed,
Ev'n to a vast and numberless Account;
For from the time when I beheld thee first, [*To Aribert.*
My Soul has not one Moment been without thee;
Still thou hast been my Wish, my constant Thought,
Like Light, the daily Blessing of my Eyes,
And the dear Dream of all my sweetest Slumbers.

Rod. Oh the distracting Thought!

Ethe. Nor will you think it

[*To Rodogune.*
A Crime

A Crime to love, for that I love is true.
In your fair Eyes I read your native Goodness.
Hap'ly some noble Youth shall in your Breast
Kindle the pure, the gentle Flame, and prove
As dear to you, as *Aribert* to me:
Would it be just that you should die for loving?
Think but on that, and I shall find your Pity;
For Pity sure and Mercy dwell with Love.

Rod. Be dumb for ever, let the Hand of Death
Close thy bewitching Eyes, and seal thy Lips,
That thou may'st look and talk no more Delusion.
For oh! thy ev'ry Glance, each Sound shoots thro' me,
And kills my very Heart: Hence, bear her hence,
My Peace is lost for ever — but she dies —

Ari. Oh hold! for —

Rod. Wherefore dost thou catch my Garment?
Thou that hast set me on the Rack: com'st thou
To double all my Pains, and with new Terrors,
Dreadful, to shake my agonizing Soul?

Ari. What shall I say to move thee?

Rod. Talk for ever,
Winds shall be still, and Seas forget to roar,
The Din of babbling Crowds, and peopled Cities,
All shall be hush'd as Death, while thou art speaking;
For there is Music in thy Voice.

Ari. Then hear me;
With gentlest Patience, with Compassion hear me,
Thus while I fall before thee, grasp thee thus,
Thus with a bleeding Heart, and streaming Eyes,
Implore thee for my *Ethelinda's* Life.

Rod. Tho' thou wert dearer to my doating Eyes
Than all they knew besides; tho' I could hear thee
While Ages past away; yet by the Gods,
If such there are, who rule o'er Love and Jealousy,
And swell our heaving Breasts with mortal Passions,
I swear she dies, my hated Rival dies.

Ari. Then I have only one Request to make,
Which sha'not be deny'd; to share one Fate,
And die with her I love.

Rod. Ungrateful Wretch!
Yet I would make thy Life my Care —

Ari. No more :

Now I scorn Life indeed. Tho' you had Beauty,
More than the great Creator's bounteous Hand
Bestow'd on all his various Works together,
Tho' all Ambition asks, the kingly Purple,
Glory and Wealth, and Pow'r, were your's to give,
Tho' length of Days and Health were in your Hand,
And all were to be mine, yet I would choose
To turn the Gift with Indignation back,
And rather sold my *Ethelinda* thus,
And sleep for ever with her in the Grave.

Rod. Then take thy Wish, and let both die together.
Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance,
And be at ease for ever.

Ethe. Oh my Love !

What can I pay thee back for all this Truth ?
What ! but, like thee, to triumph in my Fate.
And think it more than life to die with thee.
Haite then, ye Virgins, break the tender Turf,
And let your chaster Hands prepare the Bed,
Where my dear Lord and I must rest together ;
Then let the Myrtle and the Rose be strow'd,
For 'tis my second better bridal Day.
On my cold Bosom let his Head be laid,
And look that none disturb us ;
Till the last Trumpet's Sound break our long Sleep,
And calls us up to everlasting Bliss. [Sight]

Rod. Hence with 'em, take 'em, drive 'em from my
The fatal Pair—— [Exeunt *Ari.* and *Ethe* guarded]

That Look shall be my last.

I feel my Soul impatient of its Bondage,
Disdaining this unworthy idle Passion,
And struggling to be free. Now, now it shoots,
It tow'rs upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire ;
While Love and *Aribert*, those meaner Names,
Are left far, far behind, and lost for ever.
So if by chance the Eagle's noble Offspring,
Ta'en in the Nest, becomes some Peasant's Prize,
Compell'd awhile he bears his Cage and Chains,
And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains ;
But when his Plumes shoot forth, and Pinions swell,
He quits the Rustic, and his homely Cell,
Breaks from his Bonds, and in the Face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away ;

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Delights thro' Heav'n's wide pathless Ways to go;
Plays with *Jove's* Shafts, and grasps his dreadful Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods and scorns the World }
below. [*Exeunt Rodogune and Attendants.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Palace.*

Enter the King and Seofrid.

King. NO! I will follow the fond Chace no more ;
No more pursue the flying Fantom, Glory ;
But lay me down, and rest in sullen Peace ;
Secure of all Events to come, and careless
If the Gods guide the World by Fate or Fortune.
Let 'em take back the worthless Crown they gave,
Since they refuse their better Blessings to me.

Seo. If not to Glory, yet awake to Love :
And tho' regardless of your royal State,
Yet live for *Ethelinda*, live to save her,
Doom'd by the cruel *Rodogune* to die !
Helpless, and desolate methinks she stands,
And calls you to her Aid.

King. What ! doom'd to die !
Shall those dear glowing Beauties then grow cold,
Pale, stiff, and cold ? nor shall I fold her once ?
Shall she not pant beneath my strong Embrace,
Swell to Desire, and meet my furious Joy ?
Shall she not breathe, and look, and sigh, and murmur,
'Till I am lost forever, sunk in Extasies,
And bury'd in ten thousand thousand Sweets ?
What ! shall she die ? No, by the God of Arms,
No ——— I will once more rouse me to the War,
And snatch her from her Fate.

Seo. Then hear the means
By which the Gods preserve your Crown and Love.
Oswald, of all our *Saxon* Chiefs the first,
And nearest to your Brother's Heart, had drawn
The chosen Strength of all the *British* Youth,
Under the leading of the gallant *Lucius*
To save the Prince from your impending Wrath.
By secret Marches they are near advanc'd,
And meant this Night to make their bold Attempt.

King. How favours this my purpose ?

Seo. Thus, my Lord,

C 4

I have

I have prevail'd, their Force shall join with all
 Those faithful *Saxons*, who are still your Subjects.
 Your Foes, fierce *Offa* and his haughty Sister,
 Secure and insolent with new Success,
 Despise your Numbers, and inferior Strength,
 And may this Night with Ease become your Prey.
Oswald attends without to learn your Pleasure,
 And bear it to the valiant *British* Chiefs. [hate.

King. The *Britons*! Gods!—the Nation which
 That *Oswald* too!—The Traitor still has been
 Avow'd the Slave of *Aribert*, his Creature,
 His Bosom, fawning Parasite—No matter;
 They serve the present Purpose of my Heart,
 And I will use 'em now. Taught by thy Arts,
 I will look kindly on the Wretch I loath,
 And smile on him I destine to Destruction.
 Bid him approach.

[Exit *Seofrid*, and Re-enter with *Oswald*.

Seo. The valiant *Oswald*, Sir.

King. Your Friend has spoke at large your bold design,
 Worthy your Courage, and your princely Friend.
 And howsoe'er the meddling Hand of Chance
 Has sown th' unlucky Seeds of Strife between us,
 Yet I have still a Brother's Part in *Aribert*.
 Nor shall my Hand be slow to lead you on,
 'Till we have driv'n these haughty Inmates forth,
 And independent fix'd that sov'reign Right,
 Which our brave Fathers sought to gain in *Britain*.

Osw. With honourable Purpose are we come,
 With friendly Greeting from the *Britons* King,
 And the fair Offer of an equal Peace.
 This only he demands; send back the Troops
 Which late arriv'd with *Offa*, now your Foe
 As well as his; and set your Princely Brother,
 With the fair *Ethelinda*, safe, and free.
 These just Conditions once confirm'd to *Lucius*,
Ambrosius is the Friend of Royal *Hengist*.
 The *Britons* then shall join their Arms with your's,
 To drive out these unhospitable Guests,
 And leave you peaceful Lord of fruitful *Kent*,
 The first Possession of your warlike F'ather.

King. In friendly Part take we his profer'd Love.
Bear this our Signet to the gallant *Lucius*,

[*Giving his Ring to Oswald.*

Our Bond and Pledge of Peace, which in full Form
We will confirm, soon as the present Danger
Is well remov'd, and better time allows.

Haste thou to join our valiant Friends the *Britons*.

My faithful *Seofrid* shall soon attend you,
With full Instructions for your private March,
And means of Entrance here; with the whole Order
In which we mean t'attack the common Foe.

Osw. I go, my Lord, and may the Gods befriend us.

[*Exit.*

[*The King looks after Oswald, then turns and walks
two or three times hastily cross the Stage.*

Seo. Ha! whence this sudden Start! [*Aside.*] That
wrathful Frown,

Your Eyes fierce glancing, and your changing Visage,
Now pale as Death, now purpled o'er with Flame,
Give me to know your Passions are at odds,
And your whole Soul is up in Arms within:

King. Oh thou hast read me right, hast seen me well;
To thee I have thrown off that Mask I wore;

And now the secret workings of my Brain,
Stand all reveal'd to thee. I tell thee, *Seofrid*;

There never was a Medley of such thinking.

Ambition, Hatred, Mischief and Révenge,

Gather like Clouds on Clouds; and then anon;

Love, like a golden Beam of Light, shoots thro',

Smiles on the Gloom, and my Heart bounds with Pleasure.

But 'tis no Time for talk. To *Siwald* fly,

My Soldier and my Servant, often try'd;

Bid him draw out a hundred chosen Horse,

And hold 'em ready by the Night's first Fall.

Let 'em be all of Courage, well approv'd;

Such as dare follow where'soe'er I lead,

Where-e'er this Night, or Fate, or Love shall bear me.

Seo. I hasten to obey you. But alas

Might your old Man have leave to speak his Fears—

King. I read thy Care for me in all those Fears;
But be not wise too much. Oft thou hast told me,

Love is a base, unmanly, whining Passion.
 This Night I mean to prove it, and forsake it.
 I was, 'tis true, the Slave of this soft Folly,
 And waited at an awful, abject Distance,
 Restrain'd by idle Rules, which scornful Beauty
 And sullen Honour dictate ; but no more,
 No! by our Gods, I'll suffer it no more.

Seo. Where will this Fury drive you ?

King. To my Heav'n,
 To *Ethelinda's* Arms. This very Evening,
 While the deluded *Britons* urge our Foes,
 And wreak my Vengeance on the *Saxon Offa*,
 Amidst the first Disorder of the Fray,
 'Twill not be hard to seize the weeping Fair ;
 And, while the fighting Fools contend in vain,
 With all the Wings the God of Love can lend,
 To bear her far away.

Seo. Ha !——whither mean you
 To bend this rash (I fear) this fatal Flight ?

King. Near where the *Medway* rolls her gentle Waves,
 To meet the *Thames* in his imperial Stream,
 Thou know'st I have a Castle of such Strength,
 As well may scorn the Menace of a Siege.
 Thither I mean to Bear my lovely Prize,
 And, in despite of all the envious World,
 There riot in her Arms. But break we off,
 Haste to perform my Orders ; and then follow,
 And share in all the Fortunes of thy King. [*Exit King.*]

Manet *Seofrid.*

Seo. Fools that we are! to vex the lab'ring Brain,
 And waste decaying Nature thus with Thought ;
 To keep the weary Spirits waking still ;
 To goad and drive 'em in eternal Rounds
 Or restless racking Care ; 'tis all in vain.
 Blind Goddess, Chance! henceforth I follow thee.
 The Politicians of the World may talk,
 May make a mighty Bustle with their Foresight,
 Their Schemes and Arts ; their Wisdom is thy Slave.

[*Exit* *Seofrid*]

SCENE

S C E N E changes to a Temple.

Enter Aribert and Ethelinda.

ETHELINDA.

WHEN this, the last of all our Days of Sorrow,
Flies fast, and hastens to fulfil its Course ;
When the blest Hour of Death at length is near,
Why dost thou mourn ? when that good time is come,
When we shall weep no more, but live for ever,
In that dear Place, where no Misfortunes come :
Where Age, and Want, and Sickness are not known,
And where this wicked World shall cease from troubling ;
When thick descending Angels crowd the Air,
And wait with Crowns of Glory to reward us.
Why art thou sad, my Love, my Lord, my Aribert ?

Ari. It comes, indeed, the cruel Moment comes,
That must divide our faithful Loves for ever.
A few short Minutes more, and both shall perish,
Sink to the Place where all things are forgotten.
Our Youth and fair Affections shall be barren ;
Shall know no Joys, which other Lovers know,
Shall leave no Name behind us, no Posterity,
Only the sad Remembrance of our Woes,
To draw a Tear from each who reads our Story :
And dost thou ask me wherefore I am sad ?

Ethe. 'Tis hard indeed, 'tis very hard to part.
Tho' my Heart grieves to want its Heav'n so long,
Pants for its Bliss, and sickens with Delay,
Yet I could be content to live for thee.
Yes, I will own thy Image stands before me,
And intercepts my Journey to the Stars,
Calls back the fervent Breathings of my Soul
To Earth and thee ; with longing Looks I turn,
Forget my Flight, and linger here below.

Ari. Is it decreed, by Heav'n's eternal Will,
That none shall pass the golden Gates above,
But those who sorrow here ? Must we be wretched ?
Must we be drown'd in many Floods of Tears,
To wash our deep, our inborn Saints away,

Or

Or never see the Saints, and taste their Joys?

Ethe. The great o'er-ruling Author of our Beings,
Deals with his Creature Man in various Ways,
Gracious and good in all: some feel the Rod,
And own, like us, the Father's chast'ning Hand,
Sev'n times, like Gold, they pass the purging Flame,
And are at last refin'd; while gently some
Tread all the Paths of Life without a Rub,
With Honour, Health, with Friends and Plenty bless'd,
Their Years roll round in Innocence and Ease.
Heary at length, and in a good old Age,
They go declining to the Grave in Peace;
And change their Pleasures here for Joys above:

Ari. To have so many Blessings heap'd on me,
Transcends my Wish. I ask'd but only thee.
Give me, I said, but Life and *Ethelinda*;
Let us but run the common Course together,
Grow kindly old in one another's Arms,
And take us to thy Mercy then, good Heav'n.
But Heav'n thought that too much.

Ethe. If our dear Hopes,
If what we value most on Earth, our Loves,
Are blasted thus by Death's untimely Hand,
If nothing good remains for us below,
So much the rather let us turn our Thoughts,
To seek beyond the Stars our better Portion;
That wond'rous Bliss which Heav'n reserves in store,
Well to reward us for our Losses here;
That Bliss which Heav'n, and only Heav'n can give.
Which shall be more to thee than *Ethelinda*,
And more to me——Oh vast Excess of Happiness!
Where shall my Soul make Room for more than *Ariberis*?

Enter Rodogune and Attendants.

Rod. If, while she lives, still I am doom'd to suffer,
Why am I cruel to myself?——No more——
'Tis foolish Pity——How secure of Conquest
The soft Enchantress looks! but be at Peace;
Beat not, my Heart, for she shall fall thy Victim.
Appear, ye Priests, ye dreadful holy Men;
Ye Ministers of the Gods Wrath and mine.

Appea

Appear and seize your Sacrifice, this Christian.
Bear her to Death, and let her Blood atone
For all the Mischiefs of her Eyes and Tongue.

The SCENE draws, and discovers the inner part of the Temple. A Fire is prepar'd on one of the Altars, near it are plac'd a Rack, Knives, Axes, and other Instruments of Torture; several Priests attending as for a Sacrifice.

A R I B E R T.

SEE where Death comes, array'd in all its Terrors;
The Rack, consuming Flames, and wounding Steel.
Your cruel Triumph had not been complete,
Without this Pomp of Horror. Come, begin;
Tear off my Robes, and bind me to the Rack;
Stretch out my corded Sinews, 'till they burst,
And let your Knives drink deep the flowing Blood:
You shall behold how a Prince ought to die,
And what a Christian dares to suffer.

[The Guards seize Aribert and Ethelinda.]

Offic. Hold! —

The Prince's Fate is yet deferr'd: The Woman
Is first ordain'd to suffer. — Ere she fall
A Victim to our Gods, she must kneel to 'em,
Or prove the Torture.

Ethe. I disdain those Gods.

Offic. Bind her strait, and bear her to the Rack.

Ari. What her! — Oh merciless!

Ethe. Oh, stay me not, my Love! with Joy I go,
To prove the bitter Pains of Death before thee,
And lead thee on in the triumphant Way.

Ari. And can my Eyes endure it to behold
Thy tender Body torn? these dear, soft Arms,
That oft have wreath'd their Snowy Folds about me,
Distorted, bent, and broke with rending Pain?
Oh *Rodogune*! read, read in my full Eyes,
More than my Tongue can speak, and spare my Love. —

Rod.

Rod. And could'st thou find no other Name but that?
Thy Love!—Oh fatal, curst, distracting Sound!
No, I will steel my Heart against thy Pray'r,
And whisper to myself with sullen Pleasure,
The Gods are just at length, and thou shalt feel
Pains, such as I have known.

Ari. Let me but die;
Cut off this hated Object from your Sight.—

Rod. Nor that—for know that I can too deny,
And make thee mourn my Coldness and Disdain.
No more! I'll hear no more.

Ari. They bind her! see
See with rude Cords they strain her tender Limbs,
Till the red Drops start from their swelling Channels,
And with fresh Crimson paint her dying Paleness.
Oh all ye Host of Heav'n! ye Saints and Angels!

Elbe. Oh stay thy Tears, and mourn no more for me,
Nor fear the Weakness of my Woman's Soul,
For I am arm'd, and equal to the Combat.
In vain they lavish all their cruel Arts,
And bind this feeble Body here in vain;
The free, impassive Soul mounts on the Wing,
Beyond the reach of Racks, and tort'ring Flames,
And scorns their Tyranny—Oh follow thou!
Be constant to the last, be fix'd, my *Aribert*.
'Tis but a short, short Passage to the Stars.
Oh follow thou! Nor let me want thee long,
And search the blissful Regions round in Vain.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Arm, royal Maid, and take to your Defence,
The King with sudden Fury sallies forth,
And drive our utmost Guards with foul Confusion.

Rod. The King! What Frenzy brings the Madman on
Thus headlong to his Fate?—But let him come,
His Death shall fill my Triumph—Wealth and Honours,
The noblest, best Rewards, shall wait the Man,
Whose lucky Sword shall take his hated Head.

Enter a Second Officer, his Sword drawn.

Sec. Offi. Hengist is here; he bears down all before
him;

The

The Britons too have join'd their Arms to his,
And this way bend their Force.

Rod. Fly to my Brother, [To her Attendants.
And call him to our Aid.

[Shouts within, and clashing of Swords.

King within. Slave, give me way,
Or I will tear thy Soul. — —

Sol. within. You pass not here.

Seo. within. What, know'st thou not the King?—
Oh cursed Villain!

Enter the King wounded, Seofrid, Oswald, and Soldiers,
with their Swords drawn. Oswald runs to
Aribert.

Seo. Perdition on his Hand—you Bleed, my Lord!

King. My Blood flows fast—What, can I languish now!—
So near my Wish—Lend me thy Arm, old Seofrid,
To bear me to her—Ha! bound to the Rack!
Merciless Dogs—ye most pernicious Slaves!
And stand ye stupid, haggard and amaz'd!
Fly swift as Thought, and set her free this Moment,
Or by my injur'd Love, a Name more sacred
Than all your Function knows, your Gods and you,
Your Temples, Altars, and your painted Shrines,
Your holy Trumpery, shall blaze together.

[They unbind Ethelinda.

Rod. 'Tis vain to rave and curse my Fortune now.
Thou native Greatness of my Soul befriend me,
And help me now to bear it as I ought.

King. The feeble Lamp of Life shall lend its Blaze,
To light me—thus far—only—and no farther.

[Falling at Ethelinda's Feet.

Yet I look up, and gaze on those bright Eyes,
As if I hop'd to gather Heat from thence,
Such as might feed the vital Flame for ever.

Ethe. Alas! you faint! your hasty Breath comes
short,

And the red Stream runs gushing from your Breast,
Call back your Thoughts from each deluding Passion,
And wing your parting Soul for her last Flight;
Call back your Thoughts to all your former Days,

To

To ev'ry unrepented Act of Evil ;
And sadly deprecate the Wrath Divine.

King. Oh ! my fair Teacher, you advise in vain ;
The Gods and I have done with one another.

This Night I mean to rival them in Happiness.
Spite of my Brother, and thy cruel Coldness,
This Night I meant t'have past within thy Arms.

Ethe. Oh ! Horror !

King. But 'tis gone : 'Those envious Gods
Have done their worst, and blasted all my Hopes ;
They have despoil'd me of my Crown and Life,
By a Slave's Hand——But I forgive 'em that.
Thee——they have robb'd me of my Joys in thee——
Have trod me down to wither in the Grave.——

See. My Master, and my King !

King. Old Man, no more :
I have not leisure for thy Grief——Farewell——
Thou, *Aribert*——shall live, and wear my Crown——
Take it, and be as curst with it as I was.

But *Ethelinda*, she too shall be thine :

That——that's too much. This World has nothing in it
So good to give—the next may have—I know not——

[*The King dies.*]

Ari. There fled the fierce, untam'd, disdainful Soul.
Turn thee from Death, and rise, my gentle Love ;
A Day of Comfort seems to draw upon us,
And Heav'n at length is gracious to our Wishes.

Ethe. So numberless have been my daily Fears,
And such the Terrors of my Sleepless Nights,
That still, methinks, I doubt th'uncertain Happiness :
Tho' at the Music of thy Voice, I own,
My Soul is hush'd, it sinks into a Calm,
And takes sure Omen of its Peace from thee.

Ofw. To end your Doubts, your Brother, the brave
Lucius, [To *Ethelinda*.]
Will soon be here : Ev'n now he sends me word,
Fierce *Offa* and the *Saxons* fly before him ;
The conqu'ring *Britons* fence you round from Danger,
And Peace and Safety wait upon your Loves.

Ari. Nor you, fair Princess, frown upon our Happiness.

Still

Still shall my grateful Heart retain your Goodness,
And still be mindful of the life you gave.
Nor must you think yourself a Pris'ner here :
Whene'er you shall appoint, a Guard attends,
To wait you to your Brother's Camp with Honour.

Rod. Yes, I will go ; fly, far as Earth can bear me,
From thee, and from the Face of Man for ever.
Curst be your Sex, the Cause of all our Sorrows ;
Curst be your Looks, your Tongues, and your false Arts,
That cheat our Eyes, and wound our easy Hearts ;
Curst may you be for all the Pains you give,
And for the scanty Pleasures we receive ;
Curst be your Brutal Pow'r, your tyrant Sway,
By which you bend, and force us to obey.
Oh Nature ! partial Goddess, let thy Hand
Be just for once, and equal the Command ;
Let Woman once be Mistress in her turn,
Subdue Mankind beneath her haughty Scorn ;
And Smile to see the proud Oppressor Mourn.

[Exit Rodogune,

Osw. The Winds shall scatter all those idle Curses
Far, far away from you, while ev'ry Blessing
Attends to crown you. From your happy Nuptials,
From royal *Aribert*, of *Saxon* Race,
Join'd to the Fairest of the *British* Dames,
Methinks I read the People's future Happiness ;
And *Britain* takes its Pledge of Peace from you.

Ethe. Nor are those pious Hopes of Peace in vain ;
Since I have often heard a holy Sage,
A venerable, old, and Saint-like Hermit,
With Visions often blest, and often in Thought
Rapt to the highest, brightest Seats above,
Thus, with Divine, Prophetic Knowledge fill'd,
Disclose the Wonders of the Times to come.
Of royal Race a *British* Queen shall rise,
Great, Gracious, pious, fortunate and Wise ;
To distant Lands she shall extend her Fame,
And leave to latter Times a mighty Name :
Tyrants shall fall, and faithless Kings shall bleed ;
And Groaning Nations by her Arms be freed,

And

But chief this happy Land her Care shall prove,
And find from her a more than Mother's Love.

From hostile Rage she shall preserve it free,
Safe in the Compass of her ambient Sea :

Tho' fam'd her Arms in many a cruel Fight,
Yet most in peaceful Arts she shall delight,
And her chief Glory shall be to UNITE. }

Picts, Saxons, Angles, shall no more be known,
But *Briton* be the noble Name alone.

With Joy their ancient Hate they shall forego,
While Discord hides her baleful Head below ;
Mercy, and Truth, and Right she shall maintain,

And ev'ry Virtue crowd to grace her Reign :

Auspicious Heav'n on all her Days shall smile,

And with eternal UNION blest her *British* Isle.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who Acted
E T H E L I N D A.

TH E *Business of the Day being now gone through,*
I quit the Saint, and am like one of you :
As well to look to, tho' not quite so Good ;
I bate in Spirit, but keep my Flesh and Blood.
The Moral of this Play, being rightly scann'd,
Is, He that leaves his none dear Wife is damn'd.
I leave to you to make the Application :
The Doctrine, tho' a little out of Fashion,
May be of use in this same sinful Nation.
What think you of the Matter ? which of you
Would for his Spouse, like my true Turtle do ?
When wealth and Beauty both at once importune,
Who would not leave his Wife to make his Fortune ?
To some I know it may appear but oddly :
That this place, of all others, should turn godly :
But what of That ? since some good Souls there are
Would gladly be instructed any where ;
Nor should you scorn the Weakness of the Teacher,
The wisest Man is not the ablest Preacher.
Ev'n we, poor Women, have sometimes the Pow'r,
Read as you are, and rich in Learning's Store,
To teach you Men what you ne'er knew before,
To no enthusiastic Rage we swell,
Nor Foam, nor act Tom Tumbler out of Zeal.
But tho' we don't pretend to Inspiration,
Yet like the Prophets of a Neighbour Nation,
Our Teaching chiefly lies in Agitation.

Perhaps,

E P I L O G U E.

*Perhaps, indeed, such are your wand'ring Brains,
Our Author might have spar'd his tragic Pains,
By that you've sup'd, and are set into Drinking;
Some sweeter Matters will employ your Thinking;
With Nymphs divine, writ on each Glass before ye,
You'll be but little better for our Story.*

*But since the parting Hour, tho' late, will come,
And all of yours at least as I presume,
May find some kind, instructive She at home,
Then Curtain Lectures will, I hope, be read,
These Morals then, which from your Thoughts were fled,
Shall be put home to you, and taught a-bed.*

F I N I S.

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THE
B I T T E R.
A
C O M E D Y.

*Sed quid opus teneras Mordaci radere vero
Auriculas ? Videſis, ne majorum tibe fortè
Limina frigescant ; ſonat hic de nare canina
Litera.*

Perſ. Sat. 1.



D U B L I N :

Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-Alley*, ROBERT BELL, in *Stephen Street*, JOHN MITCHELL, in *Sycamore-Alley*, and JAMES WILLIAMS, in *Skin-ner-Row*, M,DCC,LXIV.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

YOU, *who in furious Factions take delight,*
Know, you are not to be regal'd to-night ;
Those Scenes do not one sparing Blow afford,
But Peace and Moderation is the Word :
No Side, nor Man on either Side, is hit,
We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit,
And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong, you're hit.
Nor let the well-bred Man, of Parts and Taste,
Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast ;
Expect no sprightly Turns nor Language here,
But rest contented with your homely Chear,
'Tis such as we could get at Croydon Fair.
Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,
Where Beaux and Belles and gentler Wits resort,
Biters indeed ! and of the better sort.

To bare bamboozling we may chance pretend,
Or by the Christen Name to catch a Friend ;
But to some happier Wit we leave to tell,
Of those who in true Biting most excel,
For that great Work old Bards shall rise again,
And the Sicilian Maids renew the lofty Strain.

Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spite
In you, who judge of Comedy, or write ;
For tho' fond Parents on their Offspring dote,
And ev'ry Idiot Author loves the Brat he got ;
Yet ours gives freely up his Petit Piece,
And swears that you may use it as you please.
Nay, should you take his Drolling in good part,
He owns this only as a youthful Start,
And sets no Claim up to the Comic Art.
So when keen Patriots pursue the Chace,
The shifting Statesman yields and sues for Grace,
And to preserve his Carcase quits his Place.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

OF all the Taxes which the Poet pays,
Those Funds of Verse, none are so hard to raise
As Prologues and as Epilogues to Plays.
So many mighty Wits are gone before,
They've rifled all the Muses sacred Store;
Like Conqu'ring Armies thro' the Province pass'd,
Swept all, and left it ruin'd, void, and waste,
Yet, Conscientious You can still demand
Large Contributions from the wretched Land;
Expect that we should still pursue the Theme,
Tho' you deny to us, what you allow'd to them.

Bold Satyr then you did permit to reign,
Satyr, that Noise and Nonsense could restrain;
Then to be pleas'd and taught the Hearers came,
They got Instruction, and the Poet Fame.
Then Strephon's Verse to either Sex gave Law,
And charm'd the Fair, and kept the Fools in Awe.
But now, for Reasons to yourselves best known,
Your Father's Wit and Pleasures you disown;
Hither ye Herds of Fools securely come;
Prologue and Epilogue,
Your ancient Foes, are muzzled now and dumb.

We Women think it hard, when Laws prevail,
That take away our Privilege to rail;
Maids, Wives, and Mistresses, assert the Cause,
In spite of Reformation and the Laws:
And tho' the censured Stage no Tales must tell,
Yet Visiting-Days and Tea may do as well.
Henceforth, in solemn Meetings of the Fair,
Our own dear Sex and all their Failings spare;

Let

EPILOGUE.

*Let no ill-natur'd She severely say
What hideous ill-dress'd Things she saw that Day :
Let envious Ugliness no more reprove
Her fairer Friend's successful Pow'r in Love ;
But let each able Tongue do all she can,
Let Satyr be the Word, and the whole Subject Man.*

*Tell of dull Knights, sad Squires, and wretched Cits,
Displaying Poets, and Brisk biting Wits ;
Then say what Wine, what Friends, what choice Delights,
Employ their dull Days, and yet duller Nights ;
Last ev'ry Fool of ev'ry Kind and Fashion,
And be the true Reformers of the Nation.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Timothy Tallapoy</i> , An <i>East-India</i>	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Merchant, very Rich, in Love with <i>Mariana</i> , a great Affecter of the <i>Chi- nese</i> Customs,		
<i>Pinch</i> , A Biting Squire,		Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
<i>Clerimont</i> , Nephew to Sir <i>Timothy</i> ,		Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Friendly</i> , In Love with <i>Angelica</i> ,		Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
<i>Scribblecrabble</i> , A City Solicitor,		Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Bandileer</i> . A Foot Soldier,		Mr. <i>Knap</i> .
<i>Trick</i> , Servant to <i>Friendly</i> ,		Mr. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .
<i>Grumble</i> , Servant to <i>Pinch</i> ,		Mr. <i>Trout</i> .
<i>Bobee</i> , Servant to Sir <i>Timothy</i> ,		Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Stale</i> , An affected amorous old	}	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
Widow,		
<i>Mariana</i> , Privately marry'd to <i>Cleri- mont</i> , and related to <i>Friendly</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Angelica</i> , Daughter to Sir <i>Timothy</i> ,		
Mrs. <i>Clever</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Mountfort</i> .
Mrs. <i>Scribblecrabble</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
		Mrs. <i>Lawson</i> .

Servants belonging to Sir *Timothy*, Two Whores.

SCENE CROYDON.

THE
B I T T E R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. **F***riendly* stays somewhat long, for so passionate a Person as he seems to be. This Laziness in Love looks as if Matrimony had gone before, and the best part of the Business had been over.—— Oh *Trick!*

Enter Trick.

Where's your Master?

Trick. He'll be here in a minute, Sir; just got rid of a little Misfortune that follows him.

Cler. Misfortune! What Misfortune?

Trick. My Lady *Stale*.

Cler. The Devil! Is she with him?

Trick. Too true, Sir: —— Your ancient Gentlewoman is a tenacious Animal——they seldom lose their hold 'till they have drawn Blood;——tho' to give my Master his due, he lives after a frank manner enough with her;——he'll make no scruple of dropping her, leave her to dabble about the Fair by herself, at the first Stop she makes; we shall have him here presently——See, didn't I tell you so, Sir?

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Dear *Clerimont*, I have Ten Thousand Pardons;

dons to beg of you ; I trespass upon your Patience at a strange rate.

Cler. Dear Sir, truce with your Compliments ; and if you please, let us come to the Matter in Hand—Yon new House is my Uncle's.

Trick. 'Twou'd ha' made your Honour a pretty Seat, if you had not fallen out with him.

Cler. He has been there with his Daughter these Three Days, ——— you are in love with her, have a mind to marry her, ——— he's a fantastical obstinate old Fellow, and resolves against parting either with her or his Money, but to a Coxcomb of his own choosing ; who (by the way) came down in the same Coach with me to day, ——— so that unless we can find out some Stratagem to make an Afs of him, and a happy Man of you, poor *Angelica* must die a Maid, or marry the Fool, as aforesaid.

Friend. In order to that we have already taken all measures, tho' I must own I apprehend some Difficulty in the Execution of 'em. ——— Did the Booby Lover that came with you, know you ?

Cler. Not at all. ——— I'll assure you he's a most extraordinary Person, and a Bitter, as his miserable Fellow-Travelers, the very Coachman, and indeed every body we met upon the Road, found to their Cost.

Friend. The Devil he is ! That new Generation of Wags are the most insufferable Teizers ! ——— It happens luckily enough ; for your Uncle has met with 'em some where or other, and I suppose has been bit to the purpose, for at the very mention of the Word, swears 'tis a villanous Design to corrupt all our Morality, and breed up our Youth in the Practice of early Lying ; he hopes to see it made Felony by Act of Parliament. ——— I perceive my Rival will hardly prove so formidable as we took him to be.

Trick. Fear nothing, Sir ; Rug's the Word, all's safe. For the old Gentleman, leave him to me. This fair-time gives his Country Neighbours a Liberty of coming to his House, tho' the inside of it at another time is as hard to be seen as a fortified Place in the time of War, ——— but the Devil's in him if he can keep us out now : ——— I have engaged two or three very pretty Fellows here of the Town to be of the Party with us, smart Dogs for
the

the contriving part, and of most invincible passive Courage to go thro' with the Execution,——they have had the Honour to be beaten black and blue in several Adventures already.

Cler. For the rest, the lovely *Mariana*, your charming Kinswoman, has engag'd a notable Limb of the Law, a City Solicitor, in your Interests;——if there be any thing in his way of Roguery to do you Service you may depend upon him. My Uncle is luckily enough too in Love with *Mariana*, to a very ridiculous Extravagance; and when a Woman of Wit and Beauty has an old Fellow under those Circumstances, she seldom fails of a Secret to make him pliant.

Friend. But can you, who are so delicate a Lover, allow *Mariana* to make any advances to this extravagant Uncle of your's?

Cler. To trust you then with a Secret of the last Importance, you must know I have been marry'd to her this Week.

Friend. To *Mariana*!

Cler. She has made me the happiest Man in the World.

Friend. Does your Uncle know any thing of this Matter?

Cler. Not a Syllable, I have been so long upon scurvy Terms with him, that I thought'twou'd be to little purpose to ask his Consent.

Trick. Sir, Sir, as I live, yonder's Mrs. *Clever*;——Mr. *Clerimont* is in Disgrace with his Uncle, and I being in somewhat scoundrelish, or, as your Honour calls it, [*To Cler.*] scurvy Terms with him myself, what if we shou'd retain her for an opening Council towards him?

Cler. Ha! lucky enough.

Friend. 'Sdeath! She's an intimate Friend of my Lady *Stale*'s.

Trick. Ah dear Sir, she hath a violent Passion for Mooney;——she loves it better, not than any thing, I wo'nt say that of her neither, but than any Friend that ever she had, from her God-fathers and God-mothers to the last new Acquaintance she made.

Cler. Pr'ythee call her——I have been mightily in her books of late.

Trick. Hum ! not altogether so proper just now ; — my Lady *Stale* has join'd her, and they are both coming this way.

Friend. Let's begone ; — I wou'd not see her. — And d'ye hear, Sirrah, contrive some way to rid us of my Lady *Stale* ; — that unlucky amorous Five and Forty Face of her's is a mere Omen of ill Fortune, — I wish we may never meet her 'till our Projects are past crossing.

Trick. I warrant you, Sir : And for Mrs. *Clever*, you may reckon the thing done ; — you may depend upon her, as much as the *French* King does upon his Couffin of *Bavaria*. [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Stale and Mrs. Clever.

Stale. Well, dear *Clever*, never talk, for this *Croydon* is a most insufferable filthy Place.

Clev. There's a great deal of Hurry, Dust, and Noise indeed. And yet so there are at *May Fair* and *Bartholemew Fair*, where all the World come. — Methinks this Place is as diverting as those are, and the People are as merry here as there, tho' they are not so well dress'd.

Stale. Dress'd ! the Creatures ! why Child, Dressing's a reasonable thing — one must have a fine Wit, delicate and well turn'd, to be able to Dress — The Things that come here never think, they love Walnuts and Sack, and fat Goose, and seeing of Monsters, and laughing à *Gorge déployée*, but they never think. — Well, I am perfectly glad I have met thee. — I'll swear I believe I am the only Woman of Condition here. — I'll swear I'm in the last Confusion to think I could have so much Complaisance for *Friendly* to come hither. — I'll swear I believe you must think me furiously fond, to let him engage me in a Party so horribly upon the ridiculous.

Clev. We have dropt him somewhere in the Croud ; and I fancy 'tis that makes you so uneasy. — Come, Madam, confess, is it not Jealousy, rather than Complaisance, engages you in all *Friendly's* Parties ? To give the Man his due, methought he was not so very pressing for your Company hither :

Stale. Jealous ! poor *Clever* ! I jealous of the Fellow ! I swear, Madam, you're as much mistaken, Madam, as perhaps you ever were in your Life, Madam. After all,
when

when one is made so very much to one's Advantage, so agreeable, so handsome, so every thing in the World, and when one has so fine a Discernment to understand it very well one's self, Jealousy is a Passion that perhaps after all is as little troublesome as any Passion in the World.

Clev. Oh, Madam! all the World must confess how bountiful Nature has been to you, even to the last Prodigality of Gifts and Graces.

Stale. Why really, and between Friends, Child, I don't think my Person has done Nature one jot of Discredit — What do you think? ha! as long as good Faces have been in Fashion, she never finish'd one more to her Reputation.

Clev. Ay, ay, Madam, take your Person all together, you have all the reason in the World to be satisfied with it.

Stale. Nay, my Dear, that I am, upon my Word; — for, as I was saying, I think I may, without Affectation, aver that I am handsome, rich, nay and young too, in spite of all the little insignificant World may say to the contrary.

Clev. Why that's true — that same World is the Devil — the ridiculous ways they have got in that World! — You shall have 'em, when they are vex'd at their Hearts that they grow old themselves, fancy that every Body else grows old in Proportion as they do: You shall have 'em, because they happen'd to Dance at a Ball with a Woman, in the merry Days of King *Charles* the Second, cry, Smoke the reverend Gentlewoman; tho' she has as much Cherry colour'd Ribbon, and black Hair fruz'd out as any Toast of 'em all, and never miss'd the Front Box of a new Play these Thirty Years.

Stale. The World is full of Impertinences — but you may take my Word for it, that I am young, very young.

Clev. Oh dear Madam! you don't think there is any occasion to convince me of it?

Stale. No, Child, not at all as to that; — but besides now, besides all these Accomplishments, I ought to pique myself somewhat upon my Birth and Family.

Clev. Why, that is very hard now, as to this damn'd World again.

Stale.

Stale. As how, dear *Clever*?

Clev. As how? why that there should be such a thing as Scandal——that Virtue and Merit, like your Ladyship's should run the Gantlet thro' so many Visiting Days every Week.——Why, I believe I have heard a thousand People say, that you never had Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, Sister or Brother, that yourself or any other Body knew of——nay, not so much as a Husband, tho' your Ladyship has had the Misfortune to be a disconsolate Widow for so many Years last past.

Stale. This is pleasant, I vow! but dear *Clever*, this is particularly pleasant—the ridiculous World! as if every Body did not know my Family——I'd have 'em to comprehend I have two as fine young Gentlemen as ever wore Gowns at the University——the worst of 'em (and indeed I think that is *Jeremy*) the worst of them understands *Hebrew*——And then my Niece at *Hackney* is the prettiest witty Creature.

Clev. Ah, Madam, 'tis not your Fertility is in Question, no Body can have the Impudence to dispute that Part of your Family——Your Posterity is all safe, but 'tis concerning your illustrious Ancestors that the Doubt is rais'd.

Stale. Folly to the last degree!——I swear you begin to be mighty entertaining.

Clev. You'll pardon me, Madam, that I have dealt so very freely with your Ladyship——You'll allow for the Sincerity of Friendship.

Stale. Oh by all means, my Dear, you wrong me to suspect the contrary——I have Wit enough to be above the little Envy of those talking things——besides I am Rich, have a Fortune, *Argent Comptant*, Child.

Clev. A Fortune!

Stale. Ay, *Clever*, a Fortune.

Clev. Nay, then I don't wonder at your being above what the World can say of you.——Positively no Body can be out of Humour that has Money enough.

Stale. I think I have some kind of an Inclination to Mr. *Friendly*——the Man loves me to Folly;——I am pleas'd he should do so, and, in short, I intend he shall marry me within these two Days.

Clev.

Clev. Well, Madam, I wish you good Success—but the World, that has been so ill-natur'd to dispute one Husband with you, may try to hinder you of another—therefore have a care, and make sure of your Man while you can have him.—Between the Wars abroad, and the many pressing Occasions at home, Men are scarce.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. My Lady *Stale*! Is it possible that I should meet you here?

Stale. *Mariana*! this is the very Predestination of good Fortune—my Dear, Dear, incomparable Dear! —But Child! what, are you alone?

Mar. Oh, no, Madam,—the Diversions of this Place draw so much Company to 'em, that 'twould be almost impossible to come alone, especially in a Stage-Coach—To deal freely with you, I came hither upon an Engagement with Mr. *Clerimont*.

Stale. And the rest of your Company?

Mar. Gallant and engaging to the last degree. A Templar, a Lady of Wit and Pleasure, and a notable Man of Business out of the City.

Clev. I suppose your Ladyship can give a very good Account of the Inns-of-Court-Gallantry?

Mar. Oh, Mrs. *Clever*, your Servant.—You have brought your usual Good-humour hither, I see.

Clev. I am always very much at your Service, Madam.

Stale. Well, but how have you dispos'd of your Company?

Mar. All dispers'd—my young Squire was taken up with four or five fine Ladies in Masks.

Stale. And your Lady of Pleasure?

Mar. With a knot of Rakes.—And my Man of Business is engag'd in an Affair of Consequence.

Stale. An Affair of Consequence at *Croydon*?

Mar. Ay, I'll assure you, and very great too.—A Whim took him to give himself a t'other End o' the Town kind of an Air, and he wou'd not pay the Coachman—whereupon—

Clev. I suppose he beat him.

Mar. Even so from Top to Toe—he had just finish'd him when I left 'em.

Stale.

Stale. Very pleasant!— But, my Dear, have you met with no Adventure yourself?

Mar. Oh with a very good one, I assure you : — A Grenadier of the Guards proffer'd to treat me with burnt Brandy and Sauages.

Clew. Very gallant!

Stale. Oh shocking! But 'tis like the horrible Place— I swear, my Dear, we ought never to be forgiven for coming hither.

Clew. Oh dear Madam, be compos'd, I beseech you— my Life on't, you meet with none of those Insolences— Such little wild young Creatures as *Mariana* can't avoid the Impertinence of an impudent young Fellow; but he must be a Grenadier indeed that would attack your Ladyship.

Enter Mr. Scribblescrabble, bloody and dirty.

Mar. Ah dear Mr. *Scribblescrabble*! I rejoice to see you——— I am glad you're got out of the Clutches of that unmerciful pounding Coachman.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, your Slave, your Slave, nothing in the Earth, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Stale. Is this the Lawyer, Child?

Mar. The same.

Scrib. One always meets with your me-me-merry Wags, and your comical Jo-Jokes, Madam, at Fairs and such like Places;——— for my part, I came a pu-pu-pu-purpose.——

Mar. To be beaten? A very whimsical Design, very far from a Jest, and in my Opinion went off very tragically on your Side.

Scrib. Not at all, Madam, not at all, a Te-Te Trifle, a Trifle.

Mar. Your Nose bleeds sadly.

Scrib. Nothing at all, very good, very wholesome;— I always bleed Spring and Fall.

Clew. Men of Gallantry turn every thing into good Humour and Mirth:—— I know Mr. *Scribblescrabble* of old, always a Wag.

Scrib. Ah! *Na-Na-Nanny! Nanny Clewer!* By *Jer-Je-Jericho* I am glad to see thee.

Clew. He's a great Man at Adventures.—— the Earthing Pye-houses in *Moorfields* ring of him.

Stale.

Stale. Well, to have Adventures is always a Mark of a Man of Condition. Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, give me leave to felicitate your good Fortune.

Mar. Ah dear Madam you don't know him. ——— He's intimate with all the agreeable Rakes about Town, wears a lac'd Hat with a smart Pinch in Vocation-time, and plays at Picket at the *Temple Chocolate-houses*.

Scrib. Tr-~~u~~truly, Madam, if it were not discountenanc'd in the City, I do think a de-de-demy Castor, with a fashionable Edging, a very Ge-Ge-Gentleman-like kind of an Ornament.

Clev. He is a very Terror to all the Husbands of the Ward he lives in, ——— two Chandlers Wives, besides a Haberdasher of small Ware's Daughter, have been turn'd out of Doors for him within this Half Year.

Scrib. Ah me-me-mere Wagery, Sc-Sc Scandal. — What shou'd the Ladies see in me?

Clev. Oh that Spirit that will, that agreeable Freedom.

Clev. Something of a fr-fr-frank manner, Madam; ah, ah, ah, but what's that, wh-what's that, Madam? — But how come you to know me! I value myself upon being close.

Clev. What, d'ye think the World knows nothing? — But besides, whatsoever he says, he loves to make a noise with his Adventures.

Scrib. Aa, fy, fy, fy, — no, no, no.

[*Making an ugly face.*]

Stale. Pretty Expressions of his Passion!

Clev. Then 'tis the little peevishest Creature, rather not quarrel he'll quarrel and box with his Mistress herself; then she, you know, naturally resists, then an Up-roar, out comes the Prentices. ———

Stale. What! engage with the Domesticks?

Clev. Up with Paring-shovels, Blows abound, and the Lover is ruefully beaten for the Close of his Adventure.

Mar. Suffering for the Ladies is gallant; and you see Love is his *Foible*. But what says poor Maddam *Scribblescrabble* to all this?

Scrib. A a a.

Stale. His Wife? What? has he a Wife? Oh unfaithful Mr. *Scribblescrabble*!

Scrib. Na-na name her not, name her not, I say.
Clev.

Clev. Marry but we will tho' — since, to her Praise be it spoken, she's an Example to the whole Parish for Patience and good Housewifery.

Scrib. Shall I tell you? My Dru-Drudge, my Convenience, my patient *Grissel*,—she in the Be-Be-Ballad was a Type of her, and I am her n-n-noble Marquis, her Lord, her great *Turk*, by *Je-Jericho*.

Stale. What a barbarous little gallant Person it is!

Mar. Why didn't you bring her with you To-day?

Scrib. What, about Bu-Bu Bus'ness?—Inco-co-congruous, Madam—No, I left her, I left her—

Clev. Pensively at home, I warrant you.

Scrib. Mending the foul Clothes, and the Childrens Stockings; — but let us leave her to her Co-Co-Cowheel and Pint of Ale, and talk of other matters — Have you seen Mem-Mem-Mr.—? [To Mariana.

Mar. aside.] Hush! a Word with you,—No naming of Names —hark in your Ear.

[Mariana *whispers* Scribblescrabble.

Clev. You see, Madam, what a base World it is, how false the Men, and how miserable the Women are:—The very *Scribblescrabbles* of the City have got into the way of despising their Wives.

Stale. 'Tis too true, Child; and there are very few in this fantastical Age, that the greatest Merit can oblige to Constancy: —And if I didn't think *Friendly* a Man that had a very exact *Gout* for Merit, one that enter'd very far into Merit, extremely far, almost as far as 'tis possible for one to enter into Merit, I should hardly trust myself in his, or any Man's Hands.

Clev. Look ye, Madam, he may enter into Merit as far as another, I don't dispute that, Madam; but how will you keep him from being weary of Merit, and having his Belly full of Merit, as they say, getting rid of Merit, turns Merit off again?

Stale. For that, Child, I trust to my Merit, 'tis my own, I know it, and I trust to it.

Clev. Matrimony's an uncertain Game.

Stale. 'Tis so,—But you know we Women love Play.—Besides, Raillery apart, my Physicians tell me, that I shall never be free from the Tooth-ach, Vapours, and a Scurvy Humour that haunts me Spring and Fall, 'till,

ah!

ah! ah! (you'll pardon the Misfortune of my Constitution) 'till I have another Child.—Nay, they say if I had Twins 'twould be better, and go more to the Bottom of my Distemper.

Clev. Nay then you had best get your Ingredients together, and go into the Course as soon as possible, for fear the Season of Physick should be over.

Stale. My Dear, I see you're busy. [*To Mariana.*] We'll go on before.

Mar. But a Word, Madam, and I wait on you.

Stale. *Clever* and I'll wa'k on before—you'll overtake us before we get to the Monsters,—— I have a strange Fancy for Monsters.

Clev. Did your Ladyship ever see the *Mantegur*!

Stale. Oh dear no!—he was a very obscene Monster—he was obscene, rude, very rude and beastly—but the *Womantegur*——

Clev. His Lady?

Stale.—— was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit.—— This is her Day, I believe; if she sees Company here, we'll visit her.

Clev. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. *Friendly's* Bounty; — for *Clerimont's* Uncle, I'll undertake he shall set his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib. 'Tis enough; they are here in pu-pu-presto in my green Bag here; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar. For that I can inform you——he writes himself Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* of *Kingquangcungxi*.

Scrib. What a pu-pu plaguy Pagan N-Name is that for a Protestant Pu-Pu-Parish!

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new House he has built hard by here. You must know he has got his Estate by the *China* Trade in the *East-Indies*, and at that time grew so fantastically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit and every thing that relates to those People, that he prefers 'um not only before those of his own Country, but all the World besides. 'Tis ridiculous enough to see how he makes himself be dress'd and serv'd exactly after the *Chinese* manner.

Scrib.

Scrib. Ve very whimsical, fe-fe-faith and troth.

Mar. But husht!—here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch and two Women in Masks.

Pinch. You tell me you are very passionate ———

1 Mask. What, are you such a Monster not to believe me when I swear?

Pinch. It is really inconsistent.—You have known me but two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bamboozle me out of a Beef Stake.

1 Mask. Not for that, my Dear, indeed;—but if we should dine together we should be so facetious—and I can tell you something of somebody that lodges at the *Black-boy and Still* in a certain Place.

2 Mask. Hark ye, Madam, come away, Madam.—We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

1 Mask. No, pray stay, Madam; I'll assure you Madam, I know the Gentleman,——he is a Relation of mine, and ——

Pinch. Bite!

2 Mask. What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch. Why then I tell you No —— And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

2 Mask. Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam;—there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound*——she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Cheapside*, shall treat us both.—Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [Exeunt Masks.]

Mar. Mr. *Pinch*, your Servant;——I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd——you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh no, dear Madam, by no means, Madam—I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam,—Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Biter, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear Madam, excuse me for that——no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great Part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Humour.—We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little.

Pinch. Why as thus; suppose now I should say Sir *Simon Snuffle* was a Wit.

Mar. A Wit! a Politician indeed, and a smart little Gentleman; but for a Wit. ———

Pinch. Bite! there 'tis now——Why he's no more a Wit than I am a Politician. Or now if I should say I am going to *Moscow*, or that I am to be Lord Mayor, or that the Cham of *Tartary*'s my Cousin-German, that the Pope's a Whig, and the *French* King a Reformer, Beauty to be abolish'd, and Matrimony and ugly Faces to prevail; How! say you with a grave Face indeed; Bite, says I—that's all;—you see it is the easiest thing in the World.

Scrib. Me me-mighty easy, se-se-Faith and Troth.—Why this is nothing but Lying—Here I have been a Biter, Man and Boy, these Thirty Years, and never knew it.

Mar. Well, I see you are a true Biter, and a right Wit of the Age, by winding up your Jest with Matrimony—but have you been a Sufferer by the Ladies, that you speak so ill of their Profession?

Pinch. Pardon me, not at all, Madam, only for the Grace of Wit, and to make up the troll of the Sentence, as merrily conceited Persons are us'd to do. I am Matrimony's humble Servant, came down to this very individual Town of *Croydon* to pay my Respects to it, and am to subscribe myself Matrimony's Bond-slave to-morrow.

Mar. And who is the Nymph that is to be made happy?

Pinch. Happy! ha, ha, Bite, Madam, — I am to be married indeed, but no Body's to be made happy.

Mar. You are such a Wag one does'nt know where to have you.—Well, but who is it that is to have the Honour of being your bitten Bride, — for bit she will be, that I foresee already.

Pinch. Right, Madam, for, as you say, I shall bite her, tho' she be Bone of my Bone never so much ———

You

You must know 'tis one Madam *Angelica*, Daughter to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, a rich Merchant hard by here.

Mar. Handsome to a Miracle, I suppose,

Pinch. 'Egad I don't know, that's as the Fates shall appoint—for you must know I never saw her nor her Father in my Life; nor heard of them till within these Three Days, when a Comical old Fellow, a Father of mine in the Country, sends a Servant of his, one *Gregory Grumble* by Name, (whom, by the way, I bit Seven times before he could tell how my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, my Uncles and Aunts, and the rest of my Relations in the Country did) to tell me that he had agreed with a Gentleman for a Wife for me.—I receiv'd the News, bit the Bearer again, and then sent him to notify to my Father-in-Law that is to be.

Mar. And in Consequence thereof you are come down hither?

Pinch. To bite the Old Gentleman and the rest of my *Croydonian* Relations, consummate with his Daughter, and beget a biting Generation for the Benefit of Posterity.

Mar. aside to *Scrib.*] You see this is your Man——before you don't lose Sight of him.

Scrib. *Te-te-tace's* the Word, Madam, —— a Word to the Wife——I'll be-be-bite him, I warrant you.

Mat. You're so intent upon this Fair Lady, that I'm afraid we must despair of your good Company.

Pinch. For that Fair Lady you speak of, time enough——I'll marry her to-morrow time enough. I'll warrant you—I'll marry her——Can she desire more?——But for you, Madam, I would forsake the greatest Princess upon the Earth, tho' she were fair as the blushing Morn——or——

Mar. Oh dear! this is a very particular Piece of Gallantry,——but you Men of Wit and Pleasure are so engaging ——

Pinch. For really, Madam, since the first happy Minute I had the Honour to know you——

Mar. Which was about two Hours ago. [*Aside.*

Pinch. I have really had the greatest Inclination in the World to profess myself, Madam, your Ladyship's most profound humble Servant.

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Mar. Nay, I swear this is too much—I would not make your Lady jealous for the World.

Pinch. Madam, shall I tell your Ladyship without a Bite, and by the solemn Powers, I am passionate and sincere?

Mar. I have a strange Inclination to take you at your Word.

Pinch. Od! so do—here am I that will make it out.

Mar. Give me your Hand—I'll have a good Opinion of my Beauty, and intrench upon your Bride's Prerogative; for this Day I receive you for my Servant, and if you don't like me when that's over, as well as you do now, shall repair to your Lady Mistress at Night, and be married to-morrow for your Punishment.

Pinch. Od! I like this mightily—strangely—Faith—Od! there's a good deal of Conceit in it—It's like a Carnival before *Lent*—or a—

Mar. Come hang Similes—we'll join the rest of our Company, and be as merry as the Day's long.

Pinch. Or like—or hold—stay—or like a Biting and a Beating, or like Laughing and Crying, or like fair Weather and foul, or like riding in a Coach and going a-foot afterwards—or like—

Mar. Phoo! Phoo—Come along, I'll warrant you—

Pinch. Or like—Od! I don't know—like somewhat that's very merry and very melancholy—But, as you say, hang Similes, and so come along. [Exeunt.

A S O N G.

I.

CLOE blusht, and frown'd, and swore,
And puss'd me rudely from her.
I call'd her perjur'd, faithless Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

II.

But when I rose and would begone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon saw; now we're alone,
Do what you will with Cloe.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy, Two or Three Servants ridiculously habited hailing in Grumble.

Sir *Tim.* **L**OOK ye, Sirrah, I will put you into the Hands of the *Tutang*, which is, according to Interpretation, the Officer that delighteth in Justice, which is, according to *English* Expression, the Constable of *Croydon* : ——— I'll see whether the Laws of this Land, as corrupt as they are, will allow you in Enormities like these.

Grum. Yauft charge the Constable wi' ma' ——— Yauft put me i' th' Stoucks now ! Maister's Worship, Sir *Peter Pinch's* Worship, and my Lady *Pinch's* Worship, and young Maister *Pinch's* Worship, the young Squire's Worship, they'll take't hudge kaindly o' yaur Worship to put their Man i' th' Stoucks for bracking the Boble there.

Sir *Tim.* Profane Rascal ! Sirrah ! It was the Pagode, or Representation of the great *Callafusu*, who was Nephew to the great *Fillimaso*, who was descended from the illustrious *Fokienfi*, who was the first Inventor of eating Rice upon Platters. ——— Sirrah ! if you had been at *Nanquin*, or the great City of *Xamfi*, you had suffer'd Death, Sirrah ! Death, you Varlet !

Enter Angelica.

Ang. How now ? What's the Matter ? What has this Fellow done, that he is taken into Custody ?

Sir *Tim.* The Pagode, the Pagode, he has broken the great Pagode.

Aug. Is that all ?

Sir *Tim.* Get you in, Hussy, incontinently I say : — You have not that Regard and Veneration for Things which deserve Regard and Veneration, which any civilly, modestly, or virtuously dispos'd Person may have, can have, must have, and ought to have, Hussy.

Grum. Yauft mak such a Raut and a Hurly-burly, an yauft no stay till young Maister come ——— here ———

I'll

I'll pay for't—I'll pay for't aut of my awn Pocket,
 —here bauby another. [Offering Money.
 Here's a Rant with a *Railazu* and a *Zu*, with a Pox.

[Aside.

Sir *Tim*. Monster of a Fellow! — Take him away
 from my Sight—Confine him in the lowest Part of the
 Edifice, ev'n in the Cellar—away with him I say.

[Exit Servants with Grumble.

His Master will be here to-day, and I will demand Jus-
 tice of him—I will demand Two Hundred and Seventy
 odd Blows on his Belly, Three hundred on his Breech,
 and Four Hundred and Twenty Nine on the Soles of his
 Feet.—Well, Mistress, have you dispos'd yourself in-
 continently to marry the *Mandarin* Mr. *Pinch* to-morrow,
 according to my Commands?

Ang. To-morrow, Sir? to-morrow's very soon.

Sir *Tim*. By the Majesty of *Pekin*, an' vou mutter,
 Hussy, I'll have you marry'd to-night, and then you'll
 be out of your Pain by to-morrow.

Ang. Pain, Sir?—Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis not the
 matter of the Pain, Sir, nor the being out of the Pain,
 that I stand upon; but upon my Word, 'tis a very hard
 thing to be forced to marry a Man one don't like.

Sir *Tim*. Most provoking impertinence—to dislike a
 Man before she sees him, only in Opposition to my Pa-
 ternal Authority.—No, Hussy, I know the true Reason
 —'tis not that you dislike him, but because you like
 somebody else;—you have set your Heart upon some
 of those vain frothy young *Mandarins* of that imperial,
 but abominably vicious City of *London*, call'd *Beaux*.

Ang. Upon my Word, Sir.—

Sir *Tim*. Be silent, I say, ——— For aught I know
 you design to join yourself to one of that execrable new
 Sect, which they call the Biters, those Sons of the Ser-
 pent that inhabits in the House of Smoke.—By the
 Great *Lama*, I had as soon seen you married to the Giant
Tanfu, who inhabits in the prodigious Mountains of
Tartary, and eats an hundred and fifty Virgins every
 Day in the Week, but *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and then
 he lives upon old Women, as good Catholicks do upon
 Stock-fish, by way of Mortification.

Ang.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may do what you please with me, but I am sure you shall never make me forget poor Mr. *Friendly*.

Sir Tim. Ah ha ! Said I not so ? Does it go there ?

Ang. For his Estate, 'tis as good as your *Mandarin Pinch's*; and for his Personal Qualifications, I'm sure I know 'em too well not to vindicate 'em against any *Mandarin* in Christendom — I do not know why I should not pluck up a Spirit, and tell this old *Chinese* Father of mine his own. [*Aside*.

Sir Tim. Why hearken to me, my Daughter, (I will reason with her) thou hast been bred up like a virtuous and a sober Maiden, and would'st thou take the Part of a profane Wretch, who sold his Stock out of the Old *East-India* Company, and shew'd his scurrilous Wit in making a Jest of the worshipful Traders ? A scurvy, idle Varlet ! A wicked Varlet ! —

Ang. Well, Sir, if he took his Stock out of one Fund that he was weary of, he'll put it into another that he likes better ; and that's what all the young Fellows about Town do, that understand Business.

Sir Tim. A wicked, wicked Wretch ! — He might have put into the New then, if he did not like the Old, — but to be of neither ! — Talk no more of him — thou wilt put me into a Chase, and it will be the worse for thee. — A naughty ill-principled young Man, to be of neither *East-India* Company !

Ang. Well — but dear, dear Father, will you make me marry this scurvy Fellow I never saw ?

Sir Tim. This is immoderately vexatious — In good truth I am resolved.

Ang. Are you ? — Why then so am I, and let the *Mandarin* look to't.

Sir Tim. What a prodigious thing is the Education of an *English* Damsel !

Ang. [*Aside*.] How fantastical is the Difference between an old Fellow's Judgment, and a young Wench's Inclinations ! — Od ! I have a good Mind to speak out.

To Sir Tim. I must marry him then, you say ?

Sir Tim. Positively.

Ang. Well, I shall make —

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Sir Tim. A good Wife, I hope, Gentlewoman.

Ang. No—but what's all one, such a scurvy, abominable, whimsical, coxcomical, miserable, oddish, exemplary kind of a Husband of him, that the most potent Cham of *Tartary*, that you us'd to tell us of so, shan't shew his Fellow among all the merry Men in his Country—and so I am resolv'd I'll tell him the first time I see him.

[Exit Angelica.

Sir Tim. Well!—Incontinently this is a most flagitious Age—nothing but Disobedience, Impudence, Debauchery, Biting, and all kind of Wickedness—but no matter;—I will comfort myself after the manner of the sage Philosopher *Tychung*, who liv'd Fifteen Thousand Seven Hundred and Fourteen Years, Two Months and Three Days ago, and let the World rub—I will send forthwith to my Correspondent at *Canton* for a new Pagode—I will marry my Daughter to the young Man I have provided for her—and after that I will incontinently espouse the most amiable *Mariana*, and engender a Male Offspring, who shall drink nothing but the Divine Liquor Tea, and eat nothing but Oriental Rice, and be brought up after the Institutions of the most excellent *Confucius*.—And I will moreover in the mean time divert the melancholy Faculties of my Mind in beholding the Diversions of this numerical *Croydon* Fair—I will behold the most noble Exercise of Dancing on the Ropes—I have beheld it with Delight in the flourishing Empire of *China*, I will behold it here again,—But lo! here are of the Frequenters of this Place—they seem *Lipous*, or Men of Rank—I will salute them according to the manner of the most glorious and wise City of *Peking*.

Enter Pinch, and Scribblecrabble.

Sir Timothy salutes them after the Chinese manner.

Pinch. Come along, my little Scribblecrabble,——we shall find the Ladies somewhere hereabouts——Hey! Who have we here! What, are you the Man with the Wax-works?

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, Sir Timothy Tallapoy. [Aside.

Sir Tim. Young Gentleman, may the Garden of your Graces be ever flourishing——but I delight not in Wax-works.

Pinch. What then, the *Vigo* Plate?

B

Sir

Sir *Tim.* I am ignorant of your Intentions.

Scrib. Hush! Squire, Squire *Pinch!* [*Aside.*

Pinch. Oh ho! What you're the Man that bought the right *Italian* Fairy that was born at *Hampstead?*

Sir *Tim.* I am a *Mandarin* of this Neighbourhood, and delight in a new Mansion.

Scrib. A Wo-Word w'ye. [*Aside to Pinch.*

Pinch. Oh Pox! that's just at the Town's End, with Bottl'd Ale and Collar'd Beef over the Door; the *Suffex* House.

Scrib. Are you me-me-mad! — Come away, I tell you—this is a poor unfortunate Gentleman that's craz'd — He was Mace-bearer to the Lord Chancellor of *Moscow*, and was turn'd out of his Place for having more Wit than his Master—poor Man, happened not to be dull enough to be in with that Ministry, lost his Place, hurt his Head, poor Man!

Pinch. Very strange, Faith! Odd, I'll bite him—I never bit a Mad-man in my Life.

Scrib. Poo, poo! — Come away.

Pinch. By the solemn Powers I will—Old Gentleman, your Servant.

Sir *Tim.* Most flourishing Youth, I congratulate your Arrival at the Village of *Croydon* — Came you from the Imperial City of *London?*

Pinch. Yes, yes, we came from *London.*

Sir *Tim.* And do the most ingenious Imparters of Novelty afford any thing that is new?

Pinch. There's comical News, Faith, in the *Flying Post*—'Tis given out and rumour'd that several great Men, and *Beglerbegs* in the *West-Indies*, have declar'd for the Rebels in *Hungary.*

Sir *Tim.* Sir, shall I tell you? I am not concern'd for any Transactions which are or may be in the *West Indies.* — Sir, you are a Stranger to me, but I deal plainly with you, I am no Friend to any thing in the *West*, and am positively resolv'd, Sir, never to have any thing to do with *Westminster*, *West-Chester*, *West-Smithfield*, or the *West-Indies.* No, Sir, the *East*, I think, is more properly the Concern of every good and honest Man. — You take my Meaning, Sir; and if you have any thing from the *East-Indies*, so, Sir, for to tell you my Mind freely,

I don't think there is a good moral Man on this side the Cape of *Good-hope*.

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, that's much!

Sir Tim. Always excepting some of the worshipful Traders to the aforesaid *East-Indies*.

Pinch. Why, Sir, both the Companies are concern'd in the Project, and are to furnish ———

Sir Tim. Sir, let me tell you, they are a wise and a prudent ———

Pinch. Bite! bite! my Dear.

Sir Tim. How, Sir? why? where? what? meaning whom? [*Staring.*]

Pinch. What? why Bite, Old Gentleman, that's all, Bite!

Scrib. Good lack! how he looks! de-de-dear Squire, come away.

Sir Tim. 'Tis all false! 'tis impossible! 'tis not in Nature! Sir, you're a Son of a Bitch.—Sir, I am a *Mandarin* of the Tribunal of Justice.—I am a Trader to the most excellent Oriental Countries—I never was bit in my Life, nor ever will be bit, that's more, by the Majesty of *Peking*.

Scrib. Dear Squire, have a Care, that's a very hard Stick in his Hand.

Pinch. Let me alone, you shall see I'll fun him—I'll fun him; I warrant you.—Come, old Gentleman, [*To Sir Timothy*] no Harm, only a little Merriment—— I give a Bite, and I take a Bite—bite me again.

Sir Tim. I would as soon commit Felony or Treason——I thank a good Conscience, and a virtuous Education, I am none of those: Go, Sir, whoever you are, you're an idle young Man—and your Parents—But I say no more! I would not have any Child of mine come near you—for oh Dear—— [*Lifting up his Hands.*]

Pinch. This is foolish enough, faith! this old Fellow is very hellish and very stupid—— What an' I warrant you you take us Biters to be sad Dogs?

Sir Tim. By the Majesty of *Peking*, and so I do—I take you to be worse than Popery, Slavery, Presbytery, Rebellion, Plague, Fire, Famine, and a standing Army to boot.—— What a Condition is this poor Nation in!

What with Plotters in one Place, and Bitters in another, and yet no Body's hang'd for either.

Pinch. What strange Enemies these old Fools are to us Wits—Well 'tis a wonderful thing in Nature, but certainly there are such things as Sympathy and Antipathy.

Sir Tim. I have, I thank my Stars, seen Governments where Immoralities of this kind were Death, Death by the Law.—— There are Princes!—— The King of *Tunquin* and Emperor of *Japan*, and the Serene *Cham*! I would fain see a Man pretend to bite in their Courts.

Pinch. Say you me so? Od! would I were well there—I and a Knot of Wags that I know.

Sir Tim. And what would'st thou do before their glorious Thrones?—— why they'd hang thee, hang thee up, thou wretched Puppy!

Pinch. Wou'd they so, old Boy! Come, I'll tell thee what, that's fair,—I'll hold thee an even Wager that I bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*, his Royal Relations, his most Honourable Privy Council, and all his Ministers, from his Lord-Keeper to his Corn-Cutter, within the Space of one Year and Six Months from the Date of these Presents.

Sir Tim. What, his present Majesty?

Pinch. Yea verily.

Sir Tim. The *Cham* that now reigneth?

Pinch. *Cham* or *Keyfar*, all one to *Peter*, i'faith.

Sir Tim. You lye, and you're a Rascal.

[*Beating him round the Stage.*]

Pinch. Pshaw! nay! pooh! what's this for?—what I suppose if a Man pays Scot and Lot—pray, Sir, hold, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll bite you, you Dog! Bite quotha!—And are you a Biter too, Sirrah! [To Scribble-scrabble.

Scrib. No, no, no, as I hope to live—— I am a civil peaceable Man, and a City Solicitor.

Sir Tim. I shall put you in mind once more of his Majesty of *China*. [Beating him again.

Pinch. 'Tis very well! very well indeed! If a Man may not be a little harmlessly witty—why, Mr. *Scribble-scrabble*, help! Murder! help!

Enter

Enter Clerimont, he interposes.

Cler. How! Mr. *Pinch* suffering under my Uncle!—
Pray, Sir, hold your Hand.

Sir Tim. Art thou there, Varlet! thou Enemy to *East-India* Companies! thou Villain thou!

Cler. Pray, Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir Tim. Sirrah! I will never be pacify'd—I thought this was one of thy wicked Companions—but I'll be reveng'd of you all—I will so,—Bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*! *[Exit Sir Tim.]*

Scrib. Mr. *Clerimont*, here has been a dreadful Ca-Ca-Catastrophe; but harkye, the Squire and your Uncle didn't know one another.

Cler. That was lucky indeed! Enough! *[Aside.]*
What unlucky Accident was this! Well I profess I am very sorry for it. O he's a mad old Fellow—I wish he han't hurt your Ingenuity—I swear he has batter'd the Outside of it most abominably.

Pinch. He has broke all my Head here, only for a Word speaking. *[Half crying.]*
As I hope to live, I meant no more Harm!—And he has all Blooded my Neckcloth here—I don't know what to do, not I.

Scrib. The Squire wou'dn't be persuaded, he wou'd bite him, and so the Me-Matter happen'd.

Clev. See, here are the Ladies—Come, Courage—'twas a Misfortune your Wit brought upon you, and so the better to be endur'd.

Enter Friendly, Mariana, and Stale.

Pinch. I'd ha' given a Hundred Pounds aut of my Pocket, this scurvy Bus'ness hadn't happen'd.

Mar. What d'ye turn away from me? Unkind Mr. *Pinch*!

Pinch. A little out of Order, Madam, that's all —

Cler. Oh, he has had a misfortune.

Mar. You fright me to Death! The matter?

Clev. Only a Rencounter, a Drubbing or so! Hark I'll tell you—— *[Whisper.]*

Pinch. Dear Mr. *Scribblecrabble*, look in my Face —
How do I look? sadly! ha!

Scrib. Truly that Blow upon your Forehead has discompos'd your Physiognomy strangely,

Pinch. What, rueful ! dismal !

Scrib. But step aside here, and we'll get some Water and a Patch, and furbush up your Countenance again as well as ever.

Pinch. Will you be so kind ? I shall acknowledge the Favour the longest Day I have to live.

[*Exeunt Pinch and Scribblescrape.*]

Mar. Thus it happens, between too much Wit and too little Valour.

Friend. The poor Corps indeed has a damn'd time on't that's match'd with a perit Understanding, and frequently suffers for keeping bad Company.

Stale. Well, for my Part I have deduc'd it from a long Concatenation of Observation, that nothing but such extravagant Accidents attend upon the Conversations of those Impertinents they call Wits—*Mr. Friendly*, I will beg one thing of you—not that I pretend to any Influence ; but People in my Circumstances do commonly ask one thing,—my Circumstances ! *Eh ! M'n Cœur !* what Indiscretion ! my Dear, you'll Pardon me ?

Mar. Oh dear Madam, why this Reserve among Friends ? You know *Mr. Clerimont* and I are of your Party.—Come, out with your Request.—All you Lovers have some little fond Request, or other to make before Matrimony.

Cler. Yes, yes,—as not to chew Tobacco, to shift in your own Dressing-Room—to have a Convenience apart, or——

Mar. O filthy ! O abominable ! no, no, none of these—but whatever it be, I'll engage *Mr. Friendly* shall make it good.

Friend. Your most obedient, humble Servant.

Stale. Well, *Mr. Friendly*, 'tis only this : That for my Sake, you wou'd never bite any Person, of any Sex, Age, or Condition in the World ! but that, above all, you wou'd forbear your devoted and most engag'd Friend and Servant.

Friend. Forbear you, dear Madam ! the most reasonable Request that wasever made in the World.

Stale. Not that I wou'd have you misunderstand me neither, dear *Mr. Friendly*.

Friend.

Friend. If any Presumption of mine has given your Ladyship occasion to think —

Stale. Oh fy! no, Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. I do here solemnly swear and declare, in the Face of the World, that from the Day of the Date of these Presents I will most sincerely refrain, abstain, and forbear —

Stale. Pish! why this is'nt it, this is'nt what I mean, this is'nt what I'd be at.

Friend. From any matter or thing whatsoever that has the honour in any manner, to appertain or belong to your Ladyship.

Mar. Was ever any thing so insufferably ill-natur'd? to mistake a poor Woman so awkwardly, and turn her plain meaning so quite contrary to her Inclination.

Cler. But if it passes so, I am mistaken.

Stale. Why I tell you, and tell you again, you take me wrong. Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. Madam, I wou'dn't presume to take you at all —

Stale. Shoo! how foolish this is in you, Mr. *Friendly*! this Raillery is very *mal à propos*, Mr. *Friendly*, ——— I'll vow, if you persist in it, Mr. *Friendly*, you'll make me extremely angry with you.

Mar. Dear Madam, what's the matter?

Stale. A foolish *double entendre*, my Dear.

Mar. You're discompos'd.

Stale. I'm always so with a *double entendre*; a *double entendre* always discomposes me, especially when they will mean it in the wrong way, in spite of all one does to take it the right.

Mar. Nay, then there's something in it indeed — Mr. *Clerimont*, come, you must join with me — We'll do Mr. *Friendly* a good Office in spite of his Teeth; this must come to an *Eclaircissement*, it may grow to a Quarrel else.

Stale. No, my Dear, there's no fear of that, I hope — Let me smell to your Hungary-Water a little, Mr. *Friendly*.

Cler. Kind Creature! what a Look was there! what a Smile!

Friend. What a Grin! like a wooden Cut of *Scoggan* before a Jest-Book.

Cler. Oh Brute! go to the Lady, for Shame.

Friend. Madam, you know my Forbearance was only a mark of my Respect. [Going towards her.]

Stale. Ah! You Men!—well, I say no more—why would you put me in this Chafe—you know how it is with me always—I warrant you my poor Head will suffer for it these two Days—feel how it burns—

Mar. Was there ever such a nauseous Five and Fifty Foundling!—but how do I know but Age and Folly may make me such a Monster?

Cler. Never, 'tis impossible.

Mar. How, *Clerimont*! shall I never grow old!

Cler. Certainly, if you live—but surely the Wit and Tenderness of my *Mariana* can never degenerate to the Folly and Fondness of such an Idiot ——— To me, you must be always as you are, thus dear, thus agreeable, the constant Object of my Love

Mar. Oh, fy, fy! a marry'd Man and talk of Love! to his own Wife too!—They'll hear you, and laugh at us in their turn, if you ha'nt a care.

Stale. But do you say you'll put me out of my Pain by to-morrow Morning? 'Tis extremely kind.

Friend. I have given you my Word, and you may depend upon it.

Stale. The Expedition of your Performance will make amends for every thing——'Tis excessively kind.

Friend. Hush, not a Word more——*Mariana* and *Clerimont* will find Matter of Mirth out of it, and turn our Happiness into Ridicule.

Mar. See here's sweet Mr. *Pinch* again, as gay as if this Mishap had never befallen him, and there were no such wicked Instrument as a Cudgel in Nature.

Enter Pinch and Scribblescrabble.

Pinch. Madam, your most humble Servant. A scurvy kind of a foolish Business happen'd to happen just now here a little odly, Madam, but no great matter, Madam, 'tis all over now.

Mar. I am very glad to see you look so well after it—I'll swear I think you're improv'd———That Patch
has

has given a most agreeable turn to his Face——Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Cler. The Patch does its Part, upon my Word——a little o'th'biggest, or so—but else wonderfully well.

Friend. And are you as sound within as without, Sir?

Pinch. Oh to all Intents and Purposes.

Friend. And d'ye think you could bite as well as ever?

Pinch. Ask my little *Scribble* else——Didn't I bite your Cousin, as she was dressing my Head?

Scrib. None of my Cousin, Squire.

Pinch. Nay, nay, she call'd you Cousin; a fat comely Gentlewoman hard by here, at the Sign of the *Adam* and *Eve*, that sells *Sausages* and *Black-puddings*.

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin, she's only my *Doll's* Cousin.

Pinch. Why, the Woman's a good Woman——What, are you ashamed of your Kindred?

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin.

[*Angrily.*]

Mar. Ridiculous, we shall have 'em quarrel presently.

Cler. Come, come, no matter whose Cousin she is.

Friend. You bit her, you say?

Pinch. Bit her; ay marry did I—and so I shou'd have serv'd all her Family, and all her Generation, if they had been here——What, han't I been at *Moscow*, *Ispahan*, *Babylon*, and so forth? Knock him down!

Scrib. What did he say she was my Cousin for?

[*Grumbling.*]

Mar. To set aside this foolish Dispute, pray shew me the biting Song, which you said was set to Musick.

Pinch. Here it is, and it is in the Nature of a Dialogue, and if your Ladyship will do me the Honour to bear a Bob with me, as I may so say, we'll perform it before all the Company.

Mar. To oblige you, Sir, I'll do my best.

A Dialogue.

Thyrfis. **I**RIS, I have long, in vain,
 Been your Slave, and wore your Clog;
 'Tis but just I shou'd complain,
 Since you use me like a Dog.

Iris. *Faithful Lovers are but few ;
 Cou'd I trust, I wou'd trust you :
 Of all your Sex I am afraid,
 And therefore vow to die a Maid.*

Thyrsis. *Die a Maid ! So young, so pretty !
 I'll be true, by all that's good :
 Die a Maid ! I'll swear 'tis pity.*

Iris. *Bite ! Thyrsis, did you think I wou'd ?
 But since you will be mine alone,
 Here kiss the Book and swear :
 The Wedding Ring shall make us one.*

Thyrsis. *Bite ! Iris, now I think all's fair.*

Chorus. *Bite ! Thyrsis, now I think all's fair,
 And well we may agree,
 Since thus we love upon the Square,
 And Biters both are we.*

Cler. Rarely perform'd, upon my Word—Mr. Pinch has his Gifts—what say you, Mr. Scribblescrabble ?

Scrib. Mighty well indeed, Sir,—the Squire is a fine Gentleman, that's the truth on't—but let him be never so well vers'd in the Arts and Sciences, he ought not to reflect upon the Family of the Scribblescrabbles.

Cler. Oh no more of that——

Scrib. What if I did marry Mrs. Dorothy Pattypan, the Pastry-Cook's Daughter, I didn't marry all her Scoundrel Consanguinity, I hope ; no, I disdain 'em, I make her and them to know themselves, I keep 'em under, I——

Enter Bandileer drunk, and Mrs. Scribblescrabble.

Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear Cousin Barnaby, where wou'd you haul one—I'll swear I have eat so much Goose, and drank so much Sack, that I am almost in a Quandary—Hiccup—good lack ! now I have got the Hiccoks ; well, I won't drink a drop more, profess now.

Band. Look ye, take no care of that, I'll carry you to a Friend of mine, d'ye see, and there we'll have a
 Cup

Cup of rare *Juniper*, that'll cure your Hiccup, I warrant you——Nothing but a cold Stomach, Cousin.

Stale. In the Name of Astonishment, what may these be, Child?

Mar. Ha! as I live, Mrs. *Dorothy Scribble* in her own proper Person.

Stale. What, not our little Man of Law's Consort?

Mar. The very self-same. as I'm virtuous——she's half boufy too——oh rueful!

Band. Dear Cousin, let me buss you——I love you mightily. [Kisses her.]

Mrs. Scrib. O gemini!——Hiccup——What makes you so rude——Hiccup——don't ye see all the Gentry here——for shame——Hiccup——If our little *Simon* should hear of this now——Hiccup.

Scrib. Ha! how! mercy upon me! what's this I see?

[Turning about, and seeing his Wife.]

Mar. Now for the *Denouement* of the Piece.

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law!——I am ruined and undone——there is my own Husband.

Scrib. Is your Name *Dorothy*? ha!——Answer me that.

Mrs. Scrib. Yes——Hiccup.

Scrib. What is the reason that you set at nought my Superiority and Authority, and d-de-dare to come hither without my leave? Answer me quickly——Come! what say ha?——

Mrs. Scrib. Nay, dear *Simmy*, don't be angry. I only came to——Hiccup——bear my Cousin *Bandileer* Company——I wou'dn't, for all the Varfal World have come, Hiccup——but that you know I love Sack——Hiccup——and Walnuts mightily——Hiccup.

Scrib. Cuc-cu Cousin me no Cousin,——Who am I? Answer me quickly——who am I? ha!

Band. Look ye, I'll stand by my Cousin, She's my own Cousin, tho' I am but a private Gentleman Soldier, whereof what argues that——my Name's *Barnaby Bandileer*.

Mrs. Scrib. Well, well, I know who you are well enough, you are my Honey——Hiccup——but 'tis very hard if one must not——Hiccup——or go a little abroad with a——Hiccup——Relation, or so——Hiccup.

Scrib.

Scrib. Go! you're a Quean.

Mar. O fy, Mr. *Scribblescrabble!* what! this to the Wife of your Bosom!

Scrib. You're a Carrion! I'm enrag'd and Chastisement will ensue.

Stale. How? you little Brutal you——My Dear, my Dear,
[To Mariana.
for the Honour of the Sex let us never suffer the poor Woman to be insulted before our Faces——Sure any Two of our Gender are sufficient, or of the *Quorum*, as they say, to keep a Husband in Order.]

Mrs. Scrib. Ah dear Ladies, 'tis your——Hiccup——Goodness——but 'tis an unknown thing, the Life that I——Hiccup——lead with him every Day.

Mar. Look ye if she doesn't weep, poor tender heart-ed Creature!——Come, for my sake, you must not make a Quarrel of it——What? 'twas but an innocent Frolick.

Scrib. Ha! I don't love Frolicks——

Mrs. Scrib. *Simmy*, dear *Simmy*, don't tofs and fling, and——Hiccup——and ding up and down so——you'll break my Heart——Hiccup——

Scrib. Go thou fe-fe-fe-fe false *Dorothy*——Elope, begone——go to your Gallant, go——

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law!——Hiccup——this is very bitter.

[Sobbing and crying.

I have had seven Children, besides four Miscarriages, and very hard Times of 'em all, by him, and to be us'd thus——this is very hard.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, I don't well know what to make of all this——I am amaz'd or so, 'tis true——but she's my own Cousin——I lodge in *Vinegar-Yard*——every Body knows me——I only came for the Diversion of an Interlude, or so——Do you know any thing of this matter, Sir?

[To Pinch.

Pinch. Foolish enough, Faith——why really I don't know what to say to these odd kind of Circumstances; but pray may I crave your Name, Sir?

Band. Sir, my Name's *Barnaby*.

Pinch. Your Christen Name, I mean.

Band. Oh Sir, your Servant, Sir; *Bandileer*, Sir.

Pinch. What, is *Bandileer* your Christen Name?

Band.

Band. Sir, I don't know what you mean; but I'm half Seas over——

Pinch. Very merry upon my word, (Mr. *Bandileer's* woeful drunk)

[*Aside.*

Oh you're very sober —— you've hardly wet your Lips to-day

Band. Say you so, Sir?

Pinch. Bite.

Band. How's that, Sir? Hey day! what d'ye get behind me?——Look ye, Gentlemen, I take you to be my Friends.

Pinch. Knock him down.

[*Standing behind Band. and making a very great Noise.*

Band. How, Sir! Damn ye, Sir, that won't pass; neither, Sir.

Friend. Oh no harm, no harm, good Mr. *Bandileer*——you must not be angry——The Gentleman means only Merriment —— He's an arch Wag, if you did but know him.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, if that be all, the Gentleman is a Stranger to me, and perhaps I may be a Stranger to him; but however I'll venture a Tester or two at All-Fours with him, if he's so far forth dispos'd.

Mrs. Scrib. Look, if you han't chafft up and down 'till you sweat like a Bull——Come, wipe your own dear four frowzy Face with your own *Doll's* Handkerchief —— Hiccup——

Scrib. Ha! ——did I think you wou'd ha' serv'd me so——Go——you're a hiccuping Beast——I've a good mind to send you home to the Family of the *Pattypans*, I have so, you en-n-n-normous Cockatrice.

Band. Look ye, I brought my Cousin out——I took her up, as they say, and so, d'ye see, I'll set her down again.

Cler. These Fools begin to be troublesome, we must get rid of 'em.——Ha! here's *Clever* too come with Intelligence from my Uncle.

Enter Mrs. Clever.

I see there's Success in your Face, I dare swear the Design thrives.

Clew. Admirably——the Plot is just as that in a Critic's Play, the Parts are all ready, and we are to begin

gin within this half Hour ; but I hold it convenient to disperse this impertinent Audience first, that we may rehearse in private.

Mar. You have no farther occasion for my biting Lover ?

Clev. He may dispose of his Person how he pleases—we shall hardly find him of any further Consequence.

Mar. I'll pin him to Madam *Scribblecrabble* and her bousy Gallant, and turn 'em adrift together.—But what shall we do with my dear Friend *Stale* ?

Clev. Let me alone with her.—Engage Mr. *Friendly* to tip off with the first Opportunity, and leave the rest to my Management. [To *Clerimont*.

Cler. You won't be so unmerciful to turn her loose after him ?

Clev. I must confess, running away is not the best Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage ; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue—Let him leave word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. *Pinch*, you'll engage me extremely by this piece of Service. [To *Pinch aside*.

—This little impertinent Lawyer has a Business of Consequence to look after for me here in Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship ?

Mar. Any where here in Town.

Pinch. At the *Greyhound* ?

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert ourselves at the Expence of the Family of the *Scribblecrabbles*.

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately—Does your Ladyship know what Fun is ?

Mar. No—but it's no matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that ; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun,——I'll bite Mr. *Bandileer*.——Look ye, Mr. *Scribblecrabble*, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person, and a good Wife, she has borne you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib.

Scrib. Ah!—name her not, dear Squire——

Mar. Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, let me advise you in this Adventure——I have engag'd Mr. *Pinch* to serve you in it——

[*To Scribblescrabble aside.*

You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman—it wou'dn't grieve one to trust one's Wife with a Gentleman,

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to *Be-Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*: My Heart misgives me plaguily.

[*Aside to Pinch.*

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not yourself.—Mr. *Bandileer*'s very much in Drink——but no matter for that, he'll bite so much the better.—Hum—hum—You were a saying, Sir, [*To Bandileer*] your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, so much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby-bright* in the Morning, I have seen you somewhere or other for certain.

Band. I use the *Cat and Fiddle*, most an end, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily mistaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company, a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. Kit *Kunnyborrow* belike.

Pinch. The very same——Look ye, you and I, and——Hark ye, Madam, [*To Mrs. Scribblescrabble*] You and I, and your Cousin here, we'll steal off and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the *Greyhound*.

[*Whilst Clever entertains Lady Stale, Friendly steals off.*

Band. I must needs say you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll so far demeanor yourself, Sir——Look ye, Sir, if my Cousin be willing——I came with my Cousin, Sir, and I'll go with my Cousin, Sir, I'll stand and fall with my Cousin, Sir.

Mrs. Scrib. I'm sure you behave yourself so like a Gentleman,

Gentleman, that —— hiccup—— But if my *Simon* should take a new Vagary——oh dear——hiccup——

Pinch. Oh never fear that—The Ladies have undertaken to bamboozle him —— they'll make him know his Duty, and beg your Pardon—now! now take your time and steal off——take care of your Cousin, Mr. *Bandileer*.

Mrs. Scrib. Oh dear, my Hiccicks is very bad.

Band. Look ye, I'll stand and fall that's my Word.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Bandileer, and Mrs. Scribble.*]

Scrib. How! ha! what! Gone again!——Squire, Squire.

Mar. Hush! be quiet, come hither.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have a care of *Be-Be-Barnaby*.

Mar. Didn't I tell you this was the only way to get rid of your Wife's Relation?

Scrib. I acquiesce, Madam, I acquiesce.

Clev. Have a little Patience, Madam, and I'll set every thing in order. [Adjusting Lady Stale's Head.

I know your Ladyship uses to be the nicest Creature in the World in these matters——In the name of Wonder, who cou'd it be that dress'd you to day?

Stale. Oh I cou'dn't bear any awkward Body's Fists about me——I can't tolerate any thing but my own Woman——don't you know my Woman?

Clev. Oh dear, yes, Madam, Mrs. *Fiddlefadd'e*.

Stale. 'Tis the carefulest Creature; she has liv'd with me ever since the Restoration, and never administer'd a wrong thing to me, or stuck a Pin amiss, in all the time.

Clev. The Restoration! That's a long time indeed.—Your Ladyship's Maid-servants, I believe, are much more constant than your Men.

Stale. The Restoration did I say? the Restoration? My Memory! what a thing is my Memory! I meant your other publick Business that has happen'd here.

Clev. The Revolution?

Stale. Ay, that, that—I take so little notice of your publick News!—But, as I was saying, she's the heedfullest Person in any thing that relates to my Person.

Clev. I wonder she should put so little Powder in your Hair;

Hair ; I swear one might see it look quite grey.—indeed that was a Fault in Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle*.

Stale. Hush! dear *Clever*, I woud'n't have *Friendly* hear you for all the World.

Clev. Oh no danger.

Stale. Not but that mine was a meer Misfortune——The *Irish* Fright at that same Revolution put me into Fits, and frightened my poor Hair grey all o' the sudden.——Besides, *Mariana* here knows my Relations, we are all grey ten Years sooner than other People. I come of a grey Family ; don't I, my dear ? But then I woud not have Mr. *Friendly* for many Reasons think me in Years, I know he designs having an Heir to his Family, and——

Mar. But, dear Madam, why do you put yourself in pain for his hearing us ? I thought he had left the Company by your Order.

Stale. How left ! whom Child ? What, is Mr. *Friendly* gone !

Clev. Gone ! Didn't you see him ? I'll swear I thought you had put him upon that pleasant piece of Gallantry.

Stale. Gallantry ! oh perfidious ! can it be possible ! dear *Clever* explain yourself, or I'll vow you'll put me into the Histericks.

Clev. Nay indeed I thought it look'd a little odd, for Mr. *Friendly* to abandon a Lady in your Ladyship's Circumstances, for a couple of the trapishest Creatures I ever saw in Masks, so miserably rigg'd, with dy'd Linings and ratter'd Furbelows.

Stale. The little nasty inconsiderable Huffles ! but, dear Child, tell me, did he seem fond ?

Mar. Very good ! now for my share of the Lye. [*Aside*. Excessively loving ; nay, they were but too well acquainted, that's certain——I heard 'em call him by his Name——Are not you a dear Dog, says one of 'em ; What my little *Jenny*, quo' he ! and immediately whipp'd one Arm about one, and t'other about t'other, and away they scuttled together so familiarly I warrant you.

Stale. Which Way are they gone ?

Mar. That Way, Madam : but it may be nothing but an innocent Frolick.

Stale.

Stale. A Frolick, my Dear? Ah, the Devil take such Frolicks, I say. You don't know what a Concern I am in; he has put me off, with a Pretence of his catching Misfortunes (as he calls them) by these common Sluts, these twenty times already; and if he should catch another Misfortune we cannot be married till he's well again, and that will be a Month, or three Weeks at least; besides Surgeons are so unskilful, and such Knaves, and I am so fearful of those matters myself—Well Dear, my Dears, forgive me. *[Exit Lady Stale.]*

Mar. Oh by all means, my Dear.—Ha, ha, ha! —What a terrible Fright my dear Friend was in, under the Apprehension of a Disappointment?

Clev. I must own I have Ill-nature enough to rejoice exceedingly at her Ladyship's Vexation; she has been a standing Incumbrance upon poor *Friendly's* Pleasures for these two Years; she has watch'd him with as much Jealousy and Perverseness as a barren Wife.

Cler. And has been as uneasy to him as a barren Wife's Mother, and as provoking every way——But let her be forgotten, as she ought to be, and think of your own matters——I have just now left your Uncle.

Mar. Very much in Love, I hope.

Cler. That is, just as much a Fool as you found him.

Clev. To a Tittle; he's stark mad; Love and *Peking*, that is, your Ladyship and the Emperor of *China*, have turn'd his Brains——He has made a *Chinese* Song upon you, and I left him singing it to an Oriental Kettledrum, as he calls it. Next to the great *Cham* and *Mariana*, I believe I have an Interest in him.

Mar. I suppose you have been promising largely in my Name, what I am never to perform.

Clev. Nay, that depends upon you; a little Love, Child, that's all.

Mar. Well, he shall have all I can spare.

Clev. And I dare swear that's more than enough for his Oriental Occasions.

Cler. But I suppose you dealt with him as in the way of Trade——what Return for all this?

Clev. The Return an old Man usually makes.

Mr. Ay marry, and what's that?

Clev. To do all he can for you——and no more.

Cler.

Cler. Very fair, I think.

Mar. I'll put him to it, I promise you.

Clev. I told him you had resolv'd upon parting with some of your Fortune to a poor Relation of your's, and that you requir'd him to join with you in that Settlement as a mark of his Love, without further Enquiry, and then you would be his as far as possible.

Cler. Well, and what Answer to that?

Clev. Oh he was all Rapture! consented to it, and swore immediately by half a dozen *Chinese* Saints, with devilish hard Names, that he wish'd he could make your Relation Viceroy of *Eastern Tartary*.

Mar. Oh my Relation shall thank him; I wish he may be as fond of him, when they come to be better acquainted.

Cler. That I doubt of.

Clev. He expects you immediately; as we go I'll instruct Mr. *Clerimont* how to dispose of himself. — Are your Deeds ready?

Cler. Have you done as you were ordered in that matter, Mr. *Scribblescrabble*?

Scrib. Yes, Sir, the Deeds are ready. [*Sighing.*]

Clev. The Deeds are ready! — What doleful Voice is that? Can that be Mr. *Scribblescrabble*? is it possible the gay, the witty, the gallant Mr. *Scribblescrabble*?

Scrib. Ah good lack! my *De-De-Doll's* false — perhaps you don't know that.

Clev. False; is that all? A Trifle — be false again, be as false to her as she can be to you for the Life of her — Give her as good as she brings.

Mar. Nay, I told him 'twas below the Character of a fine Gentleman, and a Man of the Town, as he is, to discompose his noble Soul for any thing a Wife can do or say.

Cler. No, no, he has forgot it, or will do it in a very little while longer. — Indifference is the Word, and Madam *Scribblescrabble* may dispose of her Person as she thinks fit.

Scrib. Nay, I hadn't so much car'd for it, hadn't it been for that Son of a Whore, that *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*.

Clev.

Clev. Care for it! — Nay, if you once come to care for your Wife, farewell Gallantry, — why you will be Company for no Body but Haberdashers, Tin-men, Trunk-makers, and such comical kind of People.

Scrib. Nay, I always had a Spirit above these pe-paultry Matters too — I de-de-don't know how I came to marry the Jade, unless it were for Form's sake, and out of Cu-Cu Custom, as they say.

Mar. No! — And tho' you fancy you are vex'd at her now, I fancy 'tis only for Form's sake, and out of Custom, as you say — Come, come along with us, and think of the hundred Guineas you're to get of Mr. *Friendly* — Why 'twill buy you Claret and Mirth enough to make you actually believe you are a Widower. [*Exeunt.*]

A S O N G.

I.

S I L L Y Swain, give o'er thy wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kissing, cooing,
All is very foolish doing.

II.

All that follows after Kisses,
The very best, the Bliss of Blissess,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

III.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,
What dull thing thou can'st discover,
Duller than a happy Lover?

Silly Swain, give o'er, &c.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir Timothy Tallapoy's House.*

Enter Angelica, Mariana, and Mrs. Clever.

Ang. WELL, Madam, don't you think my Father now one of the strangest old Gentlemen that ever you saw with your Eyes? Oh gemini! I wou'dn't marry such a strange sort of an old Fellow for all the World.

Clev. No, nor she neither, Child, notwithstanding all the violent Protestations of Good-will she made him but now.

Mar. I swear I think there is something very agreeable and entertaining in Sir *Timothy's* Humour.

Clev. Nay, indeed, all the Ill that you can say of him is, that he's an old Man, and for my part I think all old Men are alike.

Ang. Oh dear, in what, Madam?

Clev. In being good for nothing, Madam.

Ang. Oh dear! I don't think so. I fancy I could like some sort of Old Men strangely, they're so civil and complaisant, and so neat, and so clean, and shav'd so close, I warrant ye.

Mar. Should you like Mr. *Friendly* if he were Old, Madam?

Ang. As for Mr. *Friendly* indeed, Madam, he's a kind of a perfect Stranger to me, so that I don't know what Judgment to make of his Temper or Inclinations; he may be a very good sort of a Man for aught I know, not but that I can't help thinking Mr. *Friendly* has some Humours may make a Woman very uneasy, when she is——

Clev. Not so absolute a Stranger to him as you are:

Siling.] Are not you a little Hypocrite? Hark ye;

[Hitting her with her Fan.

Do you intend to be marry'd to-night to a Man that you are such an absolute Stranger to?

Ang. Oh law! I wonder what makes you talk so—— who could put such a thing into your Head?

Clev.

Clev. He that put it into your's, *Friendly*.

Ang. I'll swear he gives himself a strange Liberty of talking.

Mar. None but what you'll forgive him for, I dare swear.

Clev. He fancy'd, if he didn't tell, you wou'd.

Ang. Well, I wonder at his Confidence.

Mar. For being beforehand with you. Really Love-Matters are come to be manag'd after a very fantastical manner, and all the Care is now, not who shall keep the Secret best, but who shall tell first.

Ang. I'll vow I have a good Mind not to have him, he's such a meer blab.

Mar. That would be all wrong, as they say, Madam, to fall out with him, and be reveng'd upon yourself.

Clev. She'll consider better of it, never fear.

Mar. Well, but dear Madam, we are of your Party, and I hope you take us to be so much your Friends as to deserve your Confidence——You know we have no other Design upon Sir *Timothy*, but in order to bring this Business, between Mr. *Friendly* and you, to a happy Conclusion.

Ang. Nay, really, I must needs say I have been infinitely oblig'd to you, dear Madam——And indeed my Father is such a strange kind of a Man, that I don't care what risque I run to get out of his Clutches. Well, but you know Mr. *Friendly*, Madam? [To Mariana.

Mar. A little, Madam; not so well as you do, I fancy.

Ang. Oh dear, yes to be sure you do, and a great deal better too; but do you think he'll make a good Husband? I believe he's a strange wild young Fellow; really a Woman runs a strange Hazard with these wild young Fellows.

Mar. All Gamesters that play deep, and push for a Fortune, run Hazards, and for my part I am always for risking with a wild Fellow rather than a tame one——besides, were he never so wild, Matrimony will make him bate of his speed, as they say that have try'd it.

Ang. I'll vow I have heard he drinks a World of Claret.

Clev. And you fancy that will make him so sleepy——

Ang. If I don't wonder what you can mean by that
——Well,

— Well, Mr. *Clever*, you are the maliciousst Creature, you are always a teasing one; but I am resolv'd I'll be reveng'd of you at Night, when we are a-bed together.

Clev. A-bed together! for Shame! why you wou'dn't abandon your Bridegroom for me?

Ang. Nay. Mrs. *Clever*, you know when you lie here, you always use to be my Bed fellow, and you shan't be put out of your Bed for any Body, I'm resolv'd you shall lie with me, and we'll lie awake and talk all Night long — Nay, I'm resolv'd I'll pinch you if you won't lie and talk to me.

Clev. No, no, you know I'm the sleepest Creature in the World: ——— You had better pinch *Friendly*, if he won't lie awake, and ——— talk to you.

Ang. I'll swear I have a good Mind to stop your Mouth — I think the Woman's mad to talk so ——— Oh gemini!

Mar. Methinks Sir *Timothy* stays very long — didn't he promise to follow us immediately?

Ang. He's a teaching the Servants to Dance, as they do before the Emperor of *China*.

Mar. I wish he would dispatch the Business we want to have done, and go on with his *Tartarian Ballet* afterwards.

Ang. Shall I go and tell him you want to speak with him, Madam?

Mar. If you please, Madam.

Ang. He'll leave the Cham of *Tartary* himself to wait upon you.

[*Going.*
Dear Mrs. *Clever*, if you should happen to see Mr. *Friendly*, I charge you don't tell him we [*Coming back.*
have been talking of him — We shall have him so vain, and in his Airs. I warrant you.

Clev. No, no, you shall have the Pleasure of betraying the Secret, and telling him all yourself — but pray make haste and dispatch your Embassy?

Ang. I'll be here again in a Minute. [*Exit Angelica.*

Clev. Well, what think you of Mrs. *Friendly* that is to be?

Mar. She's in a most violent twitter.

Clev. As all young Ladies of her Age are at the Approach of Matrimony.

Mar.

Mar. She's so out of Breath, and so merry, and so grave, and so glad, and so smirking, and so smiling.

Clev. And doesn't know whether she goes upon her Head or her Heels.

Mar. Love! Love! my Dear! you know this Love is the Devil—Ha! pray look this way [*Looking out.* Is not that the most serene and most amiable Mr. *Pinch* that's coming into the Court?

Clev. 'Tis he; there are certain foolish Appurtenances belonging to his Face and Person, which no one else can pretend to—but I think we are ready for him, and so let him come as soon as he pleases.

Mar. I wou'dn't have him see me.

Clev. No, we'll go look upon your Oriental Lover's Preparations for your Entertainment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pinch and a Servant.

Ser. If it shall seem agreeable to you to repose your most worshipful Person in this Place, I will notify your Arrival to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, Knight and Mandarin of the Seventh Order.

Pinch. 'Tis very well, Friend, notify to your Master with what haste you can conveniently, but don't discompose yourself, don't put yourself out of Order.

[*Exit Servant.*

Very foolish, 'Faith. If the rest of my Father-in-law's Family be of a piece with this Fellow, I shall have a good merry time on't among 'em——to be the only Wit in the Family——I don't know, it may be well enough——'tis better biting than being bit, certainly——Who'd have thought that sly Devil, that Mrs. *Mariana*, shou'd have had it in her to put such a practical Bite upon one?——It cost me Two Hours in Time, besides Eight and a Penny in Monies number'd, to stay for her, and she never came at last.——Very pretty Manners truly——I smoke somewhat between the same *Cerimont* and her; but no matter, Bite's the Word. I shall be even with her before to-morrow Morning——I believe, if I play'd one, I play'd Forty Games at All-Fours and Shovel Board with Mr. *Banditeer*——Poor Fellow, he was bloodily in for it at last——'Tis true, indeed, he drank a World of *Geneva*——but his Cousin will take care of him——

She's

She's a discreet Woman truly in the main, I believe—
she held his Head so kindly when he grew a little sickish
——Ha! ha! 'tis he!

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

The Lord Chancellor of *Moscow's* mad Mace-bearer!—
How the Devil shou'd he get hither!—I wou'd I were
well got by him——I wonder they suffer him to walk
about with such a Stick in his Hand.

Sir Tim. I'll consummate this Affair with my Son-in-
law *Pinch.* as soon as may be, and I will then——Ha!
how! here is that wretched Puppy that goeth up and
down seeking whom he may bite——Is there no Place
safe against biting, not even a Man's own House?——
You take a strange Liberty, Friend, after some Occur-
rences that pass'd between us so lately.

Pinch. A strange Fellow this, I don't know what to
do, not I——I must try to speak him fair, I think, and
see if one can mollify him that way, for 'tis but a Word
and a Blow with him, that I see clearly *(Aside.*

Sir Tim. Now is this wicked Villain meditating a
Bite, but by the Majesty of *Reking.* I will confound the
evil Imagination ere it can be brought to Perfection——
Heark to me, young Man, you are one of those that
make themselves merry with the most excellent Oriental
Nations: This Mansion was not built to receive those
People that scoff at the Cham of *Tartary.*

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think
it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any such
knavish Design——I am strangely tempted to bite him.

(Aside.

Sir Tim. I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair
or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is most execrably impertinent. *(Aside.*
Affair, Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir Tim. Ay! discuss to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? if I cou'd come to the Speech of
the Proper Person——

Sir Tim. I notify to you that I am the most proper
Person of any one within these Walls to whom you
may unfold your Bus'ness.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir, that isn't the matter——I don't
say but you may be very proper for ought I know, but
C my

my Bus'ness at present lies more properly with the Gentleman of the House.

Sir *Tim.* Then I notify to you again that it lies with me—come, bar biting, and begin.

Pinch. Good lack! it's much the Loss of a Place shoud do this.

(*Aside.*) Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only.

(*Going by him.*)

Sir *Tim.* Whither would you pass, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little—just in at that Door, that's all—I shall meet with some of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Sir, I have undertaken the discussing your Business myself, and 'till I have made some further Progress in it the Family shall not be met with,—— No, Sir, by the most Potent and Serene *Cham* they shall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir; let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir—I don't know but I may be in haste, and so forth, and may have Occasion to speak with a dear Friend that lies dangerously sick in the House.

Sir *Tim.* The Mansion is salubrious and healthy, but if it were not, may I suppose you to be a Maker up, or Preparer of Medicines, or, as the *Western* Language renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite! Od I've a good mind,—— 'twas at my Tongue's End.

(*Softly aside.*)

Sir *Tim.* Ha! What is it thou pronouncest in secret?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Universe, but only that I beg the Favour of a word or two with Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*.——That's all, as I hope to breathe, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Prodigious! How enormously he varies his Fable!——Say on. I am he,——tho' thou knew'st it before thou biting Viper thou! I am he——pronounce, say on.

Pinch. Oh dear! this is worse and worse!——You he! alas! I would you were but——

Sir *Tim.* Speak, what?

Pinch. Yourself, Sir, that's all, only a friendly With, I would you were your own Man.

Sir *Tim.* Soho! My faithful Servants approach;—— I'll teach you to bite one of the worshipful Oriental Tra-

dens

dere in his own Mansion.——Would'st thou infer that I am distracted, of a Mind not fit to negotiate? Sirrah! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the most excellent Governor of Canton, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye, Friend, I don't say any Body's mad, but these are odd Circumstances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that lose Places——when one comes about Bus'ness to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bamboozled, and not suffer'd to——

Sir Tim. So hol my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pshaw! This is a Jest indeed! hey day! what's the meaning of all this? Look ye, my Name's Squire.

Pinch. I come to marry Sir *Timothy Tallapoy's* Daughter.

Sir Tim. Dost thou bite me with the Name of mine Ally!——Seize on him, the Wretch!

[They lay hold on him.]

Pinch. This is damn'd foolish, faith and troth!——Look ye, I am Sir *Peter Pinch's* Son and Heir,——I am a Man of Wit and Pleasure, I understand the Town, and I won't be us'd so, for ne'er a Mace-bearer nor a Madman in *Moscow*.

Sir Tim. Incontinently I think thou art distracted thy self; but it suffices me that I know thee to be a Biter, the Name that comprehends all kind of Villany——Cou'd the right-worshipful and most sincere, my Friend, Sir *Peter Pinch*, a Man of his most categorical Principles, engender a Biter! impossible! out, thou Impostor!

Pinch. So ho! what's there no body here to take one's part! Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*!

Sir Tim. Hold him fast.

Enter Mariana and Mrs. Clever.

Clev. The Lovers will be past reprieving presently——I left 'em mumbling over Matrimony with as much Eagerness, as if they were to be happy in good earnest.

Mar. Very well; now for our Cue here——Matters have happen'd as we cou'd have wish'd——

Sir Tim. Most exceeding fair, and my very good Friend, my propitious Stars have directed me to the

Discovery of a notorious Imposture; and your excellent Persons come very opportunely to behold my Justice!

Pinch. Well, Friend, if he be never so much your Master, and the individual numerical Sir *Timothy*, I am as much the individual numerical Squire *Pinch*, as he is the individual numerical Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*.

[To the Servants.

Mar. I must confess he has a strange designing kind of a Face,—I shou'd be very cautious of trusting such a sort of a Man upon his bare Word.

Clew. Dear Sir *Timothy* have a Care of him, methinks I see Biting written in his very Forehead.

Sir Tim. Madam, the sage Orientals are not easily bit.

Pinch. Oh Ladies, your humble Servant——very foolish, faith and troth!——Now you shall see, Friend——these Ladies know me.——Madam, here's really a foolish Adventure.

Clew. What does he mean? he addresses his Discourse to us.——Bless me, I'm afraid he's distracted——how he Looks! For Goodness sake don't come too near him——They say 'tis as bad as Poison to be bit by a Madman.

Sir Tim. It is, Madam, what we may properly call an egregious degree of Folly mixt with an egregious degree of Impudence——'tis what the Learned in the *Western Nations* call a Complication.

Pinch. Pshaw! phoo! this is all fooling! Ladies! Madam! here are a whimsical Set of People wou'd persuade me my Name isn't *Pinch*.

Sir Tim. I told your Ladyship what he drives at, he wou'd bite me under a wrong Name.

Mar. And pray, Sir,—oh dear—hold him fast.—is your Name *Pinch*?

Pinch. Bite! Bite! Madam.

Sir Tim. You see, most excellent Lady, you see what he wou'd be at.

Mar. And do you really think, Sir, your Name is *Pinch*?

Pinch. Nay, Madam, I tell you I'm like to be us'd scurvily——this is all ridiculous! Speak Truth now—
why

why as if you didn't know one——This is Biting indeed!

Clew. Bless me! my Dear! did you ever see this Man before?

Mar. Never with my Eyes, Madam,——*Sir Timothy* let me conjure you to have a care, there is certainly some very villanous Design laid against you, this is some Plot.

Pinch. What is the meaning of all this?——Didn't I come down in the Coach with you to-day? *Mrs. Mariana!* Madam.

Clew. The confident Wretch! He has got your Name too.——Hark ye, Friend, what good does it do you now to counterfeit another Body's Name? Why you cou'dn't think but it must needs be found out at last, and then you know the Law is very severe in these Cafes.

Mar. 'Tis very probable he had his Eye upon the young Lady's Fortune.

Pinch. Why this is downright making a Fool of one: I thought you had been more a Gentlewoman.

Sir Tim. *Bohee!* Do you [To a Servant. and your Fellows take care to confine him in the Cellar——I will supplicate the *Mandarins* of Justice that Punishment may be inflicted according to his Demerits——Away with him.

Mar. I never saw him in my Life.

Sir Tim. Madam, we live in a flagitious biting Age, and a biting Climate——Away with him——For my part I wish I were well turn'd of the Cape of *Good-hope.*

Pinch. Prythee be quiet, Friend——Talk of putting one in a Cellar! Phoo! what a Jest is that? Nay I won't stir a Foot, that's flat——Help! Murder, Ladies! Why you won't? What, will you pull one's Arm off? You'll answer all this——If ever I bite any Body again——pray——stay——hear me—— [Servants force him off.

Mar. Upon my Word I am heartily frighten'd; he made a most terrible Noise——I believe the best way will be to get him out of the House?

Sir Tim. Fear nothing, Lady, I will so muzzle him.

Clev. That he can neither bite nor bellow, 'tis the best Course you can take with him.

Mar. Well, of all the disagreeable things one meets with, nothing is so shocking to me as a Biter—You meet with nothing of this kind in *China*, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. 'Twould be Felony, without Benefit of the Clergy.

Mar. Well, they are a polite People!—— how agreeably graceful is that Habit of Sir *Timothy's*, what an Image of the *Eastern* Wisdom it gives us!

Sir Tim. They are certainly a great People; Arts began with them——It is thought the necessary Sciences of Eating and Drinking were discover'd some Ages among them, before they were known in *Europe*.

Clev. Concerning Beards and their Management I have heard indeed——

Sir Tim. The whole Oeconomy of the Beard was treated of seven thousand Years ago, by a learned *Chinese* Philosopher, in fifteen Volumes.——Ah, Madam, might I but hope for the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the most glorious City of *Peking*, I wou'd not come hither again to be Emperor of the *West*.

Mar. We Women are born to obey——Sir *Timothy* may be sure I shall follow my Husband all the World over.

Sir Tim. Happy! happy Man will he be.

Enter Angelica, Friendly *disguis'd*, Scribblescrabble with *Writings*.

Ang. Here's a Gentleman inquires for your Ladyship.
[To Mariana.]

Mar. Sir *Timothy*, this is my Relation, in whose Behalf we are to do the charitable Deed I spoke to you of.

Sir Tim. Sir you are honour'd!——Your Character is Affinity with the Illustrious.

Friend. Sir, I have always conceiv'd as much.

Ang. Oh gemini! the Thing is done, [To *Clever aside*.] and I vow I'm glad 'tis over. I wou'dn't have it to do again for all the World——Mr. *Friendly* did look so upon one, and my Heart did go so pit-a-pat all the while.

Clev. Hush! be quiet now. You shall talk to me of it for two Hours together by and by.

Sir

Sir Tim. Are the Deeds drawn according to your Ladyship's Command and Direction?

Mar. Exactly; if you do us the Honour to concur, the matter is at an end.

Scrib. You deliver this as your Act and Deed, Sir, for the Use of this Gentleman?

Sir Tim. I do, Sir, with my full Intentions.

[*Mariana and Sir Tim. execute the Deed.*
and with much Happiness may hereby redound and accrue to him.

Friend. Sir, I must always acknowledge you the Author of my Happiness, and will take an opportunity to convince you of my Gratitude.

Enter Lady Stale, and Clerimont.

Stale. Tell not me, Mr. *Clerimont*, I'm not to be fobb'd off so——I'll find him out if he be above Ground.

Cler. Why, I tell you he's just now upon making his Fortune, and you'll ruin all.

Stale. I tell you I'll have him whole and sole, as the Law directs, with all his Ways, Water-courses, Easements and Appurtenances, I'll not bate him an Inch.

Cler. [*To Friendly.*] Look ye, Sir, the Matter is gone as far as 'twill bear, and you have nothing to do now but to make good the Ground we have got for you.

Sir Tim. What is the meaning of this? What does this Lady's Passion import?

Mar. Some Weeping and much Talking, I believe, Ten to one but she tells us more of her mind.

Sir Tim. Madam, may I inquire—— [*To Lady Stale.*

Stale. Sir, I am reduc'd to the last extremity, I am defeated and evil intreated, I am *deseesperé*, by the most inconstant Person——

Friend. That ever had the Honour to be in fair Lady's Favour.

[*Pulling off his Disguise.*

Stale. Oh are you there, Sir? 'Tis exceeding well indeed! I am given to understand that you are faithless, Sir, that you are false, Sir, that you are making your Body over by a Marriage-Contract, to the Daughter of Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, in order to defraud me, your lawful Creditor, of my natural Dues and Perquisites.

Sir Tim. How, most exceeding fair Lady, are there
Ma-

Machinations against your most faithful humble Servant ?
Is your Relation Mr. *Friendly* ? [To Mariana.

Mar. Since the matter is out, 'tis most certainly so,
my Relation is Mr. *Friendly*, or Mr. *Friendly* is my Re-
lation, you may take it either way.

Sir Tim. But, Madam !

Mar. But, Sir *Timothy* ! I hope you won't quarrel
with him for that: Hark ye, let me talk with you a
little. [Takes him aside.

Friend. And does common Fame really say all this ?

Stale. Ay marry does it, to thy Shame, thou Trai-
tor !

Friend. Look ye, for the matter of the Matrimony
'tis too true ; but for the other part, I stand up for my
Constancy, and do aver I was never false in my Life ;
for my Trial I put myself upon my Country here pre-
sent, and your Ladyship may go on with the Evidence
as soon as you see fit.

Stale. Oh Wretch ! do'st thou not expect the House
shou'd fall down upon thee this instant ?

Friend. No, I trust in the Timber-work.

Stale. Oh thou Wickedness incarnate ! how often hast
thou look'd upon me and smil'd, and then smil'd and
look'd upon me again ?

Friend. Very often truly, being for the most part of
a merry Disposition, as the worshipful Bench here know.

Stale. But say how often amorously, say, speak truth,
if thou dar'st.

Friend. Never.

Clew. A short Answer that.

Stale. Madam, I believe he has squeez'd this poor
Hand—— [Crying.

Ang. Did you squeeze that filthy bony thing ? You
shan't touch mine.

Stale. 'Till I have been forc'd to cry, oh !

Clew. Very barbarous that, in my mind.

Cler. But no Sign of Love.

Clew. Oh none at all.

Stale. Didn't you promise me to put me out of my
Pain before to-morrow ; out of my Pain, I stick to that ?

Friend. And Faith, I think I have been as good as
my word ; the Devil's in't if you don't know what to
trust to now. *Stale.*

Stale. Ah! thou art a Fellow of sweet Principles! but I know what you want, you want to put me in a Fit, do you, but I'll do my best to keep it down. [*Sobbing.*] Oh! how it heaves! how it heaves here! Dear *Clever*, ease my Lace quickly, or I shall drop down, I am not able to bear it.

Cler. Nay, Madam, he's a most perfidious Wretch, that's certain; but since you see there's no good to be done with him, you had much better retire before you fall into a fresh Disorder; you'll only give him an occasion of a malicious Grin.

Clew. Mr. *Clerimont* tells you true; these rattle-headed young Fellows don't know how to value a discreet elderly Passion.

Stale. Ah, *Clever*, thou art certainly in the right. I'll leave him to his Flirt! Well, this is my fifteenth Misfortune of this kind since I have been a Widow—— But I'll retire into the Country this instant I'm resolv'd, and mind good Books, and making Sweetmeats and Salves, and never trust in a Man of five and twenty again.

Friend. And will she go? Will the dear Creature go?
[*Exit Lady Stale.*]

Ang. Well, I'll swear you're a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd thing, I'll vow I have a good mind to hate you.

Friend. What, for sacrificing all to you, you dear little Creature!

Ang. Be quiet, can't you! Don't you see my Father?

Sir Tim. Well, Madam, you see your Power over your Slave——Mr. *Friendly*, as this Lady has done you the honour to intercede for you, I declare I receive you as my Son-in-law, and will make good what I seal'd to for my Daughter's Fortune——I hope you are no Biter.

Friend. A most profess'd Enemy to all Fools of that kind.

Sir Tim. I like you the better, you may come to good.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Peasant *Gregory Grumble*, who was imprison'd in the Cellar, notifies to your Worthiness, that the Person last committed is the very real Esquire *Pinch*, his Master.

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Ha! say'tt thou! the Circumstance displeaseth——Let him be releas'd, I am glad my Daughter is not bitten, however——It must be of great Grief to his Parents to hear that he taketh unto Biting after this manner.

Enter Pinch.

Pinch. Look ye, Gentlemen and Ladies, this is mighty fine, very exceeding fine; here have *Gregory* and I been put in a Cellar among old Shoes, broken Bottles, and wicker Baskets, for no manner of substantial reason in the Earth.

Sir *Tim.* Young Gentleman, the Disaster has been of your own seeking. I am sorry to say it, but tho' you were ten times the Son of my Friend Sir *Peter Pinch*, and a Biter, I wou'd not affy my Daughter to you.

Pinch. Ha! ——You may take your Daughter and stop your——I wou'd'n't marry her an she were a Cherubin.

Mar. For ought I see 'tis well the matter has happen'd as it has, since the only one thing that ever Sir *Timothy* and Mr. *Pinch* could have agreed in, wou'd have been in not liking one another.

Pinch. Well perhaps 'twas, and perhaps twan't, Madam, Look ye, I desire you not to concern yourself about me, I shan't concern myself about you, poz.

Mar. Why this is all right again, for we are certainly agreed as to that matter too; however I promise to wear a Willow for your sake, when I hear you are sped.

Pinch. Well, well, you may wear what you please. I believe I know what your Husband will wear, sweet Madam Nimble Chops.

Mar. Don't be in a Choler, and I'll bring you acquainted with my Husband. Sir *Timothy*, it is some time since that I have had a very particular Esteem for your Family.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, you confer Honour.

Mar. And in order to make myself a Part of it, about a Week ago I was marry'd to this Gentleman, your Nephew. *[Pointing to Clerimont.]*

Sir *Tim.* How, to my Nephew! oh thou most perfidious! is it possible?

Cler. The thing is most certainly so, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Tim*. Is it so, Sir? why then the World is all false, there is nothing but Villany, Biting——Jilting——

Pinch, Bite! What, art thou bit at last, Old Boy, Old *Fobus*, ha!

Sir *Tim*. Get thee out of my Doors this Minute, thou most egregious wretched Puppy, or I will so batter that Scull of thine——

Pinch. Hold, keep the Peace——take away his Stick——what d'ye mean, ha! what would you be at? d'ye think Heads are made for nothing but to be broke? Very pretty Sport, truly.

Mar. Come, Sir *Timothy*, be pacify'd; I fancy we shall agree much better as Uncle and Niece, than as Man and Wife.

Sir *Tim*. Oh thou false Creature! I am enrag'd, and wish all the Western World was on Fire——But I'll take Post for the *East-Indies* this Instant, and never converse with Man, Woman, or Child again, that was born on this side the Cape of *Good-Hope*. [Exit Sir *Tim*.

Clew. Let him go; we shall find some way to mollify him, I warrant you, when the first Heat is over.

Short are the passionate Fits of Love, and Rage,
Which warm the sickly Veins of feeble Age.
And tho' the Flame
Blaze out, and for a Moment seems to rise,
Yet soon the Fuel fails, and then it dies.

[*Exeunt Omnes*.]

F I N I S.

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O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

A N D

TRANSLATIONS.

D U B L I N:

Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-alley*,
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M,DCC,LXIV.

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POEMS, &c.

The GOLDEN VERSES of PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST to the Gods thy humble Homage pay,
The greatest this, and first of Laws, obey :
Perform thy Vows, observe thy plighted Troth,
And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.
The Heroes next demand thy just Regard,
Renown'd on Earth, and to the Stars preferr'd, }
To Light and endless Life, their Virtues sure Reward, }
Due Rites perform, and Honours to the Dead,
To ev'ry wise, to ev'ry pious Shade.
With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred show :
For what concerns the rest of Human Kind,
Choose out the Man to Virtue best inclin'd ; }
Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Bosom bind : }
Possess of such a Friend, preserve him still ;
Nor thwart his Counsels with thy stubborn Will ;
Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
And yield to all his Offices of Love :
Him from thy Heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash Word nor light Offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his Failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive ;
For strong Necessity alone explores
The secret Vigour of our latent Pow'rs,
Rouses and urges on the lazy Heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.
By Use thy stronger Appetites assuage,
Thy Gluttony, thy Sloth, thy Lust, thy Rage :
From each dishonest Act of Shame forbear ;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let Rev'rence of thyself thy Thoughts controul,
And guard the sacred Temple of thy Soul :
Let Justice o'er thy Word and Deed preside,
And Reason ev'n thy meanest Actions guide ;

For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom,
 Know, that the Day of great Account will come,
 When thy past Life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each Word, each Deed, be in the Balance laid,
 And all the Good, and all the Ill most justly be repaid. }
 For Wealth, the perishing, uncertain Good,
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,
 That know no sure, no fix'd abiding Place,
 But wandering, loves from Hand to Hand to pass;
 Revolve the Getter's Joy, and Loser's Pain,
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
 Of all those Sorrows that attend Mankind,
 With Patience bear the Lot to thee assign'd;
 Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;
 For know what Man calls Fortune is from God.
 In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek Relief,
 And let her healing Hand assuage thy Grief;
 Yet still whate'er the righteous Doom ordains,
 What Cause soever multiplies thy Pains,
 Let not those Pains as Ills be understood,
 For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The reas'ning Art, to various Ends apply'd,
 Is oft a sure, but oft an erring Guide.
 Thy Judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
 Nor lightly from thy Resolution swerve;
 The dazling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
 And sweet Persuasion wins the easy to believe.
 When Fools and Liars, labour to persuade,
 Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This, above all, this Precept chiefly learn,
 This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
 Let not Example, let no soothing Tongue,
 Prevail upon thee with a *Siren's* Song,
 To do thy Soul's immortal Essence wrong. }
 Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds exprest,
 Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
 And ponder on thy Task before begun,
 Lest Folly shou'd the wretched Work deface,
 And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.
 Fools huddle on, and always are in Haste,
 Act without Thought, and thoughtless Words they
 waste. But

But thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares,
Strive to prevent, at first, a Fate like theirs ;
That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
Nor sharp Repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling Hand in aught to try,
That does beyond thy Reach of Knowledge lie ;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought
To search the profitable Knowledge out.

So Joys on Joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy Labours, and shall bless
Thy Life with Pleasure, and thy End with Peace.

Nor let the Body want its Part, but share
A just Proportion of thy tender Care :
For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.
Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholesome Fare
Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair ;
And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits chear.
In all Things still which to this Care belong,
Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.
By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from Blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
The glancing Curse of her malicious Eye.

Seek not in needless Luxury to waste
Thy Wealth and Substance with a Spendthrift's Haste.
Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy Mind,
Prone to Extremes, an equal Danger find,

And be to sordid Avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

Be careful still to guard thy Soul from Wrong,
And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprise,
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day,
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.

With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own Demand.

Where have I been ? In what have I transgress'd ?
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life express'd ?

Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
 In what to God, to Man, or to myself I owe?
 Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,
 From Morning's Dawn, 'till Ev'ning's Gloom has past.
 If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,
 And let thy Soul with strong Remorse be torn.
 If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,
 And to thy secret Self with Pleasure say,
 Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well To-day.

These Thoughts, and chiefly these, thy Mind should
 Employ thy Study and engage thy Love: [move,

These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,
 And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.
 This by his Name I swear, whose sacred Lore
 First to Mankind explain'd the Mystic F O U R,
 Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Pow'r.

In all thou dost, first let thy Prayers ascend,
 And to the Gods thy Labours first commend: [End.
 From them implore Success, and hope a prosp'rous
 So shall thy abler Mind be taught to soar,
 And Wisdom in her secret Ways explore;
 To range through Heav'n above and Earth below,
 Immortal Gods, and mortal Men to know.
 So shalt thou learn what Pow'r does all controul,
 What bounds the Parts, and what unites the whole:
 And rightly judge, in all this wond'rous Frame,
 How universal Nature is the same;
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place,
 On Hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man, thou shalt be taught to know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn Cause of Woe.
 Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell,
 How near their Good and Happiness they dwell.
 Depriv'd of Sense, they neither hear nor see;
 Fetter'd in Vice, they seek not to be free,
 But stupid, to their own sad Fate agree:
 Like pond'rous Rolling-stones, oppress'd with Ill,
 The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on still,
 Bereft of Choice, and Freedom of the Will.
 For native Strife in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious War maintains:
 Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat cease,
 And ev'ry yielding Passion sue for Peace. Wouldst

Poems on several Occasions.

7

Wouldst thou, great *Jove*, thou Father of Man-
Reveal the *Demon* for that Task assign'd, [kind,
The wretched Race an End of Woes would find.
And yet be bold, O Man, divine thou art,
And of the Gods celestial Essence Part.
Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy Race her mystic Rules reveal'd.
These, if to know, thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded Soul to Health thou shalt restore,
And free from ev'ry Pain the felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy Body pure, so free thy Soul ;
So rightly judge ; thy Reason, so maintain ;
Reason, which Heaven did for thy Guide ordain,
Let that best Reason ever hold the Rein.

Then if this mortal Body thou forsake,
And thy glad Flight to the pure *Æther* take,
Among the Gods, exalted, shalt thou shine,
Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine :
The Tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.

*On the Late GLORIOUS SUCCESSES of Her
MAJESTY's Arms.*

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Rt. Hon. the LORD TREASURER.

WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Counsels wait,
And *ANNA* trusts to thee the *British* State ;
While Fame, to thee, from every foreign Coast,
Flies with the News of Empires won and lost ;
Relates whate'er her busy Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field ;
While with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend ;
Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler Joy to hear ;
For sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care ;
Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,
Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train,

Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
 Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim
 To make thy numbers equal to thy Theme.
 From Heav'n derive thy Verse; to Heav'n belong
 The Counsels of the Wise, and Battles of the Strong;
 To Heav'n, the royal *ANNA* owes, alone,
 The Virtues which adorn and guard her Throne;
 Thence is her Justice, Wretches to redress,
 Thence is her Mercy and her Love of Peace;
 Thence is her Pow'r, her Scepter uncontrol'd,
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold;
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,
 To heal their Breaches, and to sooth their Rage;
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides;
 Thence is she taught her shining Court to grace,
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,
 To trust at home *GODOLPHIN*'s watchful Care,
 And send victorious *CHURCHILL* forth to War.

Arise, ye Nations, rescu'd by her Sword,
 Freed from the Bondage of a foreign Lord;
 Arise, and join the Heroine to bless,
 Behold she sends to save you from Distress;
 Rich is the royal Bounty she bestows,
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes.
 And thou, *Iberia*! rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the *Gallic* Tyrant's Chain.
 For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer
 Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War.
 With her own glorious Fires their Souls she warms,
 And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
 Unhappy Land! the Foremost once in Fame,
 Once listing to the Stars thy noble Name,
 In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
 The western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.
 Where is thy Pride, thy conscious Honour, flown,
 Thy ancient Valour, and thy first Renown?
 How art thou sunk among the Nations now!
 How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
 And drop the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy
 Brow!

Not thus of old her valiant Fathers bore
 The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,

But

But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
 And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field;
 Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood:
 Then in heroic Arms their Knights excell'd,
 The Tyrant then and Giant then they quell'd.
 Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,
 And those who fought for Freedom sigh'd for Love.
 Like one, those sacred Flames united live,
 At once they languish, and at once revive;
 Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
 But Bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
 Tho' we disdain that Man should Man subdue,
 Yet all the free-born Race are Slaves alike to you. }

Yet once, again that Glory to restore,
 The *Britons* seek the *Celtiberian* Shore.

With ecchoing Peals, at *ANNA's* high Command,
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowsy Land;
 High at their Head, *Iberia's* promis'd Lord,
 Young *Charles* of *Austria*, waves his shining Sword;
 His youthful Veins, with Hopes of Empire glow,
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe:
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;
 Then leaps, exulting, on the hostile Strand,
 And thinks the destin'd Scepter in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,
 Proud *Barcelona* owns his Juster Claim,
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
 And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath be-
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years, [stows,
Philip of *Bourbon's* haughty Line, appears;
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)
 In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending War;
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,
 And dooms to certain Death, the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the nobler Spoils
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,

Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
 And fire their Breasts with more than mortal Rage:
 Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,
 So daring, fierce, untain'd, and furious are,
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown, [Crown.
 They prove their Might in Arms, and combat for a

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long,
 Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung;
 Till forc'd at length, disdain'g much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.

Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
 And ev'n the *British* Valour seems to fail;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extreme,
 Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
 They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,
 Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,
 Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

But lo! When ev'ry better Hope was past,
 When ev'ry Day of Danger seem'd their last,
 Far on the distant Ocean, they survey,
 Where a proud Navy plows its wat'ry Way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with Joy descry,
 Upon the Chief's tall Top-masts waving high,
 The *British* Cross and *Belgic* Lion fly.
 Loud with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear
 Their Cries of Ecstasy, and rend the Air,
 In Peals on Peals, the Shouts triumphal rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;
 While from below, old Ocean groans profound,
 The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,
 Ring with the deaf'ning Shock, and thunder all around.
 Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,
 Who by the fierce *Rutillan's* Siege distress'd,
 Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd;
 When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,
 And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;
 Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the Fate of his imperial *Rome*.

But Oh! what Verse, what Numbers shall reveal
 Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!

Who

Who shall retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
And tell the Anguish of his lab'ring Heart!
What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express,
The blended Passions striving in his Face!
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse, [Curse:
With Thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous Charms
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:
When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battle won,
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
When all War gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer, happier Arts of Peace,
Secur'd from Harms, and blest with learned Ease;
In Battles, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the Warrior, in the fatal Field;
But chief, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,
And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;
Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!

There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,
But those which from thy sacred Raptures flow,
Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow.
Me, Nymph Divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate.
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,
Where secret thy celestial Sisters sing,
Past by their sacred Hill, and sweet *Castalian* Spring.

But nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,
And raise his Heart with high triumphant Joy;
From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,
And whiter Days successive seem to run.
From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date
The rising Glories of his future State:
From hence! — But Oh! too soon the Hero mourns
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns.
In vain, his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms
Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;
Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,
In sullen Sloth supinely proud they fate;

Or to be Slaves, or Free, alike prepar'd,
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard;
 Untouch'd with Shame, the noble Strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field;
 But fought, in the cold Shade and rural Seat,
 An unmolested Ease and calm Retreat:
 Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull Indifference,
 Turn'd to their Rest and left the World to Chance.

So when commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,
Thaumantian Iris left the Realms above,
 And swift descending on her painted Bow,
 Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below;
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy Head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred Message heard;
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
 And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again.

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful Toil forsake,
 Some Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,
 Nor choose, in melancholy Strains, to tell
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause beset.
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,
 Where *MARLBOROUGH*'s heroic Arms invite,
 Where highest Deeds the Poet's Breast inspire
 With Rage divine, and Fan the sacred Fire.
 See! where at once, *Ramillia*'s noble Field
 Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.
 See! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprise;
 At once the wide-extended Battles move,
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
 The Roar ascends promiscuous; Groans and Cries,
 The Drums, the Cannons' Burst, the Shout, supplies,
 One universal Anarchy of Noise.
 One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and lost in Sound,
 Echoes to all the frighted Cities round.
 Thick Dust and Smoke in wavy Clouds arise,
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between,
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
 Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter roam;

Dis-

Discord with pleasure o'er the Ruin treads,
 And laughing, wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds;
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.
 So when to Currents rapid in their Course,
 Rush to a point and meet with equal Force,
 The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
 Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
 And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry;
 The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,
 By listning Shepherds on the distant Shore,
 While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,
 And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
 Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,
 Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest fall,
 He flies, and drives, confus'd, the fainting *Gaul*.
 Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,
 And animates the Social Warrior's Arms,
 Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
 Makes the Young Heroes, and renews the Old.
 In Forms divine, around him watchful wait,
 The Guardian Genii of the *British* State;
 Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his Side;
 Prudence and Fortitude their *MARLBRO'* guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his Labours chear'd;
 But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
 The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,
 And in his decent Hand he shook a warlike Spear.
 While Victory celestial, soars above,
 Plum'd like the Eagle of imperial *Jove*,
 Hangs o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,
 Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy,
 Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela's* Plain,
 Or such the * Painter did the Hero feign,

Where

* *Le Brun*.

Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
 With graceful Ardor, and majestic Pride, [Side. }
 With all the Gods of *Greece*, and Fortune on his

Nor long, *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain,
 Labours the Fight, unequal, to maintain:

He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
 Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall ;
 Flies from the Foe too oft in Battle try'd,
 And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side ;
 Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.

So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
 The dreadful Forms of hostile Gods survey'd,
 Hopeless he left the burning Town and fled:
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast Reward, O *Europe*, shalt thou pay,
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious Day!
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,
 And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.

In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed,
 Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
 To *MARLBOROUGH* and Liberty decreed !
 Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise ;
 To him your skilful Bards their Verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trem-
 bling String.

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the Ocean's Isles,
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main :
 What Transports in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!
 How didst thou lift thy tow'ry Front on high!
 Not meanly conscious of a Mother's Joy,
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*, [prove, }
 How wert thou pleas'd, Heav'n did thy Choice ap-
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love ! }
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!
 How with Impatience wait his wisht Return!

How

How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay!
How didst thou chide the Gods who rule the Sea,
And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his
Way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,
Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;
Lowly he kneels Before the Royal Seat,
And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA's* Feet.
While form'd alike for Labours or for Ease,
In Camps to thunder, or in Courts to please,
Britain's bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their
In all his Dangers all his Triumphs share. [Care,
Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,
And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious Arms,
With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,
Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their
Charms.

Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
Now shines with Graces never known before;
Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn,
And each soft Feature takes a sprightly Turn;
New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,
And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;
The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hue,
And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,
Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
But spreads to all the grateful People round;
Laborious Hinds inur'd to rural Toil,
To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,
And bless the Warrior who protects the Peace,
Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War.
No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,
Prevents the Harvest and deludes their Hope;

No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze;
 The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe,
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
 The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round,
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and *ANNA's* gentlest Reign afford,
 All is secur'd by *MARLBRO's* conqu'ring Sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd Name! O thou!
 That wert our Greatest *William* once below!
 What Place soe'er thy Virtues now possess
 Near the bright Source of everlasting Bliss,
 Where-e'er exalted to ethereal Height,
 Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light,
 Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a-while forsake,
 And deign the *Britons'* Triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
 How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.
 What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,
Europe and Liberty are still thy Care,
 Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal Mind
 Is ever to the public Good inclin'd,
 Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.
 Behold where *MARLBOROUGH*, thy last, best Gift,
 At Parting, to thy native *Belgia* left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal Cares,
 Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars;
 Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,
 And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land;
 Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown,
 Fights to secure an Empire not his own,
 Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown.
 At length thy Pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,
 Heav'n has at length, in its own Cause appear'd,
 At length *Ramillia's* Field atones for all
 The faithless Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 At length a better Age to Man decreed,
 With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed;
 Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.

One

One Triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find;
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,
Louis the Force of hostile *Britain* feels:
 Swift to her Friends distress'd her Succours fly,
 And distant Wars her wealthy Sons supply:
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear,
 By tedious languishing Delays is held
 Repining, and impatient, from the Field:
 While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain;
 At once with generous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treasure sends, and bids the Hero arm,
 Straight eager to the Field, he speeds away,
 There vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day:
 Chear'd by the Presence of the Chief they love,
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd, each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to lead;
 Again their Crests the *German* Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad Wings, and fan the *Latian* Air;
 Greedy for Battle and the Prey they call,
 And point great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.
 The Chief commands, and soon in dread Array
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,
 O'er ev'ry Barrier fortunate they pass'd,
 Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd.
 The Foe in vain with *Gallic* Arts attends,
 To mark which Way the wary Leader bends.
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is wise,
 Lurks where tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprise.
 Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,
 And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams;

While

While River-Gods in vain exhaust their Store,
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood,
 Unshaken still pursue their stedfast Course, [force.
 And where they want their Way, they find it or they

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy's* Great Prince infect,
 And roll ill-boding in his careful Breast;
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
 An Exile, meanly forc'd to beg Support
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,
 His Glory once, and Empire's ancient Seat;
 He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,
 And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;
 Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
 Nor all the *Gallic* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay.
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fail,
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.

Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
 Bound by the Law of *Jove's* eternal Year;
 Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,
 Round the wide World in twicet twelve Hours is born,
 And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.

Straight to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
 Their friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,
 And on the Foe united bend the War.
 O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
 At once they rush and drive the rapid Fight;
 With idle Arms the *Gallic* Legions seem
 To stem the Rage of the resitless Stream;
 At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field;

Resistance

Resistance ceases, and 'tis War no more,
At once the Vanquish'd own the Victor's Pow'r;
Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight;
'Tis all, or Conquest, or inglorious Flight;
Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
With Life and Liberty at once they cheer,
And save 'em in the Moment of Despair.

So timely to the Aid of sinking *Rome*,
With active Haste did great *Camillus* come:
So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his Way,
So from the proud *Barbarians* snatch'd the Prey,
And sav'd his Country in one signal Day.

From impious Arms, at length, O *Louis* cease!
And leave, at length, the lab'ring World in Peace,
Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more fatal Scene,
Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin*;
Lest from thy Hand thou see thy Scepter torn,
And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn:
Lest urg'd, at length, thy own repining Slave,
Tho' fond of Burdens, and in Bondage brave,
Pursue thy hoary Head with Curses to the Grave.

EPILOGUE to the Inconstant: Or, The Way to win him. *A Comedy.* By Mr. Farquhar. As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

FROM FLETCHER's great *Original**, To-day
We took the Hint of this our *Modern* Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint,
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant:
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a world of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know
not yet.

Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded Way;

* See The Wild-Goose Chase.

Let

Let VILLEROY's Misfortune make you wise,
 There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprise;
 Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
 Prince EUGENE found an *Aqueduct* below.
 With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,
 A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:
 Whilst the Respectful, like the *Greek*, sits down,
 And wastes a *Ten Year's* Siege before *One Town*.
 For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,
 Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid;
 Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy Power to please.
 If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;
 As Princes, when the resty Statesmen doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
 Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
 As much, ev'n for *Inconstancy* be said.
 Let the good Man, for *Marriage Rites* design'd,
 With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
 Turn over ev'ry *Page of Womankind*;
 Mark ev'ry *Sense*, and how the *Readings* vary,
 And when he knows the worst on't, — let him marry.

PROLOGUE to the *Gamester*: A Comedy. By Mrs.
 Centlivre. As it was acted at the new Theatre in
 Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1704.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

I F humble Wives, that drag the Marriage-Chain,
 With cursed, dogged Husbands, may complain;
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
 They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
 Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
 Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant Town.
 When first you took us from our Father's House,
 And lovingly our Interest did espouse,
 You kept us fine, carefs'd, and lodg'd us here,
 And Honey-Moon held out above three Year;
 At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
 Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your sprightly Taste;

And

And tho', at first, you did not quite neglect,
 We found your Love was dwindled to Respect.
 Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
 You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
 Like bad Wine, Bus'ness, Duels, and a Dun.
 Have we, for this, increas'd *Apollo's* Race?
 Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?
 And borne you many chopping Babes of Grace?
 Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
 They were so like you, that they far'd the worse;
 For this To-night, we are not much in Pain,
 Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
 If all the Midwife says of it be true,
 There are some Features too like some of you:
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
 We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.

EPILOGUE, spoken by Mrs. Barry, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th, 1709, at her playing in *Love for Love* with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

AS some brave Knight, who once with Spear and
 Shield,
 Had fought Renown in many a well-fought Field;
 But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd,
 Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd:
 There, if by Chance, disastrous Tales he hears,
 Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
 He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,
 And vows once more to succour the Distress'd.
 Buckl'd in Mail, he sallies on the Plain,
 And turns him to the Fates of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendship true,
 Have bid, once more, our peaceful Homes adieu,
 To aid *old Thomas*, and to pleasure you.
 Like errant Damsels, boldly we engage,
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.
 Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
 And scorn'd that any She should hold his Back;

But

But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
 By * Two, at once, he's forc'd to be sustain'd :
 You see what failing Nature brings Man to ;
 And yet, let none insult, for aught we know,
 She may not wear so well with some of you :
 Tho' old, you find, his Strength is not clean past,
 But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the last.

If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
 Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r ;
 What can the youngest of you all do more ?

What he has been, tho' present Praise be dumb,
 Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,
 As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.
 Had you withheld your Favours on this Night,
 Old SHAKESPEAR'S Ghost had ris'n to do him Right.
 With Indignation, had you seen him frown,
 Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town ;
 Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,
 Why are the Muses Labours cast away ?
 Why did I write what only he could play ?
 But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet ;
 Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat ;
 Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,
 Find something for him more than bare Applause ;
 In just Remembrance of your Pleasures past,
 Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last ;
 In Peace and Ease, Life's Remnant let him wear,
 And hang his consecrated Buskin † there.

EPILOGUE to the *Cruel Gift: A Tragedy.* By Mrs.
 Centlivre. As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal
 in Drury-Lane, 1717.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL,—'twas a narrow 'Scape my Lover made,
 That Cup and Message—I was fore afraid—
 Was that a *Present* for a new-made Widow,
 All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful Dido ?

When

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the
 Waste. † Pointing to the Top of the Stage.

When one peep'd in — and hop'd for something good,
 There was — Oh! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood*,*
 If the old Man had thew'd himself a Father,
 His *Bowl* should have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,
 Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,
L'Eau de Barbade — or comfortable *Nants*!†
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the Heart.
 I could have told his Gravity, moreover,
 Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*.
 Let but the *Bridegroom* prudently provide
 All other *Matters* fitting for a *Bride*,
 So he make good the *Jewels* and the *Jointure*,
 To miss the *Heart*, does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith, for the *Fashion Hearts* of late are made in,
 They are the vilest *Baubles* we can trade in.
 Where are the tough, brave *BRITONS* to be found,
 With *Hearts* of *Oak*, so much of old renown'd?
 How many worthy *Gentlemen* of late
 Swore to be true to *Mother-Church* and *State*;
 When their *false Hearts* were secretly maintaining
 Yon trim King *PEPIN*, at *Avignon* reigning?
 Shame on the canting Crew of *Soul-Insurers*,
 That *Tyburn-Tribe* of *Speech-making Non-jurors*;
 Who in new-fangled *Terms*, old *Truths* explaining,
 Teach honest *Englishmen*, damn'd *Double-Meaning*.
 Oh! would you lost Integrity restore,
 And boast that *Faith* your plain Fore-Fathers bore;
 What surer Pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear *PLEDGE* ‡ your *MONARCH* left behind!
 See how his *Looks*, his *honest Heart* explain,
 And speak the Blessings of his *future Reign*!
 In his each Feature, Truth, and Candour trace,
 And read *Plain-Dealing*, written in his Face.

PROLOGUE

* This Tragedy was founded upon the Story of Segismunda and Guilcardo, one of Boccace's Novels; where-
 in the Heart of the Lover is sent by the Father to his
 Daughter, as a Present.

† i. e. Citron Water and good Brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales then present.

PROLOGUE to the Non-Juror: *A Comedy.* By Mr. Cibber. *As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO-night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,
Nor hope at one another's Cost to laugh :
We mean to fouse old *Satan*, and the *Pope* ;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs, supplies the Comic Stage,
With just Materials for Satyric Rage :
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff *Non-Juring*, Separation Saint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;
Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,
And hate our Monarch, and our Church alike ;
Our Church — which aw'd with reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She these her worst of Foes defy,
And list her mitred Head triumphant to the Sky :
While theirs — But Satire silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
In close Back-rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies ;
There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
And excommunicates Three Stories high. }
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free-born State ?
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,
Peace and Prosperity afflict their Eyes ;
With Anguish, Prince, and People, they survey,
Their just Obedience, and his righteous Sway.
Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated Court :
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book II. Ode IV. *Imitated.*

The Lord Griffin to the Earl of Scarfsdale.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
To *Bracegirdle*, the Brown;
But publicly espouse the Dame,
And say G—— D—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good Commanders;
Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* * PEGG inflame
The sober Earl of *Nottingham*,
Of sober Sire descended?
That careless of his Soul and Fame,
To Play-houses he nightly came,
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch, who of *France* is hight,
Who rules the Rost with matchless Might,
Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,
Which she with Scorn rejected:
And can a Nymph so virtuous be,
Of base-born Blood suspected?

B

VII. Her

* *Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian Songstress.*

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waste, and taper Thigh,

I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I,
Am turn'd of Five-and-forty.

*The RECONCILEMENT between Jacob Tonson
and Mr. Congreve.*

An Imitation of HORACE, Book III. Ode IX.

Tons. **W**Hile at my House in *Fleet-street* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?
While I partook your *Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,*
I was the happiest Creature on God's Yearth.*

Cong. While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your Trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;
Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest, Fellow living.

Tons. I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models:
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

Cong. TEMPLE † and DALAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercuria*, both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

Tons. What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,
And once more warm my † *Bunnians* at your Fire;

If

* Tonson (*Sen.*) his Dialect. † Sir Richard Temple, now Lord Cobham. ‡ JACOB's Term for his Corns.

If I to *Bow-street* should invite you home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREGVE, would you come? }

Cong. Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humours than a Dancing-Bear;
Yet, for your sake, Pd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

HORACE, Book III. Ode XXI.

To his CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle CASK, whose venerable Head,
With hoary Down and ancient Dust o'erspread,
Proclaims, that since the Vine first brought Thee forth,
Old Age has added to thy Worth.
Whether the sprightly Juice thou dost contain,
Thy Vo'tries will to Wit and Love,
Or senseless Noise and Lewdness move,
Or Sleep, the Cure of these, and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to some Day, propitious and great,
Justly, at first, thou was design'd by Fate;
This Day, the happiest of thy many Years,
With thee I will forget my Cares:
To my CORVINUS' Health, thou shalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,
And longer Age would bring Decay) [drown'd.
Till ev'ry anx'ous Thought in the rich Stream be

III.

To thee, my Friend, his Roughness shall submit,
And SOCRATES himself awhile forget.
Thus when old CATO would sometimes unbend
The rugged Stiffness of his Mind,
Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his Bowl,
His frozen Virtue felt the Charm,
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm, [Soul.
And bless'd the sprightly Pow'r that chear'd his gloomy

IV.

With kind Constraint, Ill-nature thou dost bend,
 And mould the snarling Cynic to a Friend.
 The Sage reserv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee, [free. }
 And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and
 The Swain, who did some credulous Nymph persuade
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
 Devotes her to his Vanity.
 And to his Fellow-Fops toasts the abandon'd Maid.

V.

The Wretch, who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,
 And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs.
 If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,
 From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;
 His flying Cares give Way to Haste,
 And to the God resign his Breast,
 Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.

VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,
 Amidst his Wants, a wretched Life maintains ;
 If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
 Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
 Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,
 And how by impious Arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,
 And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine, }
 Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine,
 All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline,
 Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy Night,
 With all Things that can give Delight ;
 Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away ;
 Ye Tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the Moon, and each pale Star, [Day.
 Your Beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the

HORACE,

HORACE, Book IV. Ode I.

To VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my Breast,
 Late, with long Ease, and peaceful Pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the Wretch, that still has been thy Slave, }
 And let my former Service have
 The Merit to protect me to the Grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under CYNERA the good and fair,
 With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,
 With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why }
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful Breasts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
 Go, bid thy Swans their glossy Wings expand,
 And swiftly thro' the yielding Air
 To DAMON thee their Goddesses bear,
 Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue.
 Skill'd in a Thousand soft prevailing Arts, }
 With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts
 Thy Pow'r to unexperienced Virgins Hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the Bounds of thy Command;
 And if thou shalt his Wishes bless,
 Beyond his Rivals with Success,
 In Gold and Marble shall thy Statues stand.
 Beneath the sacred Shade of *Odel's* Wood,
 Or on the Banks of *Ouse's* gentle Flood,
 With od'rous Beams a Temple he shall raise,
 For ever sacred to thy Praise, [cays. }
 Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love itself de-
 There while rich Incense on thy Altar burns,
 Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
 In melting soft harmonious Strains, [Turns.
 Mix'd with the softer Flutes, shall tell their Flames by
 As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,
 So with the Day thy Honours shall return;

Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid,
 A Troop of either Sex shall lead,
 And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar tread. }
 Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
 The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
 Together rise, together sit:
 But, Goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.
 There may't thou reign, while I forget to love;
 No more false Beauty shall my Passion move;
 Nor shall my fond believing Heart be led,
 By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd, }
 To hope for Truth from the protesting Maid.
 With Love the sprightly Joys of Wine are fled;
 The Roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my Brow,
 And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours shed.
 But tell me, CYNTHIA, say, bewitching Fair,
 What mean these Sighs? Why steals this falling Tear?
 And when my struggling Thoughts for Passage strove, }
 Why did my Tongue refuse to move;
 Tell me can this be any Thing but Love? }
 Still with the Night my Dreams my Grievs renew,
 Still she is present to my Eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies, [pursue.
 O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the scornful Maid

HORACE, Book I. Epist. IV. *Imitated.*

To RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq;*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart commend
 The Critic's Art, and Candour of a Friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find,
 Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind?
 Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy Thought,
 To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote?
 Or whether to the Covert of some Grove,
 Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove?
 Where to thyself thou all those Rules dost show,
 That good Men ought to Practise, or wise know.

For

* Who fought the Duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

For sure thy Mass of Men is no dull Clay,
 But well inform'd with the celestial Ray.
 The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
 In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind;
 And tho' they did profusely Wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true Use of Wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the Nurse wish for her darling Boy
 A Happiness which thou dost not enjoy:
 What can her fond Ambition ask beyond
 A Soul by Wisdom's noblest Precepts crown'd?
 To this fair Speech, and happy Utterance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret Treasures of the Mind,
 And make the Blessing common to Mankind.
 On these let Health and Reputation wait,
 The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great:
 A Table chearfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:
 Such an Estate as no Extremes may know,
 A free and just Disdain for all Things else below.
 Amidst uncertain Hopes and anxious Cares,
 Tumult'ous Strife, and miserable Fears,
 Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
 And let each Day be to thee as thy last.
 That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasures rise,
 Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
 Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
 Batt'ning in Ease you'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair;
 Me, who have learn'd from EPICURUS' Lore,
 To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour;
 Whom ev'ry Friday at the *Vine* * you'll find
 His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

The UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest Red, the blushing *Rose*,
 Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;
 Her, the rough *Thistle* from a neighb'ring Field,
 With fond Desires, and Lover's Eyes beheld:
 Straight the fierce *Plant* lays by his pointed Darts,
 And wooes the gentle *Flow'r* with softer Arts.

B 4

Kindly

* *The Vine Tavern in Long-Acre.*

Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* Flame approve,
 And own'd the *Warrior* worthy of *her* Love.
 FLORA, whoſe happy Laws the Season guide,
 Who does in Fields and painted Meads preſide,
 And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,
 With Pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing Pair* combine,
 To favour what their *Goddeſs* did deſign,
 And bid them in eternal UNION join.
 Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning Year,
 One Stem the *Thiſtle* and the *Roſe* ſhall bear:
 The *Thiſtle's* laſting Grace, thou, O my *Roſe*! ſhalt be,
 The warlike *Thiſtle's Arms*, a ſure Defence to Thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

Done from the *Latin* of J. Gerbard.*

MANY, that once, by *Fortune's* Bounty rear'd,
 Amidſt the Wealthy and the Great appear'd;
 Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd Heights declin'd,
 Have ſunk to that juſt Level of Mankind, [*of Mind.*]
 Where, nor too little, nor too much, gives the true Peace

On the Laſt Judgment, and the Happineſs of the
 Saints in Heaven.

Done from the *Latin* of J. Gerbard.

IN that bleſſ'd Day, from ev'ry Part, the Juſt,
 Rais'd from the liquid Deep or mould'ring Duſt,
 The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
 All of paſt Ages, preſent, and to come,
 In full Aſſembly, ſhall at once reſort,
 And meet within high Heav'n's capacious Court:
 Their famous Names, rever'd in Days of old,
 Our great Forefathers there we ſhall behold,
 From whom old Stocks and Anceſtry began,
 And worthily in long Succeſſion ran;
 The reverend Sires with Pleaſure ſhall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.

There,

* In *his* Meditationes Sacrae.

There, all those tender Ties, which here below,
Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,
A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
Its everlasting Being shall commence:
There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be done,
No Night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious Sun,
But one eternal Holy-day go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT: A SONG.

To the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow supported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas, silly Swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great,
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was Nightingale ever so sweet?
How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a Clown,
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think that a Beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?
What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
The Virgins sit weeping around.

Ah, COLIN, thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;
 Thy false One inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.
 And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.
 If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground.
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew:
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.
 Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And frolic it all the long Day;
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless, when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

*EPIGRAM on a Lady who shed her Water at seeing
the Tragedy of Cato.*

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their CATO'S
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory CELIA fate: [Fate,
 But tho' her Pride forbade her Eyes to flow,
 The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
 Tho' secret yet with copious Streams she mourns,
 Like twenty *River-Gods* with all their Urns.
 Let others screw an hypocritic Face,
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
 Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
 For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

M E C Æ N A S.

VERSES, *occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of HALIFAX, 1714; being that Year installed Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.*

PHOEBUS and CÆSAR once conspir'd to grace:
A noble Knight, of ancient *Tuscan* Race.
The Monarch, greatly conscious of his Worth,
From Books and his Retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the Patriot with the *civic* Crown,
The Consul's *Fasces* and *Patrician* Gown:
The World's whole Wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the Streams of Treasure where to flow:
To him he bade the suppliant Nations come,
And on his Counsels fix'd the Fate of *Rome*.

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high Numbers to the vocal String,
With jealous Eyes beheld the bounteous King.

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my Share;
Our common Fav'rite is our common Care.
Honours and Wealth thy grateful Hand may give;
But PHOEBUS only bids the Poet live.

The Service of his faithful Heart is thine;
There let thy JULIAN *Star* an Emblem shine;
His Mind, and her imperial Seat are mine.
Then bind his Brow, ye *Thespian* Maids, he said,
The willing Muses the Command obey'd,
And wove the deathless Laurel for his Head.

EPIGRAM on the Prince of WALES's, then Regent,
appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY GUARDIAN, blest *Britannia*, scorns to sleep,
When the sad Subjects of his Father weep;
Weak Princes by their Fears increase Distress;
He faces Danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing Towns may smile with Joy,
He knows to *Save* is greater than *Destroy*.

SONG on a fine Woman who had a dull Husband.

I.

WHEN on fair *Celia's* Eyes I gaze,
And bless their Light divine;
I stand confounded with Amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile Clod of Earth she seems
To fix their Influence;
Which kindles not at those bright Beams,
Nor wakens into Sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the Thought,
I cou'd not but complain,
That Nature's lavish Hand had wrought
This fairest Work in vain.

IV.

Thus some who have the Stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious Lamps were made
To light *Tom-Fool* to Bed.

*Occasioned by his first Visit to Lady Warwick at
Holland-House.*

I.

HEARING that *Chloe's* Bower crown'd
The Summit of a neighbouring Hill,
Where ev'ry rural Joy was found,
Where Health and Wealth were plac'd around.
To wait like Servants on her Will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That ev'ry Thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her Herds in flow'ry Pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the Green-wood Shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy Air.

III.

But when I found my troubled Heart
Uneasy grown within my Breast,
My Breath came short, and in each Part
Some new Disorder seem to start,

Which pain'd me sore and broke my Rest. IV. Some-

IV.

Some noxious Vapour sure, I said,
From this unwholsome Soil must rise;
Some secret Venom is convey'd,
Or from this Field, or from that Shade,
That does the Pow'rs of Life surprize.

V.

Soon as the skilful *Leach* beheld
The Change that in my Health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor Wood, nor Field;
Diseases which such Symptoms yield,
Proceed from *Chloe's* Eyes alone.

VI.

Alike she kills in ev'ry Air,
The coldest Breast her Beauties warm;
And tho' the Fever took you there,
If *Chloe* had not been so fair,
The Place had never done you Harm.

STANZAS to Lady WARWICK on Mr. Addison's
going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid Nymphs, who rule the Sea!
Who chain loud Storms, and still the raging Main!
With Care, the gentle *Lycidas* convey,
And bring the faithful Lover safe again.

II.

When *Albion's* Shore with chearless Heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the Deck he stood,
Of ev'ry Joy in *Chloe's* Eyes bereft,
And wept his Sorrows in the swelling Flood.

III.

Ah, fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous Gods his just Reward ordain;
For his Return thy pious Wishes join,
That thou, at length, may pay him for his Pain.

IV.

And since his Love does thine alone pursue,
In Arts unpractis'd, and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be, by his Example, true,
And shun thy Sex's Inclination, Change.

V. When

V.

When Crowds of youthful Lovers round thee wait,
 And tender Thoughts in sweetest Words impart;
 When thou art woo'd by Titles, Wealth, and State,
 Then think on *Lycidas*, and guard thy Heart.

VI.

When the gay Theatre shall charm thy Eyes,
 When artful Wit shall speak thy Beauty's Praise;
 When Harmony shall thy soft Soul surprise,
 Sooth all thy Senses, and thy Passions raise.

VII.

Amidst whatever various Joys appear,
 Yet breathe one Sigh, for one sad Minute mourn;
 Nor let thy Heart know one Delight sincere,
 Till thy own truest *Lycidas* return.

The VISIT.

WIT and Beauty t'other Day,
 Chanc'd to take me in their Way;
 And, to make the Favour greater,
 Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
 Conversation Care beguiling,
 Joy in Dimples ever smiling,
 All the Pleasures here below,
 Men can ask, or Gods bestow.
 A jolly Train, believe me! No:
 There were but Two, *Lepell* and *How*.

The CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

To Mrs. A—— D——.

I.

AS on a Summer's Day
 In the Greenwood Shade I lay,
 The Maid that I lov'd,
 As her Fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that Way.

II. And

II.

And as she pass'd by,
With a scornful Glance of her Eye,
What a Shame, quoth she,
For a Swain must it be,
Like a lazy Loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
What *Pan* our God has decreed;
What a Prize To-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest Shepherd's Reed?

IV.

There's not a single Swain
Of all this fruitful Plain,
But with Hopes and Fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny Boon to gain.

V.

Shall another Maiden shine
In brighter Array than thine?
Up, up, dull Swain,
Tune thy Pipe once again,
And make the Garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my Love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly Pride?
Since thy dear Desert
Is written in my Heart,
What is all the World beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely Russet Gray,
Than the Nymphs of our Green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

What tho' my Fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken Gown;
My own dear Maid,
Be content with this Shade,
And a Shepherd all thy own.

SONG. AH WILLOW.

To the Same, in her Sickness.

I.

TO the Brook and the Willow that heard him
 complain, *Ab Willow, Willow.*
 Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his Pain.
Ab Willow, Willow; ah Willow, Willow.

II.

Sweet Stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow;
Ab Willow, &c.
 And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my Woe.
Ab Willow, &c.

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ab Willow, &c.
 And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies.
Ab Willow, &c.

IV.

To the Nymph my Heart loves, ye soft Slumbers re-
 pair; *Ab Willow, &c.*
 Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her your
 Care. *Ab Willow, &c.*

V.

Dear Brook, were thy Chance near her Pillow to creep,
Ab Willow, &c.
 Perhaps thy soft Murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ab Willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my Eyes never close,
Ab Willow, &c.
 So the Sleep that I lose brings my Fair One Repose,
Ab Willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ab Willow, &c.
 If the Loss of my dear One, my Love is decreed;
Ab Willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my sad Heart by those Eyes shall be cheer'd;
Ab Willow, &c.
 If the Voice of my Warbler no more shall be heard;
Ab Willow, &c.

IX. Be-

IX.

Believe me, thou fair One ; thou dear One, believe,
Ab Willow, &c.

Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give.

Ab Willow, &c.

X.

One Fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall be ty'd,

Ab Willow, &c.

And soon lay thy Shepherd close by thy cold Side.

Ab Willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;

Ab Willow, Willow.

Fade thou too, my Willow, this Verse is my last ;

Ab Willow, Willow ; ah Willow, Willow.

To the Same, singing.

I.

WHAT Charms in Melody are found,
To soften ev'ry Pain !

How do we catch the healing Sound,

And feel the soothing Strain !

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair,

I bid my Heart rejoice ;

I shake off ev'ry sullen Care,

For Sorrow flies thy Voice.

III.

The Seasons *Philomel* obey,

Whene'er they hear her sing ;

She bids the Winter fly away,

And she recalls the Spring.

SONG. *The FAIR INCONSTANT.*

H E.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,

And doted on ev'ry Feature ;

Give me, at length, but Leave to complain

Of so ungrateful a Creature.

Tho*

Tho' I beheld in your wandering Eyes
 The wanton Symptoms of Ranging;
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E.

Why shou'd you blame what Heaven has made,
 Or find any Fault in Creation?
 'Tis not the Crime of the faithless Maid,
 But Nature's Inclination.
 'Tis not because I love you less,
 Or think you not a true One;
 But if the Truth I must confess,
 I always lov'd a new One.

To Lord WARWICK on his Birth-Day.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful Minds can
 move,
 With Friendship, Tenderneſs, Reſpect and Love;
 The Muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning Day,
 Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
 To *Jove* ſhe offer'd up an humble Pray'r,
 To take the noble WARWICK to his Care.
 Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner Grace
 Adorns the Soul, or beautifies the Face:
 Let manly Conſtancy confirm his Truth,
 And gentleſt Manners crown his blooming Youth.
 Give him to Fame, to Virtue to aſpire,
 Worthy our Songs and thy informing Fire:
 All various Praise, all Honours let him prove,
 Let Men admire, and ſighing Virgins love:
 With honeſt Zeal inflame his generous Mind,
 To love his Country and protect Mankind.
 Attentive to her Pray'r, the God reply'd,
 Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous Hand has lavish'd all his Pow'r,
 And making what he is, can add no more.
 Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
 I will prolong the Favourite WARWICK's Fate,
 And lengthen out his Years to ſome uncommon Date.

To

To Lady JANE WHARTON on her studying the Globe.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph, your Searches
And trace its rolling Circuit round the Sun, [run,
You seem'd the World beneath you to survey,
With Eyes ordain'd to give its People Day.
With two fair Lamps methought your Nations shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by One.
How did those Rays your happier Empire gild?
How clothe the flow'ry Mead and fruitful Field?
Your Earth was in eternal Spring array'd,
And laughing Joy amidst its Natives play'd.
Such is their Day, but chearless is their Night,
No friendly Moon reflects your absent Light:
And Oh! when yet ere many Years are past,
Those Beams on other Objects shall be plac'd,
When some young Hero with resistleless Art,
Shall draw those Eyes, and warm that Virgin Heart:
How shall your Creatures then their Loss deplore,
And want those Suns that rise for them no more?
The Bliss you give will be confin'd to One,
And for his Sake your World must be undone.

To Mrs. PULTENEY upon her going abroad.

TIRD with the frequent Mischiefs of her Eyes,
To distant Climes the fair *Belinda* flies.
She sees her spreading Flames consume around,
And not another Conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign Realms at will to reign,
She leaves her Vassals here with proud Disdain.
One only Joy which in her Heart she wears,
The dear Companion of her Flight she bears.
Aeneas thus a burning Town forsook,
Thus into Banishment his Gods he took:
But to retrieve his native *Troy's* Disgrace,
Fix'd a new Empire in a happier Place.

ODE for the New Year, 1716.

I.
HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year,
With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!
Comely

Comely art thou in thy Prime,
 Lovely Child of hoary Time;
 Where thy golden Footsteps tread,
 Pleasures all around thee spread;
 Blifs and Beauty grace thy Train;
 Muse, strike the Lyre to some immortal Strain.
 But oh! what Skill, what Master Hand,
 Shall govern or constrain the wanton Band!
 Loose like my Verse they dance, and all without Com-
 Images of fairest Things, [mand.
 Crowd about the speaking Strings;
 Peace and sweet Prosperity,
 Faith and chearful Loyalty,
 With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye skowling Shades, who break away,
 Well do ye fly and shun the purple Day.
 Ev'ry Friend and Friend-like Form,
 Black and fullen as a Storm.
 Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,
 Danger with her dreadful Eyes,
 Faction, Fury, all are fled.
 And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.
 Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,
 For whom the whiter Days were kept from Times of
 See thy GEORGE, for this is he! [old!
 On his right Hand, waiting free,
 Britain and fair Liberty:
 Ev'ry Good is in his Face,
 Every open honest Grace.
 Thou great *Plantagenet*! immortal be thy Race!

III.

See! the sacred Scyon springs,
 See the glad Promise of a Line of Kings!
 Royal Youth! what Bard divine,
 Equal to a praise like thine,
 Shall in some exalted Measure,
 Sing thee, *Britain's* dearest Treasure?
 Who her Joy in thee shall tell,
 Who the sprightly Note shall swell
 His Voice attemp'ring to the tuneful Shell?

Thee

Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field,
 Bold in thy brave paternal Band, beheld,
 And saw, with hopeless Heart, thy fainting Rival yield:
 Troubled he, with sore Dismay,
 To thy stronger Fate gave way,
 Safe beneath thy noble Scorn,
 Wingy-footed was he borne,
 Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what distinguish'd Worth,
 From thee shall lead the coming Ages forth?
 Crested Helms and shining Shields,
 Warriors fam'd in foreign Fields;
 Hoary Heads with Olive bound,
 Kings and Lawgivers renown'd;
 Crowding still they rise anew,
 Beyond the Reach of deep prophetic View.
 Young *AUGUSTUS*! never cease!
 Pledge of our present and our future Peace,
 Still pour the Blessings forth, and give thy great Increase.
 All the Stock that Fate ordains
 To supply succeeding Reigns,
 Whether Glory shall inspire
 Gentler Arts or martial Fire,
 Still the Fair Descent shall be
 Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee,
 Patrons of righteous Rules, and Foes to Tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the Sky,
 On the op'ning Year dispense
 All your kindest Influence;
 Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd
 For our *CAROLINA's* Guard;
 Short and easy be the Pains,
 Which for a Nation's Weal, the Heroine sustains.
Britannia's Angel, be thou near;
 The growing Race is thy peculiar Care,
 Oh spread thy sacred Wing above the royal Fair.
GEORGE by Thee was wafted o'er,
 To the long expected Shore:
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed Hand,

While

While his sacred Head to shade,
The blended Cross on high Thy Silver Shield display'd.

VI.

But oh! what other Form divine
Propitious near the Hero seems to shine!
Peace of Mind, and Joy serene,
In her sacred Eyes are seen,
Honour binds her mitred Brow,
Faith and Truth beside her go,
With Zeal and pure Devotion, bending low.
A thousand Storms around her threat,
A thousand Billows roar beneath her Feet,
While fix'd upon a Rock, she keeps her stable Seat.
Still in sign of sure Defence,
Trust and mutual Confidence,
On the Monarch, standing by,
Still she bends her gracious Eye, [nigh.
Nor fears her Foes Approach, while Heav'n and He are

VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!
Begone, pale Envy, and thou cold Despair!
Seek ye not a moody Cell,
Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
There repining, raging, still
Th' idle Air with Curses fill; [Hill;
There blast the pathless Wild, and the bleak Northern
There your Exile vainly moan;
There, where with Murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the sweeping Winds, the bending Forests
But thou, Hope, with smiling Chear, [groan;
Do thou bring the ready Year;
See the Hours! a chosen Band!
See with jocund Looks they stand,
All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command.

VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,
Hope leads Increase and chaste connubial Love:
Flora sweet her Bounty spreads,
Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;
Pan rewards the Shepherd's Pain;
All is plenty, all is Wealth,
And on the balmy Air sits Rosy-colour'd Health.

I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoice,
 Like many Waters swells the pealing Noise,
 While to their Monarch, thus, they raise the public
 Father of thy Country, hail! [Voice.
 Always ev'ry where prevail;
 Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 Better Suns for thee arise,
 Purer Breezes fan the Skies,
 Earth in Fruits and Flow'rs is drest,
 Joy abounds in ev'ry Breast,
 For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is blest.

SONG for the King's Birth-Day, 28th of May, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry Garlands by,
 Ever blooming gentle May!
 Other Honours now are nigh;
 Other Honours see we pay.
 Lay thy flow'ry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great Renown
 Wait thy beamy Brow to crown,
 Parent of our Hero, thou,
 GEORGE ON Britain didst bestow.
 Thee the Trumpet, thee the Drum,
 With the plummy Helm, become:
 Thee the Spear and shining Shield,
 With ev'ry Trophy of the warlike Field.

III.

Call thy better Blessings forth,
 For the Honour of his Birth:
 Still the Voice of loud Commotion,
 Bid the complaining Murmurs cease,
 Lay the Billows of the Ocean;
 And compose the Land in Peace.
 Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May,
 For this Boon, this happy Day,
 Janus, with the double Face,
 Shall to thee resign his Place,
 Thou shalt rule with better Grace:

}
 Time

Time from thee shall wait his Doom,
And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry Age to come.

V.

Fairest Month! in *Cæsar* pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Tho' the Graces smile beside thee:
Tho' thy Bounty gives the Spring.

VI.

Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,
Finer than the painted Bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy Sweetness, all thy Show.

VII.

She herself a Glory greater
Than thy golden Sun discloses;
And her smiling Offspring sweeter
Than the Bloom of all thy Roses.

ODE for the New-Year, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary, venerable Sire,
All richly in thy furry Mantle clad;
What Thoughts of Mirth can feeble Age inspire,
To make thy careful wrinkled Brow so glad?

II.

Now I see the Reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly Train:
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next succeeds;
Yellow Autumn brings the Rear,
Thou art Father of the Year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd Earth
Abounding Plenty takes her Birth,
The conscious Sire, exulting, sees
The Seasons spread their rich Increase;
So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd
On beauteous Form their lovely Child.

IV.

O fair Variety!
What Blis thou dost supply!

The

The Foul brings forth the Fair
To deck the changing Year.
When our old Pleasures die,
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh! fair Variety!

V.

Our Passions, like the Seasons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress'd with Dread,
Hung her declining, drooping Head:
A better Visage now she wears,
And now, at once, she quits her Fears:
Strife and War no more she knows,
Rebel Sons, nor foreign Foes.

VI.

Safe, beneath her mighty Master,
In Security she sits;
Plants her loose Foundations faster,
And her Sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the Care of Heav'n,
To the Guardian Hero giv'n,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with Love and Duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy Shore,
While contesting Kings attend him;
Cou'd he, *Britain*, give thee more,
Than the Pledge he left behind him?

ODE to Peace, for the Year 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest Daughter of the Skies,
Indulgent, gentle, Life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious Beauties dost thou rise,
And *Britain's* new-revolving *Janus* blest?

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and Seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:

C.

Ever

Ever Goddess thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year.

III.

In thee the Night, in thee the Day is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple East:
'Tis thine, immortal Pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping Heart:
To thee the Pipe and tuneful String belong,
Thou Theme eternal for the Poet's Song.

IV.

Awake the golden Lyre,
Ye *Heliconian* Choir,
Swell ev'ry Note still higher,
And Melody inspire
At Heav'n and Earth's Desire.

V.

Hark, how the Sounds agree,
With due Complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art Harmony.

VI.

Who, by Nature's fairest Creatures,
Can describe her heav'nly Features?
What Comparifon can fit her?
Sweet are Roses, she is sweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Wou'd you see her such as *Jove*,
Form'd for universal Love,
Bless'd by Men, and Gods above?
Wou'd you ev'ry Feature trace,
Ev'ry sweetly smiling Grace?
Seek our CAROLINA's Face.

VII.

Peace and She are *Britain's* Treasures,
Fruitful in eternal Pleasures:
Still their Bounty shall increase us,
Still their smiling Offspring bless us,
Happy Day, when each was given,
By *Cæsar* and indulgent Heav'n.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!
Still let *Britannia* be your Care,
And Peace and *CAROLINA* crown the Year.

ODE for the King's Birth-Day, 1718.

I.

O H, touch the String, celestial Muse, and say,
Why are peculiar Times and Seasons blest?
Is it in Fate, that one distinguish'd Day
Shou'd with more hallow'd Purple paint the East?

II.

Look on Life and Nature's Race!
How the careless Minutes pass,
How they wear a common Face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy Hero's Worth
Bid the Festival stand forth;
Till the golden Light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious Morning been forgot,
Unthought of as the Things that never were;
Had not our greatest *Cæsar* been its Lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year.

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the Pride of thy *May*,
To Court let thy Graces repair:
Let *Flora* bestow
The Crown from her Brow,
For our brighter *Britannia* to wear.

V.

Through ev'ry Language of thy peopled Earth,
Far as the Seas or *Cæsar's* Influence goes,
Let thankful Nations celebrate his Birth,
And bless the Author of the World's Repose.

VI.

Let *Volga* tumbling in *Cascades*,
And *Po* that glides thro' poplar Shades,
And *Tagus* bright in Sands of Gold,
And *Arethusa*, Rivers old,

Their great Deliverer sing.
 Not *Danube* thou, whose winding Flood,
 So long has blush'd with *Turkish* Blood,
 To *Cæsar* shall refuse a Strain,
 Since now thy Streams, without a Stain,
 Run Crystal as their Spring.

C H O R U S.

To mighty *GEORGE*, that heals thy Wounds,
 That names thy Kings and marks thy Bounds,
 The joyful Voice, O *Europe*, raise :
 In the great Mediator's Praise
 Let all thy various Tongues combine,
 And *Britain's* Festival be thine.

ODE to the Thames, for the Year 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly Stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding Train,
 The lofty Palace, and the fertile Vale ;
 King of the Floods, *Britannia's* Darling, hail !
 Hail with the Year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving Sun,
 Taught by thy Streams, in smooth Succession run.

II.

From thy never-failing Urn
 Flowers bloom and fair increase
 With the Seasons take their Turn ;
 From thy tributary Seas
 Tides of various Wealth attend thee ;
 Seas and Seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy Banks, to mate the Skies,
Augusta's hallow'd Domes arise ;
 And there thy ample Bosom pours
 Her num'rous Souls and floating Tow'rs ;
 Whose Terrors late to vanquish'd *Spain* were known,
 And *Ætna* shook with Thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest Flags thou dost sustain,
 While thy Banks confine thy Course ;
 Emblem of our *Cæsar's* Reign,
 Mingling Clemency and Force.

V. So

V.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant Wars,
Ne'er stain thy Cryстал with domestic Jars:
As *Cæsar's* Reign, to *Britain* ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bless the coming Year.

VI.

On thy shady Margin,
Care its Load discharging,
Is lull'd to gentle Rest:
Britain thus disarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall sleep on *Cæsar's* Breast.

VII.

Sweet to Distress is balmy Sleep,
To Sleep auspicious Dreams,
Thy Meadows, *Thames*, to feeding Sheep,
To Thirst, thy silver Streams:
More sweet than all, the Praise
Of *Cæsar's* golden Days;
Cæsar's Praise is sweeter;
Britain's Pleasure greater;
Still may *Cæsar's* Reign excel;
Sweet the Praise of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle *Janus* ever wait,
As now on *Britain's* kindest Fate;
Crown all our Vows, and all thy Gifts bestow;
Till Time no more renews his Date,
And *Thames* forgets to flow.

VERSES made to a Simile of Mr. Pope's.

WHEN at our House the Servants brawl,
And raise an Uproar in the Hall;
When *John* the Butler, and our *Mary*,
About the Plate and Linen vary;
Till the smart Dialogue grows rich,
In sneaking Dog! and ugly Bitch!
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,
And makes 'em silent all and civil.
Thus Cannon clears the cloudy Air,
And scatters Tempests brewing there:
Thus Bullies sometimes keep the Peace,
And one Scold makes another cease.

Upon

Upon Nicolini and Valentini's first coming to the House in the Hay-Market.

I.

A *Mphion* strikes the vocal Lyre,
And ready at his Call,
Harmonious *Brick* and *Stone* conspire
To raise the *Theban* Wall.

II.

In Emulation of his Praise,
Two *Latian* Signors come,
A sinking Theatre to raise,
And prop *Van's* tott'ring Dome.

III.

But how this last should come to pass,
Must still remain unknown,
Since these poor Gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither *Brick* nor *Stone*.

An E S S A Y on the Manner of living with Great Men. An Imitation of M. Bruyere.

Distinction of Rank is highly necessary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never called in Question but by *Barbarians* and *Enthusiasts*.

A just Consideration for the several Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have placed them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our Manners, and keeping our common Conversation in the Bounds of Politeness and Civility, but has even a better Consequence in disposing the Mind to a religious Humility.

In observing Step by Step, the several Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive insensibly, at last, to the Contemplation of the supreme Perfection.

It has been said that Inequality of Condition is a Bar to Friendship; but why are not the Links of a Chain continued as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally?

Most Men are, indeed, rather inclined to live in the Terms of Civility than Friendship; it is sufficient for their Interest to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Ease to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themselves. There

There are some People, who naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the Happiness of their Fellow Creatures ; but, *how Rare !*

If there cannot be what is called Friendship between a Great and a Private Man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is Benificence on one Part, and Gratitude on the other.

CRITO must be a miserable Man, who never was known to have a Friend, even among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit ; any of these three Qualities, would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He *has not* good Nature.

PAULINUS is Affable, just to his Word, Generous, Serviceable : He has no Enemies, but those that are so to Virtue, and to their Country ; he has Friends amongst those of his own Rank, and Followers amongst his Inferiors, who take a Pleasure in his Protection. He *has* good Nature.

A great Man, who has a delicate Understanding, cannot find a sufficient Number for his Conversation amongst those of his own Quality.

ARISTUS is a great Genius for Politicks ; and he finds among the Ministry, Heads capable of forming the greatest and wisest Designs. It is with them he concerta what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taste for Music, Painting, and Sculpture ; he is perfectly a Master of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuses to spend whole Days with LYCIDAS, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Industry have given what they could give.

LYCIDUS was born with great Advantage for Knowledge ; he has improved those Advantages ; he has a Wit admirably well turned ; a sound and exact Judgment ; he thinks, speaks and writes with the utmost Politeness ; and with all these, he has so much Gentleness in his Nature, and Sweetness in his Manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a Fool. In short, it is necessary to a great Man, who would be compleatly happy, to have such a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of great Men, is like going into the other World ; you ought to stay till you are called.

What Impatience have some People to press into Conversations, where it is impossible they should be easy.

BUPALUS was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords? He might have lived well with any Sort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleasant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Conversation, but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have a good Time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People, who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me.

What Slavery is it to a ridiculous Vanity, to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Ease, what Peace, what Happiness does a Man forego, who might be used as he pleases among his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them, as to be of their Opinion, or at least, that those, who depend upon them, should submit blindly to their Notions of Right and Wrong; this is a Privilege we do not allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the Highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be followed; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*,

————— *Nam te*
Scire Deos quoniam proprius contingit, oportet.

But we have an unlucky Proverb against them in *English*,

*The nearer the Church (or Court) the farther from
God and (it may be) the Prince's Service.*

Common Decency and good Manners require a Deference to our Superiors, and if they have something in them insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If

If one cannot bear the chattering of BABULUS, his insipid Gaiety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his Peevishness, his Intrigues, and his Raillery; there is one easy Remedy, shun him; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters, runs thro' most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in the Stage-Coach with the Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the *Sirs* and the *Ladies* in her Country; *How often she goes to see 'em, — That they are continually sending for her, — How they breed their Sons — and what they give their Daughters:* But my Lord Bishop's Lady does not live, if she is not once a Week at — And one odd Thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the *Affizes* without her.

So the *He* and *She* Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin.

Beneficence seems to be so inseperable from true Greatness, that one might, not unaptly, define it, a large Power of doing Good; and if the Will is not inclined to the Exercise of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper Use.

Why should any one be called a great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others, who seldom does good to the Worthy? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too; they call him a great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow; and Fear makes most People stand at a Distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of great Men, set fatal and ruinous Examples to their Inferiors; and one might wish, upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confined to one another.

CLEON is noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives magnificently; he leaves a plentiful Fortune, and an easy Family behind him.

DORILAS is a private Man, of a free and independent Condition; he lives like CLEON, he mortgages his Estate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Posterity curse him.

Great Men have many Things, which attract first our Admiration, and then our Affections; and some People live safely and pleasantly with them; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the Power of many Passions, and are free from the Pain of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatness had a Beginning, it has sometimes been founded upon Honesty; if I am charmed with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those Great Ones, whose Condition I so much admire, than be contented with a second Place, a Dependence upon them?

There is a *Virtuous* as well as a *Vicious*, Desire of Greatness.

P O E M S, &c.

To the Memory of NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

By Mr. Beckingham.

IS then the Summons true! does partial Fate
Retract so early, what it gave so late?
Must the Grave chuse?—Must ROWE the Tribute pay,
And Merit moulder with the common Clay?
Is the grim Tyrant then so jealous grown;
Strikes he at human Fame to build his own?
Has not th' insulting Monarch Wreaths enow,
But must the Robber strip the Poet's Brow?
Let Nature in her hoary Years decay,
And mellow Age drop heavily away.
Let the dull, earth-born Populace complain,
And swell the Triumphs of his gloomy Reign:
Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,
Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;
Let these, proud Victor, tremble at thy Nod,
But spare the Poet for the Public Good.
Does sacred Heat Prophetic Breasts inspire?
Burns not the Poet's with an equal Fire?
From Heav'n a joint Commission can he claim,
His Soul as large, as sacred is his Name;

Both

Both universal Benefits design'd,
 Both sent to govern, and to save Mankind;
 To unveil myſterious Truths to human Sight,
 And ſet the falſe bewilder'd Judgment right,
 Inſtructed great Ideas to impart,
 To warm the Boſom, and enrich the Heart.
 Are we not grateful when the Lamp of Day
 Shoots forth a genial Heat and vernal Ray,
 To bleſs the honeſt Ruſtic's Wint'ry Toil,
 And bid the careful anxious Floriſt ſmile?
 Or in ſome Clime, where nearer Beams abound,
 And Heats immoderate ſcorch the cleaving Ground,
 When ſome fierce Channel from the ſeven-mouth'd Nile
 Pours forth its Plenty on the Sun-burnt Soil;
 Cements with laſh Streams the gaping Earth,
 And gives the hidden Treasures timely Birth;
 Do Gifts, like theſe, our Gratitude command?
 What Debtors are we to the Poet's Hand?
 Whoſe nobler Streams in larger Currents rowl;
 Thoſe but inform the Ground, and theſe the Soul.
 Here Laurell'd Shade; thy own great Image ſee;
 To draw the Poet is to Picture Thee:
 Th' extenſive Thought, the Energy divine,
 The Flame, the Genius, and the Soul was Thine;
 Each various Note declares thy Maſter-Skill,
 How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.
 To Virtue ſteady, to thy Country true,
 We read the Poet and the Patriot too.
 Does Liberty Demand thy loftier Strain?
 We gaze with Wonder on thy *Tamerlane*;
 Thro' every Scene purſue the Godlike Cauſe,
 And give the favourite Hero full Applauſe.
 When the ſhrill Trumpet ſummons him away,
 The warm'd Spectator ſhares the bloody Fray;
 In anxious wiſhes feels a Soldier's Pride,
 Liſts in the War, and combats on his Side.
 How does he charm, when bounteous to Diſtreſs,
 Sedate in Fight, and humble in Succeſs?
 A Victor, yet without a Victor's Mind,
 He conquers not t' enſlave, but free Mankind,
 To diſtant Times marks out th' unerring Way,
 Learns Kings to rule, and Subjects to obey:

Strikes

Strikes every Bosom with a sacred Awe,
 And shews the happy Age a true NASSAU.
 Or if some lowly Theme the Poet claim,
 Some banish'd Lover, or neglected Dame,
 Love's thousand Passions all his Skill employ,
 The quick alternate Tides of Grief and Joy:
 How well he paints the sad Extremes of Fate!
 How well describes th' unhappy—happy State?
 Each conscious Sinner does his Guilt confess,
 And awful Silence speaks the Bard's Success;
 So well th' expressive Miseries are shown,
 Some tender Breast still makes the Woe its own:
 The Virgin's Cheek the moving Scene approves,
 And artle's Sighs betray how well she loves.
 The scornful Nymph condemns her long Disdain,
 And to her Arms invites her injur'd Swain.

When some * *fair Wanton* mourns her past Desires,
 Love's foul Embraces, and unlawful Fires;
 So soft she pleads, the pitying Audience melt,
 And clear the Sinner, tho' they damn the Guilt.
 The † *Libertine in Love* exults a-while
 On violated Charms and ravish'd Spoil,
 But soon his Triumphs find a timely Date;
 The Villain's Crimes receive the Villain's Fate.
 But why on single Beauties do I dwell,
 When ev'ry finish'd Scene is wrote so well?
 When thy vast Works are in themselves repaid,
 And modest Nature owns thy happier Aid.
 But now the Skill is lost, the Music o'er,
 And he who charm'd us once, can charm no more.
 Envy at last repents her canker'd Hate,
 And feels her Error in her loss too late.
 To native Dust now wastes the mortal Frame,
 And nought survives the Poet, but his Fame.
 Brave then in That; or Time, or Envy's Rage,
 And be a LUCAN to a distant Age.
 Yes, sacred Shade, thy Writings shall be read,
 'Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:
 Whilst Friendship burns within a faithful Breast
 Thy Name be cherish'd, and thy Worth confest.

Oblivion

* Jane Shore.

† Lothario in the Fair Penitent.

Oblivion is the common Mortal's Doom : [Tomb.
But thou shalt Live when Dead ; and Flourish in the

On the Death of Mr. ROWE. By Mr. Amhurst.

Farewel, the Genius of the *British* Stage,
Farewel, the Patriot of a madding Age ;
O ROWE ! unhappy deathless Bard, farewel,
Whose Worth applauding Theatres shall tell ;
Oft as thy Heroes on the Stage appear,
Each Eye to Thee shall drop a grateful Tear :
Shouts to thy Name each grateful Voice shall raise,
And clapping Crouds in Thunder speak thy Praise.

Too cruel Death ! that would no longer spare
This great Recorder of the Brave and Fair ;
That in one dreadful Instant snatch'd from hence
The best good Nature, and the finest Sense :
Too cruel Death ! that could refuse to save
Him that has rescu'd Thousands from the Grave ;
Him that to latest Worlds conveys the Fame
Of *TAMERLANE* and great *ULYSSES'* Name ;
At whose command departed Saints revive,
And in his moving Scenes for ever live,
Past Times return, and from the mould'ring Tomb
Rise up the mighty Chiefs of *Greece* and *Rome* :
Their antient Legions rally on the Plain,
And act their former Triumphs o'er again.
Touch'd with his powerful Magic, we deplore
The Beauteous *Penitent*, and Guilty *SHORE*.

GRAY, to appease the Wrath of human Laws,
Bleeds, a Fair Martyr, in her *SAVIOUR's* Cause ;
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless Art,
The fatal Blow wounds ev'ry *British* Heart.

We mourn with beating Breasts the greedy Stroke,
And yield reluctant to the *Romish* Yoke :
Of Idols now succeeds a motly Band,
And *Popery* pours in upon the Land ;
Rage, Superstition, Massacre and Blood ;
Come arm'd from Hell against the publick Good :
Zeal sets on Fire the Holy *Smithfield* Pile,
And *Priestcraft* rages thro' the trembling Isle.

Well has our loyal Poet set to View
This direful Scene, this wonder-working Crew, A

A bloody Tribe of persecuting Elves,
 That weekly damn all Christians but themselves :
 His gen'rous Soul disdain'd that vain Pretence,
 So shocking to the Gospel, and to Sense ;
 And in his Scenes the graceful Marks appear
 Of Christian Freedom, and of Christian Fear.

Firm to that noble Cause which fir'd his Mind,
 He never to a *Papish* Scheme inclin'd ;
 Nor sought the Favours of a *Tyburn* Croud,
 Whose perjur'd Hearts to foreign Gods have bow'd ;
 He judg'd it always an inglorious Thing
 To court their Praises who defam'd their KING ;
 Enough for him that *CONGREVE* was his Friend,
 That *GARTH* and *STEELE*, and *ADDISON* commend ;
 That *BRUNSWICK* with the Bays his Temples bound,
 And *PARKER* with immortal Honours crown'd.

Great *LUCAN* now, by his unwearied Pains,
 Breathes *Roman* Liberty in *English* Strains ;
 Dying, this wealthy Pledge He left behind,
 The truest Pattern of his free-born Mind :
 Four Times four Ages this heroic Song
 Has lain, unlabour'd from its native Tongue,
 Which now translated with its genuine Fire,
 Shall noble Thoughts of Liberty inspire ;
 Convince the Bigot of the weighty Truth,
 And free from passive Chains the *British* Youth :
 Too long the useful Work has been delay'd,
 But well that seeming Ill is now repaid :
 Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more compleat,
 Not ev'ry Bard the glorious Theme could treat,
 Not ev'ry Bard, that in mechanic Verse
 Can a dull Love-tale fluently rehearse,
 And can in lifeless, jingling Lines complain
 Of the false Nymph, or the forsaken Swain :
 Vigour of Stile, and Fancy must combine,
 With Majesty of Rage, and Power divine,
 To make the *English* like the *Roman* shine.
 Such must he be, as *LUCAN* was of old,
 His Figures strong, and his Expressions bold,
 With the same constant Love of Freedom charm'd,
 With the same Passion for his Country warm'd,
 Whose Veins with one unvary'd Tenour flow,
 Zealous and active, like immortal *ROWE*.

At

At length, ye Sons of Servitude, awake,
 And from your Necks the selfish Burthen shake;
 Nor blindly, nor disdainfully refuse
 This last great Labour of the laurell'd Muse;
 Pay the just Honours to his sacred Head,
 Nor, whom you envy'd living, envy dead:
 Against the Dead all Violences cease, [Peace;
 Great *CHAUCER* now, and *SHAKESPEARE* rest in
DRYDEN no more the impious World upbraids,
 And *MILTON* slumbers in the silent Shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd, in that antient Dome,
 Where soon or late our *British* Laureats come;
 Where the fam'd Poets of three Ages lie,
 And to their Tombs invite the curious Eye,
 Where great *NEWCASTLE*, still to Wit a Friend,
 To *DRYDEN* bids the stately Pile ascend,
 (Immortal, glorious Deed! which After-times
 Shall celebrate in their exalted Rhimes,)
 Amongst thy Kindred Bards thy Bones shalt trust,
 And mix in Quiet with poetic Dust;
 There no feign'd Dangers shall alarm thy Breast,
 No factious Murmurs interrupt thy Rest;
 Banish'd shall be all Noise of worldly Things,
 Of warring Armies, and contending Kings;
 The groundless Clamours of th' ambitious Gown,
 And *ALBERONI*'s Crimes shall be unknown,
 Pain, Loss, and Sorrow shall be far away,
 Clasp'd in th' Embraces of thy native Clay;
 'Till the last welcome Trump shall bid Thee Rise,
 Then cloath'd with Glory Thou'lt ascend the Skies.

A PASTORAL to the honoured Memory of Mr.
ROWE. By Mrs. Centlivre.

Daphnis.] SEE! *Thyrsis*, see! beneath yon spreading
 Thorn,
 Whose blushing *Berries* ev'ry Bow adorn,
 The good *Menalcas* sits, his Head reclin'd,
 His Crook thrown by, nor seems his Flock to mind;
 Down from his Eyes the briny Torrents rowl,
 And mighty Grief seems lab'ring in his Soul:
 The Posture speaks a matchless Weight of Woe;
 Haste, *Thyrsis* haste, the sudden Cause to know.

Thyrsis.]

Thyrsis.] From whence *Menalcas*, do these Ills arise,
Which rack thy Breast, and overflow thy Eyes?
Has from thy *Ewe* some tender *Lamb* been wrung?
Or has thy Fav'rite *Heifer* cast her Young?
Broke are thy Folds by some vile Midnight Thief,
Or is *Clarissa* Cause of all this Grief?
Does she in Secret blefs some other Swain?
Why, let her go, — her broken Faith disdain.

Menalcas.] No, *Thyrsis*, no; a Subject greater far,
Than Flocks, or Herds, or fickle Women are,
Claims all these Tears, these fruitless Tears I shed,
Colin! the soft, harmonious *Colin's* dead.

Daphnis.] Is *Colin* dead! If that sad Tale be true,
Then have we Cause to mourn as much as you.

Colin! the Pride and Darling of the Plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nymph, carefs'd by ev'ry Swain.
Whene'er he tun'd his Pipe beneath the Shade,
The nodding Boughs beat Time while *Colin* play'd.
The feather'd Choir about the Shepherd throng,
And prowling Wolves stood list'ning to his Song:
The browzing Goats from rocky Cliffs descend,
Charm'd with his Voice, the Savage Brutes attend.

Thyrsis.] O, mighty *PAN!* Who now shall chaunt thy
And who record thy Fame in tuneful Lays? [Praise?
Where is that *He*, of all the *Sylvan* Swains,
Can equal *Colin's* soft, harmonious Strains?
If the dear Subject of his Song was *Love*,
Sweet as the *Hybla Drops* his Verses prove:
If glorious *Liberty* the Youth asserts,
How did he warm our Souls, and fire our Hearts?

Menalcas.] Now ev'ry Maxim which the Shepherd
Occurs afresh, and dwells in ev'ry Thought. [taught,
Our Flocks, said he, and feather'd Kind produce
Their different Offspring for their Owner's Use:
For us, the Wood, the Pasture, and the Field,
Their several Grains, and various Flowers yield:
Not *PAN* himself can our own Rights oppose,
Or crop, without our Leave, one single *Rose*:
A mutual Duty still on each depends,
We honour *PAN*, and *PAN* our Flock defends.
Thus *Colin* taught us slavish Yokes to hate,
And prize the Freedom of our Rural State.

Daphnis.]

Daphnis.] See! where the Nymphs and Swains in
Crouds appear,

Tew in their Hands, their Brows sad *Cypress* wear ;
In solemn State, see Two by Two they tread,
And look with downcast Eyes, and bended Head,
As if not *Colin*, but Themselves were dead. }

Thyrsis.] Hark, how the Winds in hollow Accents
And humid Pearls distil from ev'ry Stone ; [groan!
The cooing *Turtles* their lov'd *Elms* decline,
And *Goats* forsake their Fav'rite flow'ry *Thyme* :
The *Lambs* complaining bleat, the *Heifers* low,
The *Ox* and *Weather* cease their Cud to chew :
The vocal Grove laments young *Colin* dead,
For him the *Laurel* droops, and hangs its verdant Head.

Amaryllis.] Help me, *Menalcas*, help me to complain,
To tell to Earth, to Air, and Seas, my Pain.

Colin! the dear lov'd *Colin!* is no more,
Come, all ye Nymphs, and *Colin's* Loss deplore :
For whom shall we our flow'ry Chaplets weave ?
Or who so well deserves the *Laurel* Wreath ?
Who now can point thro' all these Groves a Man,
To celebrate the Birth of mighty *PAN* ?
Like *Colin*, who can *Flora's* Sweets display ?
Or paint the gaudy Treasures of her *May* ?
Or who like him, can tune the oaten Reed ?
Or tread with such a Grace the enamel'd Mead ?
Mourn all ye Nymphs, your Tears incessant shed,
Your Tribute's all too poor for him that's dead.

Thyrsis.] Wou'd but relentless Fate our Wishes aid,
And give to Substance back his airy Shade,

As *Pluto* once *Eurydice* of Old,
A Tale, I well remember, *Colin* told,
To purchase that, my Tears like thine shou'd flow,
But this is fruitless Grief, and pageant Woe.
Hark, *Amaryllis*, hark ! Thy bleating *Lambs*
Amongst the Brakes have lost their udder'd Dams :
Haste to retrieve them, e'er too far they stray,
And fall to hungry Wolves an easy Prey.

Amaryllis.] Why, let 'em stray, my Crook no more
I'll hold,

My Herds no more — no more my Flocks I'll fold,
No more will I with *Daisy*, *Pink*, and *Rose*,
A Garland for the Queen of *May* compose, Since

66 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Since *Colin's* gone, by whom 'twas still confest,
That I, of all the Nymphs, deserv'd it best.
The Winds shall useless prove to Fleets at Sea,
And Flow'rs supply no Honey to the *Bee*,
When, *Colin*, I forget to mourn for *Thee*.

Menalcas.] If *Amaryllis*, charm'd by *Colin's* Verse,
Can shed such Floods of Tears upon his Hearse,
Who then can guess the Pain, the anxious Throws,
Which the dear Partner of his Pleasure knows?
What Agonies of Woes rend *Daphne's* Breast?
She, whom he lov'd, — and she who lov'd him best!
Methinks I hear her to her Babe complain,
The only Relict of her darling Swain:
The Child she tells his ev'ry Art and Grace,
And with her Tears bedews the Infant's Face;
Whilst the poor Babe, unknowing of her Cares,
Cooes in her Face, and smiles at all her Tears.

An ODE, sacred to the Memory of N. ROWE, Esq;

By the Reverend Mr. Newcomb.

WHILE o'er thy Hearse, with sad Surprise,
And solemn Grief, the *Muses* mourn;
Permit a *Stranger's* flowing Eyes
To shed their Sorrows round thy Urn.

Just in the Bloom of all thy Fame,
Then to assert thy native Sky;
Absolves impartial Heaven from Blame,
And seems, as 'twas thy Choice, to die.

Thus the great *CÆSAR* ceas'd to live,
Thro' vanquish'd Worlds his Eagles bore;
Thus clos'd his Fame, when Fate cou'd give,
And his bright Sword command no more.

With Smiles he views the glitt'ring Blade,
In that great Moment fond to die;
When Rome beheld her Hero's Shade,
But mount the fairer up the Sky.

What pensive Muse, now *THOU* art fled,
Shall o'er * *Pharsalia's* Warriors mourn,
Whose Voice lament the pious Dead,
And kindly weep o'er *POMPEY's* Urn?

Whose

* *The excellent Translation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.*

Whose soft relenting Verse shall swell
 Each *Roman* Heart with conscious Woe;
 Her Genius fled, *Rome's* Sorrow tell,
 And *CÆSAR* dying o'er his Foe?
 Round his great Rival's awful Head
 He views a Glory still survive;
 Sighing * *that* Fame and Virtue dead,
 He cou'd not own, or scorn'd alive;
 Nor mingling with the God-like Host,
 Who at *Philippi* greatly fell;
 Each *Roman* thanks thy pious Ghost,
 That sung his Arms, and Fate so well.
 The Fields of Death once more to stain,
 What future *Hero* will refuse?
 Or dying, dread *One* Moment's Pain,
 To live *for ever* in thy Muse?
 But far, O! far before the rest,
 Great *CATO* does his Arm extend;
 And in his Smiles his Love confess,
 Adores thy Shade, and calls *THEE* Friend.
 Well pleas'd, with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,
 So like his Own, a Mind to see!
 And the great Homage which He scorn'd
 To *CÆSAR's* Sword, He pays to *THEE*.
 New Transport does his Breast dilate,
 Within his Soul new Passions rise;
 To view *Rome's* Wounds, and *POMPEY's* Fate,
 So kindly wept by *ENGLISH* Eyes.
 While taught by *Thee*, *Britannia's* Isle,
 His Hero's Fall, relenting views;
 He seems beneath his Wounds to smile,
 And *CÆSAR's* self at last subdues.
Africk's rich Desarts in thy Strains,
 Ennoble with the *Patriot's* Doom;
 Excel the flow'ry *Latian* Plains,
 And *LYBIA* triumphs over *ROME*.
 Whose grateful Sons to moan the Brave,
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen;
 Hiding each faithful Warrior's Grave
 With friendly Tears, and blooming Green. In
 * *Cæsar is reported by the Poet to have wept, when
 Pompey's Head was brought to him in Egypt.*

In Words like thine, had they a Choice,
Once more above their Fate to try,
Thus, with their last expiring Voice,
Wou'd each lament his *Rome*, and die.
Surprize or Joy alike to yield,
Thy various, artful Muse was made ;
To dress the Warrior for the Field,
Or paint the Lover in his Shade.
Now in the eager Chace of Fame,
With some brave Chief you upward fly ;
Now sink, and teach some *Virgin* Name
In softer Numbers how to die !
Those Forms, which to our wond'ring Mind,
Thy Fancy paints, new Glories wear :
While Love and Friendship seem *more* kind,
And Beauty's self appears *more* fair.
Such Force, fair Virtue does impart,
By Thee presented to our View ;
It moves and melts each stubborn Heart,
Her Brightness cannot quite subdue.
While drest in Angels purest Light,
Her smiling Image does appear
Pleasing, as Beauty to the Sight,
Or Music to the ravish'd Ear ;
Wou'd she once more her Skies forsake,
What other Features cou'd she chuse ?
What fairer Form the Goddess take
To bless Mankind, than from thy Muse ?
Transported then with fond Surprize,
The lovely Guest we shou'd adore ;
And wonder how our partial Eyes
Refus'd to own such Grace before !
'Till viewing those deceiving Charms,
Each Breast subdued, we all agree,
That Power, which thus our Souls disarms,
Was not her own, but lent by Thee.
Greatness no more, with all her Train,
The virtuous Mind shall now beguile ;
By *Thee* instructed to disdain,
When Glory calls, the *Syrens* smile.

No more * Renown and specious Fame,
 Shall strive Ambition's Rage to hide,
 Nor Honour be a treach'rous Name,
 To shade the Tyrant's guilty Pride.
 The brave and generous Breast to awe,
 The honest, upright Heart to gain ;
 The Coward's Hand his Sword shall draw,
 The Courtier's Smiles be try'd in vain.

Against that Dread thy Scenes unfold,
 To arm our Breasts in vain we try ;
 Soon as the tragic Tale is told,
We Melt, We Languish, and We Die.

The Soul awhile her Ground maintains,
 Each Death resolving to deride ;
 But when the Captive tells her Pains,
 That Softness owns, she strove to hide.

To view her Rage direct the Dart,
 Wakes in our Breast a kind Surprise ;
 Speaking the Frailty of our Heart,
 By the soft Streams that fill our Eyes.

Eager our Souls to bring Relief,
 Swift from their op'ning Bosom flow,
 To sooth the mourning Parents Grief,
 Or guard the Infant from the Blow.

So lively has each Nymph complain'd,
 When Fate thy Muse despairing drew ;
 That tho' we know her Sorrows feign'd,
 Yet still we weep and think 'em true.

Awhile we argue to persuade
 Our melting Eyes to hide their Woe,
 Till to their View the lovely Maid,
 Reveals her Wounds, and bids 'em flow.

Thy artful Voice, with equal Ease,
 Each different Passion can employ ;
 Now give us Pain, but to increase,
 And from our Grief improve our Joy.

Who in your soft deceiving Strains
 With *those* kind Conquerors agree ;
 Who threaten first the dreadful Chains,
 Then set the trembling Captive free.

What

* See *Monf. Bruyere's Characters or Manners of the Age*, published from the French by Mr. Rowe.

What Raptures does thy Verse infuse,
 When Beauty does the Theme inspire!
 What Heat transports thy soaring Muse,
 If Scenes of War thy Bosom fire!
 While for bright Fame, or gay Delight,
 Each *Hero* you alike prepare,
 Lead the fierce Warrior to the Fight,
 Or the young Lover to the Fair.
 Nature, astonish'd at thy Art,
 Casts on thy Muse a jealous Eye;
 Her Joys unable to impart,
 Or longer please when thou art by.
 The Artist thus, his Skill to grace,
 Some beauteous breathing Form design'd,
 Forfakes the Virgin's Cheek, to trace
 Features more bright in his own Mind.
 Each glowing Charm the Canvass fires,
 Does with Delight the Nymph surprize,
 Who owes that Beauty she admires,
 More to his Pencil than her Eyes.
 What, tho' our Laurels fairer rise,
 And from thy Ashes date their Bloom,
 We pay too dearly for the Prize,
 Thus sadly purchased by thy Doom.
 Pity, ye Gods, that doubtful Dart
 Which your mysterious Anger threw,
 Shou'd give at once both Joy and Smart,
 Augment our Fame and Sorrow too.
 Just so the Skies, severely bright,
 Their vengeful Light'nings oft employ,
 And gild that Oak with fairer Light,
 They mean next Moment to destroy.
 How mournful is the only Choice,
 Your Heavens afford our Breast to ease?
 Or to lament thy dying Voice,
 Or never hope our own should please.
 Thus to the Heirs of bright Renown,
 The Purple you awhile deny,
 Who, ere they boast the regal Crown,
 Must view their King and Parent die.

Strange

 *
 spear
 †

Strange, that the Glories which we claim
From thy sad Fate, no Pleasures give,
The fair Increase of all our Fame,
The only Cause for which we grieve.

See *SHAKESPEARE*'s awful rev'rend Shade
Rising, his Fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy Brows with Laurel, made
By Fame, to shade his own before.*

To thy Indulgence pleas'd to owe
The Terrors that his Muse imparts,
To swell our Eye, the Scenes of Woe,
The moving Dread to shake our Hearts.

The diff'rent Fates of all that reign
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,
What the good Man may hope to gain,
And what the daring Tyrant fear.

Whose tragic Voice shall next presume
To fill our Breasts with sad Despair?
Or trembling for the *Lower's-Doom*,
Or anxious for the *Dying-Fair*?

To Tears, whose Sighs her Wrongs confess,
Our Eyes with soft Compassion flow;
Teaching thy *Virgin's* feign'd Distress,
To give our Bosom real Woe.

In vain we ask our Reason's Aid,
To stop our Tears, or ease our Pain;
To view thy *Fair Repenting Maid*.†
Each Cheek must swell, each Heart complain.

O! sooth her Anguish! calm her Grief!
O! quickly to her Refuge fly!
O! bring the *Fainting Fair* Relief,
Or with *her* give us Leave to Die!

Such moving Scenes thy Muse unfolds,
Constrain'd its Anguish to declare;
A savage Heart each Bosom holds,
That can attend and not despair.

What Wonders does thy Verse contain,
What Magic thro' thy Numbers flows?
Pleas'd with our Grief, we then complain,
Then only when we want our Woes.

No

* To Mr. Rowe the Public are obliged for the *Life of Shakespeare*, which he took great Pains to collect.

† Alluding to the *Fair Penitent*, A Tragedy: By Mr. Rowe.

No Eye those Sorrows does refuse,
 Thy penfive Maids expiring give;
 Scarce more delighted, when thy Muse
 Suspends their Fate, and bids 'em live.
 Strange that our Cheeks should grieve the more,
 When you the falling Tear restrain;
 And to forbid us to deplore,
 Shou'd only give us greater Pain.
 Thus trembling for her Lover's Fate,
 A while the Virgin's Sorrows flow;
 Owing, to hear his Sighs abate
 Her Joy, more painful than her Woe.
 O, may each Muse with Sorrows meet!
 Soft as thy own, thy Worth declare;
 Since nothing but a Voice so sweet,
 Can ever sing a Fame so Fair.
 A second Life to thy Great Dead,
 Thy kind inspiring Numbers gave;
 Had we that Power, the Tears We shed
 Had fell to wet some other Grave.
 Thine, like each Fabled Hero's Age,
 Thyself with Virtue didst Inspire;
 And acting well on Life's frail Stage,
 Dost with the same Applause retire.

EPITAPH on Mr. ROWE, for a Tomb, intended to be erected by his Wife in Westminster-abbey, by Mr. POPE.

THY Relicks, Rowe, to this fair Shrine we trust,
 And Sacred, place by Dryden's awful Dust: *
 Beneath a rude and nameless Stone He lies,
 To which thy Tomb shall guide enquiring Eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love, too, blest!
 One grateful Woman to thy Fame supply'd
 What a whole thankless Land to his deny'd.

* The underwritten Distich of Mr. POPE's was what originally was intended for Mr. DRYDEN's Monument, viz.

This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The Sacred Dust below
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?

Under which a merry Wag wrote this.

Who does not know that Sheffield went on Trust,
 To raise this noble Tomb to Dryden's Dust?

F I N I S.



